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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH A MEMOIR

TEN VOLUMES IN FIVE
VOL. III.



NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON
BOSTON: H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1878

British Poets. 44.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

G 91 / 2192

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NOTICE.

THE composition of "The Lord of the Isles," as we now have it in the Author's MS., seems to have been begun at Abbotsford, in the Autumn of 1814, and it ended at Edinburgh, the 16th of December. Some part of Canto I. had probably been committed to writing in a rougher form earlier in the year. The original Quarto appeared on the 2d of January, 1815.

It may be mentioned, that those parts of this poem which were written at Abbotsford, were composed almost all in the presence of Sir Walter Scott's family, and many in that of casual visitors also: the original cottage which he then occupied not affording him any means of retirement. Neither conversation nor music seemed to disturb him.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

I COULD hardly have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland, than any thing connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace. But I am decidedly of opinion that a popular, or what is called a *taking* title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss, and clear their shelves of the original impression, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author. He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity, has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. In this case, the warmth of the author is inferior to that of the

party whom he addresses, who has, therefore, little chance of being, in Bayes's phrase, "elevated and surprised" by what he has thought of with more enthusiasm than the writer. The sense of this risk, joined to the consciousness of striving against wind and tide, made the task of composing the proposed Poem somewhat heavy and hopeless; but, like the prize-fighter in "As You Like it," I was to wrestle for my reputation, and not neglect any advantage. In a most agreeable pleasure-voyage, which I have tried to commemorate in the Introduction to the new edition of the "Pirate," I visited, in social and friendly company,¹ the coasts and islands of Scotland, and made myself acquainted with the localities of which I meant to treat. But this voyage, which was in every other effect so delightful, was in its conclusion saddened by one of those strokes of fate which so often mingle themselves with our pleasures. The accomplished and excellent person who had recommended to me the subject for "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and to whom I proposed to inscribe what I already suspected might be the close of my poetical labours, was unexpectedly removed from the world, which she seemed only to have visited for purposes of kindness and benevolence. It is

¹ [See a note to the lines superscribed "Pharos loquitur," included in this volume; and see also "Fragments of a Tour in the Hebrides," &c. printed in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1812.]

needless to say how the author's feelings, or the composition of his trifling work, were affected by a circumstance which occasioned so many tears and so much sorrow.¹ True it is, that "The Lord of the Isles" was concluded, unwillingly and in haste, under the painful feeling of one who has a task which must be finished, rather than with the ardour of one who endeavours to perform that task well. Although the Poem cannot be said to have made a favourable impression on the public, the sale of fifteen thousand copies enabled the author to retreat from the field with the honours of war.

In the mean time, what was necessarily to be considered as a failure, was much reconciled to my feelings by the success attending my attempt in another species of composition. "Waverley" had, under strict incognito, taken its flight from the press, just before I set out upon the voyage already mentioned; it had now made its way to popularity, and the success of that work and the volumes which followed, was sufficient to have satisfied a greater appetite for applause than I have at any time possessed.²

I may as well add in this place, that, being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no

¹ [Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, died 24th August, 1814. Sir Walter Scott received the mournful intelligence while visiting the Giant's Causeway, and immediately returned home.]

² [The first edition of Waverley appeared in July 1814.]

more, William Erskine, (a Scottish judge, by the title of Lord Kinnedder,) I agreed to write the little romantic tale called the "Bridal of Triermain;" but it was on the condition, that he should make no serious effort to disown the composition, if report should lay it at his door. As he was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something which might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold. A third being called for, Lord Kinnedder became unwilling to aid any longer a deception which was going farther than he expected or desired, and the real author's name was given. Upon another occasion, I sent up another of these trifles, which, like schoolboy's kites, served to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel, or Scald, in opposition to the "Bridal of Triermain," which was designed to belong rather to the Italian school. This new fugitive piece was called "Harold the Dauntless;"¹ and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr James Hogg, had published, about the same time, a work called the "Poetic Mirror," containing

¹ ["Harold the Dauntless" was first published in a small 12mo volume, December, 1816.]

imitations of the principal living poets.¹ There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a resemblance to "Harold the Dauntless," that there was no discovering the original from the imitation; and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true, and not the fictitious Simon Pure. Since this period, which was in the year 1816, the Author has not been an intruder on the public by any poetical work of importance.

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, *April*, 1830.

¹ [Mr Hogg's "Poetic Mirror" appeared in October, 1816.]

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The scene of this poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the coast of Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and upon the coast of Ayrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the spring of the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English, and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Island of Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish crown. Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebrity. The authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well entitled to be called the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish monarchy; and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Robert Bruce¹ will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr Jamieson.

Abbotsford, 10th December, 1814.²

¹ [The work alluded to appeared in 1820, under the title of "The Bruce and Wallace." 2 vols. 4to.]

² ["Here is another genuine lay of the great Minstrel, with all his characteristic faults, beauties, and irregularities. The

same glow of colouring—the same energy of narration—the same amplitude of description, are conspicuous here, which distinguish all his other productions;—with the same still more characteristic disdain of puny graces and small originalities—the true poetical hardihood, in the strength of which he urges on his Pegasus fearlessly through dense and rare, and aiming gallantly at the great ends of truth and effect, stoops but rarely to study the means by which they are to be attained—avails himself, without scruple, of common sentiments and common images wherever they seem fitted for his purposes—and is original by the very boldness of his borrowing, and impressive by his disregard of epigram and emphasis.

“Though bearing all these marks of the master’s hand, the work before us does not come up, in interest, to the *Lady of the Lake*, or even to *Marmion*. There is less connected story—and, what there is, is less skilfully complicated and disentangled, and less diversified with change of scene, or variety of character. In the scantiness of the narrative, and the broken and discontinuous order of the events, as well as the inartificial insertion of detached descriptions and morsels of ethical reflection, it bears more resemblance to the earliest of the author’s greater productions; and suggests a comparison, perhaps not altogether to his advantage, with the structure and execution of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*;—for though there is probably more force and substance in the latter parts of the present work, it is certainly inferior to that enchanting performance in delicacy and sweetness, and even—is it to be wondered at, after four such publications?—in originality.

“The title of ‘*The Lord of the Isles*,’ has been adopted, we presume, to match that of ‘*The Lady of the Lake*;’ but there is no analogy in the stories—nor does the title, on this occasion, correspond very exactly with the contents. It is no unusual misfortune, indeed, for the author of a modern Epic to have his hero turn out but a secondary personage, in the gradual unfolding of the story, while some unruly underling runs off with the whole glory and interest of the poem. But here the author, we conceive, must have been aware of the misnomer from the beginning; the true, and

indeed the ostensible hero being, from the very first, no less a person than King Robert Bruce." *Edinburgh Review*, No. xlviii. 1815.]

["If it be possible for a poet to bestow upon his writings a superfluous degree of care and correction, it may also be possible, we should suppose, to bestow too little. Whether this be the case in the poem before us, is a point upon which Mr Scott can possibly form a much more competent judgment than ourselves; we can only say, that without possessing greater beauties than its predecessors, it has certain violations of propriety, both in the language and in the composition of the story, of which the former efforts of his muse afforded neither so many nor such striking examples.

"We have not now any quarrel with Mr Scott on account of the measure which he has chosen; still less on account of his subjects; we believe that they are both of them not only pleasing in themselves, but well adapted to each other and to the bent of his peculiar genius. On the contrary, it is because we admire his genius, and are partial to the subjects which he delights in, that we so much regret he should leave room for any difference of opinion respecting them, merely from not bestowing upon his publications that common degree of labour and meditation which we cannot help saying it is scarcely decorous to withhold."—*Quarterly Review*, No. xxvi. July, 1815.]

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIRST.

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIRST.

AUTUMN departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,¹
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still ;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill ;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell

¹ [John, fifteenth Lord Somerville, illustrious for his patriotic devotion to the science of agriculture, resided frequently in his beautiful villa called the Pavilion, situated on the Tweed over against Melrose, and was an intimate friend and almost daily companion of the poet, from whose windows at Abbotsford his lordship's plantations formed a prominent object. Lord S. died in 1819.]

When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's
western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields¹ no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it
o'er,

No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging
wain,

On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of
scatter'd grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have plea-
sure still,

Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to
stray,

To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain
stain,

On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,

¹ [The river Gala, famous in song, flows into the Tweed a few hundred yards below Abbotsford; but probably the word *Gala* here stands for the poet's neighbour and kinsman, and much attached friend, John Scott, Esq. of Gala.]

And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the
minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist in autumn's evening
sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,¹
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest
bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest
found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough West reprov'd,
Still live some relics of the ancient lay.
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye² the eve beguiles;
'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the
Isles.

¹ [MS.——“an humble gleaner I.”]

² [MS.——“the aged of Skye.”]

I.

“Wake, Maid of Lorn!” the Minstrels sung.
Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung,¹
And the dark seas, thy towers that lave,
Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
As mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the Deep.
Lull’d were the winds on Inninmore,
And green Loch-Alline’s woodland shore,
As if wild woods and waves had pleasure
In listing to the lovely measure.
And ne’er to symphony more sweet
Gave mountain echoes² answer meet,
Since, met from mainland and from isle,
Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle,
Each minstrel’s tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day.
Dull and dishonour’d were the bard,
Worthless of guerdon and regard,
Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame,
Or lady’s smiles, his noblest aim,
Who on that morn’s resistless call
Were silent in Artornish hall.

II.

“Wake, Maid of Lorn!” ’twas thus they sung,
And yet more proud the descant rung,

¹ [See Apendix, Note A.]

² [MS.—“*Made* mountain echoes,” &c.]

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
 To charm dull sleep¹ from Beauty's bowers;
 Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
 But owns the power of minstrelsy.
 In Lettermore the timid deer
 Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;
 Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
 Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;²
 To list his notes, the eagle proud
 Will poise him on Ben-Cailliach's cloud;
 Then let not Maiden's ear disdain
 The summons of the minstrel train,
 But, while our harps wild music make,
 Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

III.

"O wake, while Dawn, with dewy shine,
 Wakes Nature's charms to vie with thine!
 She bids the mottled thrush rejoice
 To mate thy melody of voice;
 The dew that on the violet lies
 Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes;

¹ [MS. ————— "*for* right is ours
To summon sleep," &c.]

² The seal displays a taste for music, which could scarcely be expected from his habits and local predilections. They will long follow a boat in which any musical instrument is played, and even a tune simply whistled has attractions for them. The Dean of the Isles says of Heiskar, a small uninhabited rock, about twelve (Scottish) miles from the Isle of Uist, that an infinite slaughter of seals takes place there.

But, Edith, wake, and all we see
Of sweet and fair shall yield to thee ! ”—
“ She comes not yet,” gray Ferrand cried ;
“ Brethren, let softer spell be tried,
Those notes prolong’d, that soothing theme,
Which best may mix with Beauty’s dream,
And whisper, with their silvery tone,
The hope she loves, yet fears to own.”
He spoke, and on the harp-strings died
The strains of flattery and of pride ;
More soft, more low, more tender fell
The lay of love he bade them tell.

IV.

“ Wake, Maid of Lorn ! the moments fly,
Which yet that maiden-name allow ;
Wake, Maiden, wake ! the hour is nigh,
When Love shall claim a plighted vow.
By Fear, thy bosom’s fluttering guest,
By Hope, that soon shall fears remove,
We bid thee break the bonds of rest,
And wake thee at the call of Love !

“ Wake, Edith, wake ! in yonder bay
Lies many a galley gaily mann’d,
We hear the merry pibrochs play,
We see the streamers’ silken band.
What Chieftain’s praise these pibrochs swell,
What crest is on these banners wove,
The harp, the minstrel, dare not tell—
The riddle must be read by Love.”

V.

Retired her maiden train among,
 Edith of Lorn received the song,¹
 But tamed the minstrel's pride had been
 That had her cold demeanour seen ;
 For not upon her cheek awoke
 The glow of pride when Flattery spoke,
 Nor could their tenderest numbers bring
 One sigh responsive to the string.
 As vainly had her maidens vied
 In skill to deck the princely bride.
 Her locks, in dark-brown length array'd,
 Cathleen of Ulne, 'twas thine to braid ;
 Young Eva with meet reverence drew
 On the light foot the silken shoe,
 While on the ankle's slender round
 Those strings of pearl fair Bertha wound,
 That, bleach'd Lochryan's depths within,
 Seem'd dusky still on Edith's skin.
 But Einion, of experience old,
 Had weightiest task—the mantle's fold
 In many an artful plait she tied,
 To show the form it seem'd to hide,
 Till on the floor descending roll'd ¹
 Its waves of crimson blent with gold.

¹ [MS.—“ Retired amid her menial train,
 Edith of Lorn received the strain.”]

² [MS.—“ The train upon the pavement } flow'd.”]
 Then to the floor descending }

VI.

O ! lives there now so cold a maid,
Who thus in beauty's pomp array'd,
In beauty's proudest pitch of power,
And conquest won—the bridal hour—
With every charm that wins the heart,
By Nature given, enhanced by Art,
Could yet the fair reflection view,
In the bright mirror pictured true,
And not one dimple on her cheek
A tell-tale consciousness bespeak?—
Lives still such maid?—Fair damsels, say,
For further vouches not my lay,
Save that such lived in Britain's isle,
When Lorn's bright Edith scorn'd to smile.

VII.

But Morag, to whose fostering care
Proud Lorn had given his daughter fair,
Morag, who saw a mother's aid¹
By all a daughter's love repaid,
(Strict was that bond—most kind of all—
Inviolable in Highland hall—)
Gray Morag sate a space apart,
In Edith's eyes to read her heart.
In vain the attendants' fond appeal
To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal;

¹ [MS.—“ But Morag, who the maid had press'd,
An infant, to her fostering breast,
And seen a mother's early aid,” &c.]

She mark'd her child receive their care,
Cold as the image sculptured fair,
(Form of some sainted patroness,
Which cloister'd maids combine to dress ;
She mark'd—and knew her nursling's heart
In the vain pomp took little part.
Wistful awhile she gazed—then press'd
The maiden to her anxious breast
In finish'd loveliness—and led
To where a turret's airy head,
Slender and steep, and battled round,
O'erlook'd, dark Mull ! thy mighty Sound,¹

¹ The Sound of Mull, which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides afford to the traveller. Sailing from Oban to Aros, or Tobermory, through a narrow channel, yet deep enough to bear vessels of the largest burden, he has on his left the bold and mountainous shores of Mull; on the right those of that district of Argyleshire, called Morven, or Morvern, successively indented by deep salt-water lochs, running up many miles inland. To the southeastward arise a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruachan Ben is preëminent. And to the northeast is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Ardnamurchan hills. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene. Those of Donolly and Dunstaffnage are first passed, then that of Duart, formerly belonging to the chief of the warlike and powerful sept of Macleans, and the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy, entitled the Family Legend. Still passing on to the northward, Artornish and Aros become visible upon the opposite shores; and, lastly, Mingarry, and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more impressive scene, both from its natural beauties, and associations

Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

VIII.

“Daughter,” she said, “these seas behold,
Round twice a hundred islands roll'd,
From Hirt, that hears their northern rear,
To the green Ilay's fertile shore ;¹

with ancient history and tradition, can hardly be imagined. When the weather is rough, the passage is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channel, and in part from the number of inland lakes, out of which sally forth a number of conflicting and thwarting tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden flaws and gusts of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain glens, are equally formidable. So that in unsettled weather, a stranger, if not much accustomed to the sea, may sometimes add to the other sublime sensations excited by the scene, that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger.

¹ The number of the western isles of Scotland exceeds two hundred, of which St. Kilda is the most northerly, anciently called Hirth, or Hirt, probably from “earth,” being in fact the whole globe to its inhabitants. Ilay, which now belongs almost entirely to Walter Campbell, Esq., of Shawfield, is by far the most fertile of the Hebrides, and has been greatly improved under the spirited and sagacious management of the present proprietor. This was in ancient times the principal abode of the Lords of the Isles, being, if not the largest, the most important island of their archipelago. In Martin's time, some relics of their grandeur were yet extant. “Loch-Finlagan, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, trouts, and eels; this lake lies in the centre of the isle. The Isle Finlagan, from which this lake hath its name, is in it. It's famous for being once the court in

Or mainland turn, where many a tower
 Owns thy bold brother's feudal power,¹
 Each on its own dark cape reclined,
 And listening to its own wild wind,
 From where Mingarry, sternly placed,
 O'erawes the woodland and the waste,²
 To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
 Of Connal with his rocks engaging.
 Think'st thou, amid this ample round,
 A single brow but thine has frown'd,
 To sadden this auspicious morn,
 That bids the daughter of high Lorn
 Impledge her spousal faith to wed

which the great Mac-Donald, King of the Isles, had his residence; his houses, chapel, &c. are now ruinous. His guards de corps, called Lucht-tach, kept guard on the lakeside nearest to the isle; the walls of their houses are still to be seen there. The high court of judicature, consisting of fourteen, sat always here; and there was an appeal to them from all the courts in the isles; the eleventh share of the sum in debate was due to the principal judge. There was a big stone of seven foot square, in which there was a deep impression made to receive the feet of Mac-Donald; for he was crowned King of the Isles standing in this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do exact justice to all his subjects; and then his father's sword was put into his hand. The Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him king, in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the isles and continent, and were his vassals; at which time the orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors," &c.—MARTIN'S *Account of the Western Isles*, 8vo, London, 1716, p. 240, 1.

¹ [MS.———"father's feudal power."]

² [See Appendix, Note B.]

The heir of mighty Somerled?¹
Ronald from many a hero sprung,
The fair, the valiant, and the young,
LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name²
A thousand bards have given to fame,
The mate of monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England's pride.—
From chieftain's tower to bondsman's cot,
Who hears the tale,³ and triumphs not?

¹ Somerled was thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV., and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince, about the year 1157. In 1164, he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large, but probably a tumultuary army, collected in the isles, in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighbouring provinces of Ireland. He was defeated and slain in an engagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew. His son Gillicolane fell in the same battle. This mighty chieftain married a daughter of Olaus, King of Man. From him our genealogists deduce two dynasties, distinguished in the stormy history of the middle ages; the Lords of the Isles descended from his elder son Ronald,—and the Lords of Lorn, who took their surname of M'Dougal, as descended of his second son Dougal. That Somerled's territories upon the main land, and upon the islands, should have been thus divided between his two sons, instead of passing to the elder exclusively, may illustrate the uncertainty of descent among the great Highland families, which we shall presently notice.

² [See Appendix, Note C.]

³ [MS.—“The news.”]

The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,
Joy, joy ! each warder's horn hath sung,
Joy, joy ! each matin bell hath rung ;
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
No mountain den holds outcast boor,
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claim'd this morn for holy-tide ;
Yet, empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay."—

IX.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh,
Her hurrying hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
“Morag, forbear ! or lend thy praise
To swell yon hireling harpers' lays ;
Make to yon maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of banners proudly borne,
Of pealing bell and bugle-horn,
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.
But thou, experienced as thou art,
Think'st thou with these to cheat the heart,
That, bound in strong affection's chain,
Looks for return and looks in vain ?

No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot
In these brief words—He loves her not!

X.

“Debate it not—too long I strove
To call his cold observance love,
All blinded by the league that styled
Edith of Lorn,—while yet a child,
She tripp'd the heath by Morag's side,—
The brave Lord Ronald's destined bride.
Ere yet I saw him, while afar
His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war,
Train'd to believe our fates the same,
My bosom throb'd when Ronald's name
Came gracing Fame's heroic tale,
Like perfume on the summer gale.
What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told
Of Ronald's deeds in battle bold;
Who touch'd the harp to heroes' praise,
But his achievements swell'd the lays?
Even Morag—not a tale of fame
Was hers but closed with Ronald's name.
He came! and all that had been told
Of his high worth seem'd poor and cold,
Tame, lifeless, void of energy,
Unjust to Ronald and to me!

XI.

“Since then, what thought had Edith's heart
And gave not plighted love its part!—

And what requital ? ¹ cold delay—
 Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day.—
 It dawns, and Ronald is not here !
 Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer,²
 Or loiters he in secret dell
 To bid some lighter love farewell,
 And swear, that though he may not scorn
 A daughter of the House of Lorn,³
 Yet, when these formal rites are o'er,
 Again they meet, to part no more ? ”

XII.

—“ Hush, daughter, hush ! thy doubts remove,
 More nobly think of Ronald's love.
 Look, where beneath the castle gray
 His fleet unmoor from Aros bay !
 See'st not each galley's topmast bend,
 As on the yards the sails ascend ?
 Hiding the dark-blue land they rise,
 Like the white clouds on April skies ;
 The shouting vassals man the oars,
 Behind them sink Mull's mountain shores,
 Onward their merry course they keep,
 Through whistling breeze and foaming deep.

¹ [MS.—“ When, from that hour, had Edith's heart
 A thought, and Ronald, lack'd his part !
 And what her guerdon ? ”]

² [MS.—“ And on its dawn the bridegroom lags ;—
 Hunts he Bentalla's nimble stags. ”]

³ [See Appendix, Note D.]

And mark the headmost, seaward cast,
Stoop to the freshening gale her mast,
As if she veil'd its banner'd pride,
To greet afar her prince's bride !
Thy Ronald comes, and while in speed
His galley mates the flying steed,
He chides her sloth !"—Fair Edith sigh'd,
Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus replied :—

XIII.

“ Sweet thought, but vain !—No, Morag ! mark,
Type of his course, yon lonely bark,
That oft hath shifted helm and sail,
To win its way against the gale.
Since peep of morn, my vacant eyes
Have view'd by fits the course she tries ;¹
Now, though the darkening scud comes on,
And dawn's fair promises be gone,
And though the weary crew may see
Our sheltering haven on their lee,
Still closer to the rising wind
They strive her shivering sail to bind,
Still nearer to the shelves' dread verge²
At every tack her course they urge,
As if they fear'd Artornish more
Than adverse winds and breakers' roar.”

¹ [MS.—“ Since dawn of morn, with vacant eyes
Young Eva view'd the course she tries.”]

² [MS.—“ the breakers' verge.”]

XIV.

Sooth spoke the Maid.—Amid the tide
The skiff she mark'd lay tossing sore,
And shifted oft her stooping side,
In weary tack from shore to shore.
Yet on her destined course no more
She gain'd, of forward way,
Than what a minstrel may compare
To the poor meed which peasants share,
Who toil the livelong day ;
And such the risk her pilot braves,
That oft, before she wore,
Her boltsprit kiss'd the broken waves,
Where in white foam the ocean raves
Upon the shelving shore.
Yet, to their destined purpose true,
Undaunted toil'd her hardy crew,
Nor look'd where shelter lay,
Nor for Artornish Castle drew,
Nor steer'd for Aros bay.

XV.

Thus while they strove with wind and seas,
Borne onward by the willing breeze,
Lord Ronald's fleet swept by,
Streamer'd with silk, and trick'd with gold,
Mann'd with the noble and the bold
Of Island chivalry.
Around their prows the ocean roars,
And chafes beneath their thousand oars,

Yet bears them on their way :
So chafes ¹ the war-horse in his might,
That fieldward bears some valiant knight,²
Champs, till both bit and boss are white,
But, foaming, must obey.
On each gay deck they might behold
Lances of steel and crests of gold,
And hauberks with their burnish'd fold,
That shimmer'd fair and free ;
And each proud galley, as she pass'd,
To the wild cadence of the blast
Gave wilder minstrelsy.
Full many a shrill triumphant note
Saline and Scallastle bade float
Their misty shores around ;
And Morven's echoes answer'd well,
And Duart heard the distant swell
Come down the darksome Sound.

XVI.

So bore they on with mirth and pride,
And if that labouring bark they spied,
'Twas with such idle eye
As nobles cast on lowly boor,
When, toiling in his task obscure,
They pass him careless by.³

¹ [MS.—“ So fumes,” &c.]

² [MS.—“ That bears to fight some valiant knight.”]

³ [MS —“ As the gay nobles give the boor,
When, toiling in his task obscure,
Their greatness passes by.”]

Let them sweep on with heedless eyes !
But, had they known what mighty prize
 In that frail vessel lay,
The famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold,
Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold,
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,
 Unchallenged were her way !¹
And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on,
With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone !
But had'st thou known who sail'd so nigh,
Far other glance were in thine eye !
Far other flush were on thy brow,
That, shaded by the bonnet, now
Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer
Of bridegroom when the bride is near !

XVII.

Yes, sweep they on !—We will not leave,
For them that triumph, those who grieve.
 With that armada gay
Be laughter loud and jocund shout,
And bards to cheer the wassail rout,
 With tale, romance, and lay ;²
And of wild mirth each clamorous art,
Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupefy and stun its smart,
 For one loud busy day.

¹[MS.—“ She held unchallenged way.”]

²[MS.—“ With mirth, song, tale, and lay.”]

Yes, sweep they on !—But with that skiff
Abides the minstrel tale,
Where there was dread of surge and cliff,
Labour that strain'd each sinew stiff,
And one sad Maiden's wail.

XVIII.

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,
With eve the ebbing currents boil'd
More fierce from strait and lake ;
And midway through the channel met
Conflicting tides that foam and fret,
And high their mingled billows jet,
As spears, that, in the battle set,
Spring upward as they break.
Then, too, the lights of eve were past,¹
And louder sung the western blast
On rocks of Inninmore ;
Rent was the sail, and strain'd the mast,
And many a leak was gaping fast,
And the pale steersman stood aghast,
And gave the conflict o'er.

XIX.

'Twas then that One, whose lofty look
Nor labour dull'd nor terror shook,
Thus to the Leader spoke :—
“ Brother, how hopest thou to abide

¹ [MS.—“ Then, too, the clouds were sinking fast.”]

The fury of this wilder'd tide,
Or how avoid the rock's rude side,
 Until the day has broke?
Didst thou not mark the vessel reel,
With quivering planks, and groaning keel.
 At the last billow's shock?
Yet how of better counsel tell,
Though here thou see'st poor Isabel
 Half dead with want and fear;
For look on sea, or look on land,
Or yon dark sky, on every hand
 Despair and death are near.
For her alone I grieve—on me
Danger sits light by land and sea,
 I follow where thou wilt;
Either to bide the tempest's lour,
Or wend to yon unfriendly tower,
Or rush amid their naval power,
With war-cry wake their wassail-hour,
 And die with hand on hilt.”—

XX.

That elder Leader's calm reply
 In steady voice was given,
“In man's most dark extremity
 Oft succour dawns from Heaven.
Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail,
The helm be mine, and down the gale
 Let our free course be driven;
So shall we 'scape the western bay,

The hostile fleet,¹ the unequal fray,
So safely hold our vessel's way
 Beneath the Castle wall;
For if a hope of safety rest,
'Tis on the sacred name of guest,
Who seeks for shelter, storm-distress'd,
 Within a chieftain's hall.
If not—it best beseems our worth,
Our name, our right, our lofty birth,
 By noble hands to fall."

XXI.

The helm, to his strong arm consign'd,
Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind,
 And on her alter'd way,
Fierce bounding, forward sprung the ship,
Like greyhound starting from the slip
 To seize his flying prey.
Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
 Those lightnings of the wave ;²

¹[MS. ——— "the hostile power."]

²The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric appearances, concerning the origin of which naturalists are not agreed in opinion, seem to be called into action by the rapid motion of the ship through the water, and are probably

Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,¹
 And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
 With elvish lustre lave.
 While, far behind, their livid light
 To the dark billows of the night
 A gloomy splendour gave,
 It seems as if old Ocean shakes
 From his dark brow the lucid² flakes
 In envious pageantry,
 To match the meteor light that streaks
 Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

XXII.

Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep
 Their course upon the darken'd deep;—
 Artornish, on her frowning steep
 'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,
 Glanced with a thousand lights of glee,
 And landward far, and far to sea,

owing to the water being saturated with fish-spawn, or other animal substances. They remind one strongly of the description of the sea-snakes in Mr. Coleridge's wild but highly poetical ballad of the Ancient Mariner:—

“Beyond the shadow of the ship
 I watch'd the water-snakes,
 They moved in tracks of shining white.
 And when they rear'd, the elvish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.”

¹ [MS.—“ And, *bursting* round the vessel's sides,
 A livid lustre gave.”]

² [MS.—“ Livid.”]

Her festal radiance flung.¹
 By that blithe beacon-light they steer'd,
 Whose lustre mingled well
 With the pale beam that now appear'd,
 As the cold moon her head uprear'd
 Above the eastern fell.

XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they bore,
 Until they near'd the mainland shore,
 When frequent on the hollow blast
 Wild shouts of merriment were cast,
 And wind and wave and sea-birds' cry
 With wassail sounds in concert vie,²
 Like funeral shrieks with revelry,
 Or like the battle-shout
 By peasants heard from cliffs on high,
 When Triumph, Rage, and Agony,
 Madden the fight and rout.

¹ ["The description of the vessel's approach to the Castle through the tempestuous and sparkling waters, and the contrast of the gloomy aspect of the billows with the glittering splendour of Artornish,

 'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,'

sending her radiance abroad through the terrors of the night, and mingling at intervals the shouts of her revelry with the wilder cadence of the blast, is one of the happiest instances of Mr. Scott's felicity in awful and magnificent scenery."—*Critical Review.*]

² [MS.—"The wind, the wave, the sea-bird's cry
 In melancholy concert vie."]

Now nearer yet, through mist and storm
Dimly arose the Castle's form,
 And deepen'd¹ shadow made,
Far lengthen'd on the main below,
Where, dancing in reflected glow,
 A hundred torches play'd,
Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in this vale of pain,
 That dazzle as they fade.²

XXIV.

Beneath the Castle's sheltering lee,
They staid their course in quiet sea.
Hewn in the rock, a passage there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,
 So strait, so high, so steep,
With peasant's staff one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have mann'd,
'Gainst hundreds arm'd with spear and brand,
 And plunged them in the deep.³

¹ [MS.—“Darksome.”]

² [“Mr. Scott, we observed in the newspapers, was engaged during summer in a maritime expedition; and, accordingly, the most striking novelty in the present poem is the extent and variety of the sea pieces with which it abounds. One of the first we meet with is the picture of the distresses of the king's little bark, and her darkling run to the shelter of Artornish Castle.”—*Edinburgh Review*, 1815.]

³ The fortress of a Hebridean chief was almost always on the sea-shore, for the facility of communication which the ocean afforded. Nothing can be more wild than the situations which they chose, and the devices by which the architects

His bugle then the helmsman wound ;
Loud answer'd every cho round,

endeavoured to defend them. Narrow stairs and arched vaults were the usual mode of access; and the drawbridge appears at Dunstaffnage, and elsewhere, to have fallen from the gate of the building to the top of such a staircase; so that any one advancing with hostile purpose, found himself in a state of exposed and precarious elevation, with a gulf between him and the object of his attack.

These fortresses were guarded with equal care. The duty of the watch devolved chiefly upon an officer called the Cockman, who had the charge of challenging all who approached the castle. The very ancient family of Mac-Niel of Barra kept this attendant at their castle about a hundred years ago. Martin gives the following account of the difficulty which attended his procuring entrance there:--
“The little island Kismul lies about a quarter of a mile from the south of this Isle (Barra); it is the seat of Mackneil of Barra; there is a stone wall round it two stories high, reaching the sea; and within the wall there is an old tower and a hall, with other houses about it. There is a little magazine in the tower, to which no stranger has access. I saw the officer called the Cockman, and an old cock he is; when I bid him ferry me over the water to the island, he told me that he was but an inferior officer, his business being to attend in the tower; but if (says he) the constable, who then stood on the wall, will give you access, I'll ferry you over. I desired him to procure me the constable's permission, and I would reward him; but having waited some hours for the constable's answer, and not receiving any, I was obliged to return without seeing this famous fort. Mackneil and his lady being absent, was the cause of this difficulty, and of my not seeing the place. I was told some weeks after, that the constable was very apprehensive of some design I might have in viewing the fort, and thereby to expose it to the conquest of a foreign power; of which I supposed there was no great cause of fear.”

From turret, rock, and bay,
The postern's hinges crash and groan,
And soon the warder's cresset shone
On those rude steps of slippery stone,
To light the upward way.
"Thrice welcome, holy Sire!" he said;
"Full long the spousal train have staid,
And, vex'd at thy delay,
Fear'd lest, amidst these wildering seas,
The darksome night and freshening breeze
Had driven thy bark astray."—

XXV.

"Warder," the younger stranger¹ said,
"Thine erring guess some mirth had made
In mirthful hour; but nights like these,
When the rough winds wake western seas,
Brook not of glee. We crave some aid
And needful shelter for this maid
Until the break of day;
For, to ourselves, the deck's rude plank
Is easy as the mossy bank
That's breathed upon by May.
And for our storm-toss'd skiff we seek
Short shelter in this leeward creek,
Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak
Again to bear away."—
Answered the Warder, "In what name

¹ [MS.—"That younger leader."]

Assert ye hospitable claim?
Whence come, or whither bound?
Hath Erin seen your parting sails?
Or come ye on Norweyan gales?
And seek ye England's fertile vales,
Or Scotland's mountain ground?"—

XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none
For some brief space we list to own,
Bound by a vow—warriors are we;
In strife by land, and storm by sea,
We have been known to fame;
And these brief words have import dear,
When sounded in a noble ear,
To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,
That gives us rightful claim.
Grant us the trivial boon we seek,
And we in other realms will speak
Fair of your courtesy;
Deny—and be your niggard Hold
Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,
Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,
And wanderer on the lea!"—

XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no—'gainst claim like thine,
No bolt revolves by hand of mine,¹

¹ [MS.——" 'gainst claim like yours,
No bolt ere closed our castle doors."]

Though urged in tone that more express'd
A monarch than a suppliant guest.
Be what ye will, Artornish Hall
On this glad eve is free to all.
Though ye had drawn a hostile sword
'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord,
Or mail upon your shoulders borne,
To battle with the Lord of Lorn,
Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by greenwood tree
With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,¹
Or aided even the murderous strife,
When Comyn fell beneath the knife
Of that fell homicide The Bruce,²
This night had been a term of truce.—
Ho, vassals ! give these guests your care,
And show the narrow postern stair."

XXVIII.

To land these two bold brethren leapt,
(The weary crew their vessel kept,)
And, lighted by the torches' flare,
That seaward flung their smoky glare,
The younger knight that maiden bare
Half lifeless up the rock ;
On his strong shoulder lean'd her head
And down her long dark tresses shed,
As the wild vine in tendrils spread,
Droops from the mountain oak.

¹ [Sir William Wallace.]

² [See Appendix, Note G.]

Him follow'd close that elder Lord,
And in his hand a sheathed sword,
Such as few arms could wield ;
But when he boun'd him to such task,
Well could it cleave the strongest casque,
And rend the surest shield.¹

XXIX.

The raised portcullis' arch they pass,
The wicket with its bars of brass,
The entrance long and low,²
Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait,
Where bowmen might in ambush wait,
(If force or fraud should burst the gate,)
To gall an entering foe.
But every jealous post of ward
Was now defenceless and unbarr'd,
And all the passage free
To one low-brow'd and vaulted room,
Where squire and yeoman, page and groom,
Plied their loud revelry.

XXX.

And "Rest ye here," the Warder bade,
"Till to our Lord your suit is said.—
And, comrades, gaze not on the maid,

¹ [MS.—"Well could it cleave the gilded casque,
And rend the trustiest shield."]

² [MS.—"The entrance vaulted low."]

And on these men who ask our aid,
 As if ye ne'er had seen
 A damsel tired of midnight bark,
 Or wanderers of a moulding stark,¹
 And bearing martial mien."
 But not for Eachin's reproof
 Would page or vassal stand aloof,
 But crowded on to stare,
 As men of courtesy untaught,
 Till fiery Edward roughly caught,
 From one the foremost there,²
 His chequer'd plaid, and in its shroud,
 To hide her from the vulgar crowd,
 Involved his sister fair.
 His brother, as the clansman bent
 His sullen brow in discontent,
 Made brief and stern excuse ;—
 ' Vassal, were thine the cloak of pall
 That decks thy Lord in bridal hall,
 'Twere honour'd by her use."

XXXI.

Proud was his tone, but calm ; his eye
 Had that compelling dignity,
 His mien that bearing haught and high,
 Which common spirits fear ;³

¹ [MS.—“ Or warlike men of moulding stark.”]

² [MS.—“ Till that hot Edward fiercely caught
 From one, the boldest there.”]

³ [Still sways their souls with that commanding art

Needed nor word nor signal more,
 Nod, wink, and laughter, all were o'er;
 Upon each other back they bore,
 And gazed like startled deer.
 But now appear'd the Seneschal,
 Commission'd by his lord to call
 The strangers to the Baron's hall,
 Where feasted fair and free
 That Island Prince in nuptial tide,
 With Edith there his lovely bride,
 And her bold brother by her side,
 And many a chief, the flower and pride
 Of Western land and sea.¹

Here pause we, gentles, for a space;
 And, if our tale hath won your grace,
 Grant us brief patience, and again
 We will renew the minstrel strain.²

That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
 What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
 Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?
 What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?
 The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!
 Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,
 That moulds another's weakness to its will;
 Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
 Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
 Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
 The many still must labour for the one!
 'Tis Nature's doom."—BYRON'S *Corsair*.]

¹ [MS.—“Of mountain chivalry.”]

² [“The first Canto is full of business and description, and

the scenes are such as Mr. Scott's muse generally excels in. The scene between Edith and her nurse is spirited, and contains many very pleasing lines. The description of Lord Ronald's fleet, and of the bark endeavouring to make her way against the wind, more particularly of the last, is executed with extraordinary beauty and fidelity."—*Quarterly Review.*]

THE [illegible] OF [illegible] [illegible]

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THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO SECOND.

JOHN OF THE BIBLE

BY J. H. B. B. B.

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO SECOND.

FILL the bright goblet, spread the festive board !
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair !
Through the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care !
But ask thou not if Happiness be there,
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throe,¹
Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear ;
Lift not the festal mask !—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

II.

With beakers' clang, with harpers' lay,
With all that olden time deem'd gay,
The Island Chieftain feasted high ;

¹["Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."—*Proverbs*, xiv. 13.]

But there was in his troubled eye
A gloomy fire, and on his brow
Now sudden flush'd, and faded now,
Emotions such as draw their birth
From deeper source than festal mirth.
By fits he paused, and harper's strain
And jester's tale went round in vain,
Or fell but on his idle ear
Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.
Then would he rouse him, and employ
Each art to aid the clamorous joy,¹
And call for pledge and lay,
And, for brief space, of all the crowd,
As he was loudest of the loud,
Seem gayest of the gay.²

III.

Yet nought amiss the bridal throng
Mark'd in brief mirth, or musing long ;
The vacant brow, the unlistening ear,
They gave to thoughts of raptures near,
And his fierce starts of sudden glee
Seem'd bursts of bridegroom's ecstasy.
Nor thus alone misjudged the crowd,
Since lofty Lorn, suspicious, proud,³

¹ [MS. ————— "and gave birth
To jest, to wassail, and to mirth."]

² [MS.—"Would seem the loudest of the loud,
And gayest of the gay."]

³ [MS.—"Since Lorn, the proudest of the proud."]

And jealous of his honour'd line,
 And that keen knight, De Argentine,¹
 (From England sent on errand high,
 The western league more firm to tie,)²
 Both deem'd in Ronald's mood to find
 A lover's transport-troubled mind.

¹ [MS.—“ And since the keen De Argentine.”]

² Sir Egidius, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburg with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxemburg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement:—an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs. His death corresponded with his high character. With Aymer de Valance, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed to attend immediately upon the person of Edward II. at Bannockburn. When the day was utterly lost they forced the king from the field. De Argentine saw the king safe from immediate danger, and then took his leave of him; “God be with you, sir,” he said, “it is not my wont to fly.” So saying, he turned his horse, cried his war-cry, plunged into the midst of the combatants, and was slain. Baston, a rhyming monk who had been brought by Edward to celebrate his expected triumph, and who was compelled by the victors to compose a poem on his defeat, mentions with some feeling the death of Sir Giles de Argentine:—

*Nobilis Argenten, pugil inclyte, dulcis Egidi,
 Vix scieram mentem cum te succumbere vidi.*

“The first line mentions the three chief requisites of a true knight, noble birth, valour, and courteousness. Few Leonine couplets can be produced that have so much senti-

But one sad heart, one tearful eye,
Pierced deeper through the mystery,
And watch'd, with agony and fear,
Her wayward bridegroom's varied cheer.

IV.

She watch'd—yet fear'd to meet his glance,
And he shunn'd hers ;—till when by chance
They met, the point of foeman's lance

Had given a milder pang !

Beneath the intolerable smart
He writhed ;—then sternly mann'd his heart
To play his hard but destined part,

And from the table sprang.

“ Fill me the mighty cup ! ” he said,

“ Erst own'd by royal Somerled : ¹

Fill it, till on the studded brim

In burning gold the bubbles swim,

And every gem of varied shine

Glow doubly bright in rosy wine !

To you, brave lord, and brother mine,

Of Lorn, this pledge I drink—

The union of Our House with thine,

By this fair bridal-link ! ”—

ment. I wish that I could have collected more ample memorials concerning a character altogether different from modern manners. Sir Giles d'Argentine was a hero of romance in real life.” So observes the excellent Lord Hailes.

¹ [See Appendix, Note E.]

V.

“Let it pass round!” quoth He of Lorn,
“And in good time—that winded horn
Must of the Abbot tell;
The laggard monk is come at last.”
Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast,
And on the floor at random cast,
The untasted goblet fell.
But when the warder in his ear
Tells other news, his blither cheer
Returns like sun of May,
When through a thunder-cloud it beams!—
Lord of two hundred isles, he seems
As glad of brief delay,
As some poor criminal might feel,
When from the gibbet or the wheel
Respited for a day.

VI.

“Brother of Lorn,” with hurried voice
He said, “And you, fair lords, rejoice!
Here, to augment our glee,
Come wandering knights from travel far,
Well proved, they say, in strife of war,
And tempest on the sea.—
Ho! give them at your board such place
As best their presences may grace,¹
And bid them welcome free!”

¹ [MS.—“As may their presence fittest grace.”]

With solemn step, and silver wand,
 The Seneschal the presence scann'd
 Of these strange guests ;¹ and well he knew
 How to assign their rank its due ;²
 For though the costly furs
 That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
 And their gay robes were over-worn,
 And soil'd their gilded spurs,

¹ [MS.—“ With solemn pace, and silver rod,
 The Seneschal the entrance show'd
 To these strange guests.”]

² The Sewer, to whom, rather than the Seneschal, the office of arranging the guests of an island chief appertained, was an officer of importance in the family of a Hebridean chief.—“ Every family had commonly two stewards, which, in their language, were called Marischal Tach; the first of these served always at home, and was obliged to be versed in the pedigree of all the tribes in the isles, and in the highlands of Scotland; for it was his province to assign every man at table his seat according to his quality; and this was done without one word speaking, only by drawing a score with a white rod, which this Marischal had in his hand, before the person who was bid by him to sit down: and this was necessary to prevent disorder and contention; and though the Marischal might sometimes be mistaken, the master of the family incurred no censure by such an escape; but this custom has been laid aside of late. They had also cup-bearers, who always filled and carried the cup round the company, and he himself always drank of the first draught. They had likewise purse-masters, who kept their money. Both these officers had an hereditary right to their office in writing, and each of them had a town and land for his service: some of those rights I have seen fairly written on good parchment.”
 —MARTIN'S *Western Isles*.

Yet such a high commanding grace
 Was in their mien and in their face,
 As suited best the princely dais,¹
 And royal canopy ;
 And there he marshall'd them their place,
 First of that company.

VII.

Then lords and ladies spake aside,
 And angry looks the error chide,²
 That gave to guests unnamed, unknown,
 A place so near their prince's throne ;
 But Owen Erraught said,
 " For forty years a seneschal,
 To marshal guests in bower and hall
 Has been my honour'd trade.
 Worship and birth to me are known,
 By look, by bearing, and by tone,
 Not by furr'd robe, or broider'd zone ;
 And 'gainst an oaken bough
 I'll gage my silver wand of state,
 That these three strangers oft have sate
 In higher place than now."—³

¹ *Dais*,—the great hall-table—elevated a step or two above the rest of the room.

² [MS.—" Aside then lords and ladies spake,
 And ushers censured the mistake."]

³ [" The first entry of the illustrious strangers into the Castle of the Celtic chief, is in the accustomed and peculiar style of *the poet of chivalry*."—JEFFREY.]

VIII.

"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,
 "Am qualified by minstrel trade ¹
 Of rank and place to tell ;—
 Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye,
 My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,
 How fierce its flashes fell,
 Glancing among the noble rout ²
 As if to seek the noblest out,
 Because the owner might not brook
 On any save his peers to look ?
 And yet it moves me more,
 That steady, calm, majestic brow,
 With which the elder chief even now
 Scann'd the gay presence o'er,
 Like being of superior kind,
 In whose high-toned impartial mind
 Degrees of mortal rank and state
 Seem objects of indifferent weight.
 The lady too—though closely tied
 The mantle veil both face and eye.
 Her motions' grace it could not hide,
 Nor could ³ her form's fair symmetry."

IX.

Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn
 Lour'd on the haughty front of Lorn.

¹ [MS.—" 'I, too,' old Ferrand said, and laugh'd,
 'Am qualified by minstrel craft.' "]

² [MS.—" the festal rout."]

³ [MS.—" Nor hide," &c.]

From underneath his brows of pride,
The stranger guests he sternly eyed,
And whisper'd closely what the ear
Of Argentine alone might hear ;
Then question'd, high and brief,
If, in their voyage, aught they knew
Of the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief? ¹

¹ It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year "a summer king, but not a winter one." On the 29th March, 1306, he was crowned king at Scone. Upon the 19th June, in the same year, he was totally defeated at Methven, near Perth; and his most important adherents, with few exceptions, were either executed or compelled to embrace the English interest, for safety of their lives and fortunes. After this disaster, his life was that of an outlaw, rather than a candidate for monarchy. He separated himself from the females of his retinue, whom he sent for safety to the Castle of Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire, where they afterward became captives to England. From Aberdeenshire, Bruce retreated to the mountainous parts of Breadalbane, and approached the borders of Argyleshire. There, as mentioned in the Appendix, Note D, and more fully in Note F, he was defeated by the Lord of Lorn, who had assumed arms against him in revenge of the death of his relative, John the Red Comyn. Escaped from this peril, Bruce, with his few attendants, subsisted by hunting and fishing, until the weather compelled them to seek

And if, their winter's exile o'er,
 They harbour'd still by Ulster's shore,
 Or launch'd their galleys on the main,
 To vex their native land again?

X.

That younger stranger, fierce and high,
 At once confronts the Chieftain's eye ¹
 With look of equal scorn;—
 "Of rebels have we nought to show;

better sustenance and shelter than the Highland mountains afforded. With great difficulty they crossed, from Rowardennan probably, to the western banks of Lochlomond, partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. The valiant and loyal Earl of Lennox, to whose territories they had now found their way, welcomed them with tears, but was unable to assist them to make an effectual head. The Lord of the Isles, then in possession of great part of Cantyre, received the fugitive monarch and future restorer of his country's independence, in his Castle of Dunnaverty, in that district. But treason, says Barbour, was so general, that the King durst not abide there. Accordingly, with the remnant of his followers, Bruce embarked for Rath-Erin, or Rachrine, the Recina of Ptolemy, a small island, lying almost opposite to the shores of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ireland. The islanders at first fled from their new and armed guests, but upon some explanation submitted themselves to Bruce's sovereignty. He resided among them until the approach of spring, [1306,] when he again returned to Scotland, with the desperate resolution to reconquer his kingdom, or perish in the attempt. The progress of his success, from its commencement to its completion, forms the brightest period in Scottish history.

¹ [MS.—"That younger stranger, not out-dared,
 Was prompt the haughty Chief to beard."]

But if of Royal Bruce thou'dst know,
 I warn thee he has sworn,¹
 Ere thrice three days shall come and go,
 His banner Scottish winds shall blow,
 Despite each mean or mighty foe,
 From England's every bill and bow,
 To Allaster of Lorn."

Kindled the mountain Chieftain's ire,
 But Ronald quench'd the rising fire ;
 "Brother, it better suits the time
 To chase the night with Ferrand's rhyme,
 Than wake, 'midst mirth and wine, the jars
 That flow from these unhappy wars."—²

"Content," said Lorn ; and spoke apart
 With Ferrand, master of his art,

Then whisper'd Argentine,—
 "The lay I named will carry smart
 To these bold strangers' haughty heart,
 If right this guess of mine."

He ceased, and it was silence all,
 Until the Minstrel waked the hall.³

¹ [MS.—"Men say that he has sworn."]

² ["The description of the bridal feast, in the second canto, has several animated lines ; but the real power and poetry of the author do not appear to us to be called out until the occasion of the Highland quarrel which follows the feast."—*Monthly Review*, March, 1815.]

³ ["In a very different style of excellence (from that of the first three stanzas) is the triumphant and insulting song of the bard of Lorn, commemorating the pretended victory of his chief over Robert Bruce, in one of their rencontres.

XI.

THE BROACH OF LORN.¹

“Whence the broach of burning gold,
 That clasps the Chieftain’s mantle-fold,
 Wrought and chased with rare device,
 Studded fair with gems of price,²
 On the varied tartans beaming,
 As, through night’s pale rainbow gleaming,
 Fainter now, now seen afar,
 Fitful shines the northern star?

“Gem! ne’er wrought on highland mountain,
 Did the fairy of the fountain,

Bruce, in truth, had been set on by some of that clan, and had extricated himself from a fearful overmatch by stupendous exertions. In the struggle, however, the broach which fastened his royal mantle had been torn off by the assailants; and it is on the subject of this trophy that the Celtic poet pours forth this wild, rapid, and spirited strain.”—JEFFREY.]

¹ [See Appendix, Note F.]

² Great art and expense was bestowed upon the *fibula*, or broach, which secured the plaid, when the wearer was a person of importance. Martin mentions having seen a silver broach of a hundred marks value. “It was broad as any ordinary pewter plate, the whole curiously engraved with various animals, &c. There was a lesser buckle, which was wore in the middle of the larger, and above two ounces weight; it had in the centre a large piece of crystal, or some finer stone, and this was set all round with several finer stones of a lesser size.”—*Western Islands*. Pennant has given an engraving of such a broach as Martin describes, and the workmanship of which is very elegant. It is said to have belonged to the family of Lochbuy.—See PENNANT’S *Tour*, vol. iii. p. 14.

Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did in Iceland's darksome mine
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here,
From England's love, or France's fear?

XII.

SONG, CONTINUED.

“No!—thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faëry spell.
Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!

“When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

XIII.

SONG, CONCLUDED.

“Vain was then the Douglas brand,¹
 Vain the Campbell’s vaunted hand,
 Vain Kirkpatrick’s bloody dirk,
 Making sure of murder’s work ;
 Barendown fled fast away,
 Fled the fiery De la Haye,²

¹ The gallant Sir James, called the Good Lord Douglas, the most faithful and valiant of Bruce’s adherents, was wounded at the battle of Dalry. Sir Nigel, or Niel Campbell, was also in that unfortunate skirmish. He married Marjorie, sister to Robert Bruce, and was among his most faithful followers. In a manuscript account of the house of Argyle, supplied, it would seem, as materials for Archbishop Spottiswoode’s History of the Church of Scotland, I find the following passage concerning Sir Niel Campbell: “Moreover, when all the nobles in Scotland had left King Robert after his hard success, yet this noble knight was most faithful, and shrinked not, as it is to be seen in an indenture bearing these words: *Memorandum quod cum ab incarnatione Domini 1308 conventum fuit et concordatum inter nobiles viros Dominum Alexandrum de Seatoun militem et Dominum Gilbertum de Haye militem et Dominum Nigellum Campbell militem apud monasterium de Cambuskenneth 9^o Septembris qui tacta sancta eucharista, magnoque juramento facto, jurarunt se debere libertatem regni et Robertum nuper regem coronatum contra omnes mortales Francos Anglos Scotos defendere usque ad ultimum terminum vitæ ipsorum.* Their sealles are appended to the indenture in greene wax, togithir with the seal of Gulfrid, Abbot of Cambuskenneth.”

² [See Appendix, Note G.]

³ These knights are enumerated by Barbour among the small number of Bruce’s adherents, who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methven.

When this broach, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

• Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,¹
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn !”

XIV.

As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemm'd in by hunters, spears, and bows,
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring,—

“ With him was a bold baron,
Schyr William the Baroundoun,

— — — —
Schyr Gilbert de la Haye alsua.”

There were more than one of the noble family of Hay engaged in Bruce's cause; but the principal was Gilbert de la Haye, Lord of Errol, a stanch adherent to King Robert's interest, and whom he rewarded by creating him hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, a title which he used 16th March, 1308, where, in a letter from the peers of Scotland to Philip the Fair of France, he is designed *Gilbertus de Hay Constabularius Scotiæ*. He was slain at the battle of Halidounhill. Hugh de la Haye, his brother, was made prisoner at the battle of Methven.

¹ [MS.—“ Left his followers to the sword.”]

Now on the bard, now on his Lord,
So Edward glared and grasp'd his sword—
But stern his brother spoke,—“Be still.
What! art thou yet so wild of will,
After high deeds and sufferings long,
To chafe thee for a menial's song?—
Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains;¹

¹ The character of the Highland bards, however high in an earlier period of society, seems soon to have degenerated. The Irish affirm, that in their kindred tribes severe laws became necessary to restrain their avarice. In the Highlands they seem gradually to have sunk into contempt, as well as the orators, or men of speech, with whose office that of family poet was often united.—“The orators, in their language called *Isdane*, were in high esteem both in these islands and the continent; until within these forty years, they sat always among the nobles and chiefs of families in the *streak*, or circle. Their houses and little villages were sanctuaries, as well as churches, and they took place before doctors of physick. The orators, after the Druids were extinct, were brought in to preserve the genealogy of families, and to repeat the same at every succession of chiefs; and upon the occasion of marriages and births, they made *epithalamiums* and *panegyrics*, which the poet or bard pronounced. The orators, by the force of their eloquence, had a powerful ascendant over the greatest men in their time; for if any orator did but ask the habit, arms, horse, or any other thing belonging to the greatest man in these islands, it was readily granted them, sometimes out of respect, and sometimes for fear of being exclaimed against by a *satyre*, which, in those days, was reckoned a great dishonour. But these gentlemen becoming insolent, lost ever since both the profit and esteem which was formerly due to their character; for neither their *panegyrics* nor *satyres* are regarded to what they have

Yet something might thy song have told
Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold,
Who rent their Lord from Bruce's hold,
As underneath his knee he lay,
And died to save him in the fray.
I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp
Was clench'd within their dying grasp,
What time a hundred foemen more
Rush'd in and back the victor bore,¹
Long after Lorn had left the strife,²
Full glad to 'scape with limb and life.—
Enough of this—And, Minstrel, hold,
As minstrel-hire, this chain of gold,
For future lays a fair excuse,
To speak more nobly of the Bruce.”—

been, and they are now allowed but a small salary. I must not omit to relate their way of study, which is very singular: They shut their doors and windows for a day's time, and lie on their backs, with a stone upon their belly, and plads about their heads, and their eyes being covered, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium or panegyrick; and indeed they furnish such a style from this dark cell as is understood by very few; and if they purchase a couple of horses as the reward of their meditation, they think they have done a great matter. The poet, or bard, had a title to the bridegroom's upper garb, that is, the plad and bonnet; but now he is satisfied with what the bridegroom pleases to give him on such occasions.”—MARTIN'S *Western Isles*.

¹ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

² [MS.—“When breathless Lorn had left the strife.”]

XV.

“Now, by Columba’s shrine, I swear,
And every saint that’s buried there,
’Tis he himself!” Lorn sternly cries,
“And for my kinsman’s death he dies.”
As loudly Ronald calls—“Forbear!
Not in my sight while brand I wear,
O’ermatch’d by odds, shall warrior fall,
Or blood of stranger stain my hall!
This ancient fortress of my race
Shall be misfortune’s resting-place,
Shelter and shield of the distress’d,
No slaughter-house for shipwreck’d guest.”—
“Talk not to me,” fierce Lorn replied,
“Of odds or match!—when Comyn died,
Three daggers clash’d within his side!
Talk not to me of sheltering hall,
The church of GOD saw Comyn fall!
On God’s own altar stream’d his blood,
While o’er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless murderer—e’en as now—
With armed hand and scornful brow!—
Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
And lay the outlaw’d felons low!”

XVI.

Then up sprung many a mainland Lord,
Obedient to their Chieftain’s word.
Barcaldine’s arm is high in air,
And Kinloch-Alline’s blade is bare,

Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath,
 And clench'd is Dermid's hand of death.
 Their mutter'd threats of vengeance swell
 Into a wild and warlike yell;
 Onward they press with weapons high,
 The affrighted females shriek and fly,
 And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray
 Had darken'd ere its noon of day,
 But every chief of birth and fame,
 That from the Isles of Ocean came,
 At Ronald's side that hour withstood
 Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.¹

XVII.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,
 Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
 Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane,
 Duart, of bold Clan Gillian's strain,
 Fergus, of Canna's castled bay,
 Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay,
 Soon as they saw the broadswords glance,
 With ready weapons rose at once,
 More prompt, that many an ancient feud,
 Full oft suppress'd, full oft renew'd,
 Glow'd 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle,
 And many a lord of ocean's isle.
 Wild was the scene—each sword was bare,
 Back stream'd each chieftain's shaggy hair,

¹ [For these four lines the MS. has,
 "But stern the Island Lord withstood
 The vengeful Chieftain's thirst of blood."]

In gloomy opposition set,
Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons met ;
Blue gleaming o'er the social board,
Flash'd to the torches many a sword ;
And soon those bridal lights may shine
On purple blood for rosy wine.

XVIII.

While thus for blows and death prepared,
Each heart was up,¹ each weapon bared,
Each foot advanced,—a surly pause
Still revered hospitable laws.
All menaced violence, but alike
Reluctant each the first to strike,
(For aye accursed in minstrel line
Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine,)
And, match'd in numbers and in might,
Doubtful and desperate seem'd the fight.
Thus threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay
Such silence, as the deadly still,
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.
With blade advanced, each Chieftain bold
Show'd like the Swarder's form of old,²
As wanting still the torch of life,
To wake the marble into strife.³

¹ [MS.—“ While thus for blood and blows prepared
Rais'd was each hand,” &c.]

² [MS.—————“ each Chieftain rude,
Like that fam'd Swordsman's statue stood.”]

³ [MS.—“ To waken him to deadly strife.”]

XIX.

That awful pause the stranger maid,
And Edith, seized to pray for aid.
As to De Argentine she clung,
Away her veil the stranger flung,
And, lovely 'mid her wild despair,
Fast stream'd her eyes, wide flow'd her hair
"O thou, of knighthood once the flower,
Sure refuge in distressful hour,
Thou, who in Judah well hast fought
For our dear faith, and oft hast sought
Renown in knightly exercise,
When this poor hand has dealt the prize,
Say, can thy soul of honour brook
On the unequal strife to look,
When, butcher'd thus in peaceful hall,
Those once thy friends, my brethren, fall!"
To Argentine she turn'd her word,
But her eye sought the Island Lord.¹
A flush like evening's setting flame
Glow'd on his cheek; his hardy frame,
As with a brief convulsion, shook:
With hurried voice and eager look,—
"Fear not," he said, "my Isabel!
What said I—Edith!—all is well—
Nay, fear not—I will well provide
The safety of my lovely bride—

¹ [The MS. adds:—

"With such a frantic fond appeal,
As only lovers make and feel."]

My bride? ”—but there the accents clung
In tremor to his faltering tongue.

XX.

Now rose De Argentine, to claim
The prisoners in his sovereign's name,
To England's crown, who, vassals sworn,
'Gainst their liege lord had weapon borne—
(Such speech, I ween, was but to hide
His care their safety to provide;
For knight more true in thought and deed
Than Argentine ne'er spurr'd a steed)—
And Ronald, who his meaning guess'd,
Seem'd half to sanction the request.
This purpose fiery Torquil broke;—
“Somewhat we've heard of England's yoke,”
He said, “and, in our islands, Fame
Hath whisper'd of a lawful claim,
That calls the Bruce fair Scotland's Lord,
Though dispossess'd by foreign sword.
This craves reflection—but though right
And just the charge of England's Knight,
Let England's crown her rebels seize
Where she has power;—in towers like these,
'Midst Scottish Chieftains summon'd here
To bridal mirth and bridal cheer,
Be sure, with no consent of mine,
Shall either Lorn or Argentine
With chains or violence, in our sight,
Oppress a brave and banish'd Knight.”

XXI.

Then waked the wild debate again,
 With brawling threat and clamour vain.
 Vassals and menials, thronging in,
 Lent their brute rage to swell the din ;
 When, far and wide, a bugle-clang
 From the dark ocean upward rang.

“The Abbot comes !” they cry at once,

“The holy man, whose favour’d glance

Hath sainted visions known ;

Angels have met him on the way,

Beside the blessed martyrs’ bay,

And by Columba’s stone.

His monks have heard their hymnings high

Sound from the summit of Dun-Y,

To cheer his penance lone,

When at each cross, on girth and wold,¹

(Their number thrice a hundred-fold,)

His prayer he made, his beads he told,

With Aves many a one—

He comes our feuds to reconcile,

A sainted man from sainted isle ;

We will his holy doom abide,

The Abbot shall our strife decide.”²

XXII.

Scarcely this fair accord was o’er.³

¹ [MS.—“What time at every cross of old.”]

² [MS. —“We will his holy rede obey,
 The Abbot’s voice shall end the fray.”]

³ [MS.—“Scarce was this peaceful paction o’er.”]

When through the wide revolving door
The black-stoled brethren wind;
Twelve sandall'd monks, who relics bore,
With many a torch-bearer before,
And many a cross behind.¹
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand
And dagger bright and flashing brand
Dropp'd swiftly at the sight;
They vanish'd from the Churchman's eye,
As shooting stars, that glance and die,
Dart from the vault of night.

XXIII.

The Abbot on the threshold stood,
And in his hand the holy rood;
Back on his shoulders flow'd his hood,
The torch's glaring ray
Show'd, in its red and flashing light,
His wither'd cheek and amice white,
His blue eye glistening cold and bright,
His tresses scant and gray.
"Fair Lords," he said, "Our Lady's love,
And peace be with you from above,
And Benedicite!—
—But what means this? no peace is here!—
Do dirks unsheathed suit bridal cheer?

¹ [MS.—"Did slow procession wind:
Twelve monks, who stole and mantle wore,
And chalice, pyx, and relics bore,
With many," &c.]

Or are these naked brands
 A seemly show for Churchman's sight,
 When he comes summon'd to unite
 Betrothed hearts and hands?"

XXIV.

Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
 Proud Lorn first answer'd the appeal;—

“Thou comest, O holy Man,
 True sons of blessed church to greet,¹
 But little deeming here to meet

A wretch, beneath the ban
 Of Pope and Church, for murder done
 Even on the sacred altar-stone!—²
 Well mayst thou wonder we should know
 Such miscreant here, nor lay him low,³
 Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
 With excommunicated Bruce!

¹ [The MS. here adds:—

“Men bound in her communion sweet,
 And duteous to the Papal seat.”]

² [MS.——“the blessed altar-stone.”]

³ [In place of the couplet which follows, the MS. has—

“But promptly had my dagger's edge
 Aveng'd the guilt of sacrilege,
 Save for my new and kind ally,
 And Torquil, chief of stormy Skye,
 (In whose wild land there rests the seed,
 Men say, of ancient heathen creed,)
 Who would enforce me to a truce
 With excommunicated Bruce.”]

Yet will I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate.”¹

XXV.

Then Ronald plead the stranger’s cause,
And knighthood’s oath and honour’s laws ;²
And Isabel on bended knee,
Brought pray’rs and tears to back the plea :
And Edith lent her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy pray’d.³
“Hence,” he exclaim’d, “degenerate maid !
Was’t not enough to Ronald’s bower
I brought thee, like a paramour,⁴

¹ [The MS. adds :

“Secure such foul offenders find
No favour in a holy mind.”]

² [The MS. has :

“Alleged the hest of honour’s laws,
The succour { due to } storm-staid guest,
 { claim’d by }
The refuge due to the distress’d,
The oath which binds each generous knight
Still to prevent unequal fight;
And Isabel,” &c.]

³ [MS.—“And wept alike and knelt and pray’d.”—The nine lines which intervene betwixt this and the concluding couplet of the stanza are not in the MS.]

⁴ It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the complaisance was stretched so far, that she remained there upon trial for a twelvemonth; and the bridegroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fulfil his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued

Or bond-maid at her master's gate,
 His careless cold approach to wait?—
 But the bold Lord of Cumberland,
 The gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand;
 His it shall be—Nay, no reply!
 Hence! till those rebel eyes be dry.”
 With grief the Abbot heard and saw,
 Yet nought relax'd his brow of awe.¹

XXVI.

Then Argentine, in England's name,
 So highly urged his sovereign's claim,²

between the clans of MacDonald of Sleate and Mac-Leod, owing to the former chief having availed himself of this license to send back to Dunvegan a sister, or daughter of the latter. Mac-Leod, resenting the indignity, observed, that since there was no wedding bonfire, there should be one to solemnize the divorce. Accordingly, he burned and laid waste the territories of MacDonald, who retaliated, and a deadly feud, with all its accompaniments, took place in form.

¹ [The MS. adds—

“ He raised the suppliants from the floor,
 And bade their sorrowing be o'er, }
 And bade them give their weeping o'er, }
 But in a tone that well explain'd
 How little grace their pray'rs had gain'd;
 For though he purposed true and well,
 Still stubborn and inflexible
 In what he deem'd his duty high,
 Was Abbot Ademar of Y.”]

² [MS.—“ For Bruce's custody made claim.—In place of the two couplets which follow, the MS. has

“ And Torquil, stout Dunvegan's Knight,
 As well defended Scotland's right.
 Enough of,” &c.]

He waked a spark, that, long suppress'd,
Had smoulder'd in Lord Ronald's breast ;
And now, as from the flint the fire,
Flash'd forth at once his generous ire.
"Enough of noble blood," he said,
"By English Edward had been shed,
Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green.¹

¹ Stow gives the following curious account of the trial and execution of this celebrated patriot: "William Wallace, who had oft-times set Scotland in great trouble, was taken and brought to London, with great numbers of men and women wondering upon him. He was lodged in the house of William Delect, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch-street. On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to Westminster. John Legrave and Jeffrey, knights, the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London, and many others, both on horseback and on foot, accompanying him; and in the great hall at Westminster, he being placed on the south bench, crowned with laurel, for that he had said in times past that he ought to bear a crown in that hall, as it was commonly reported; and being appeached for a traitor by Sir Peter Malorie, the king's justice, he answered, that he was never traitor to the king of England; but for other things whereof he was accused he confessed them; and was after headed and quartered."—Stow, *Chr.* p. 209. There is something singularly doubtful about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That he was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and popular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the indelible infamy. "Accursed," says Arnold Blair, "be the day of nativity of John de Menteith, and may his name be struck out of the book of life." But John de Menteith was all along a zealous favourer of the English interest, and was governor of Dumbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and therefore, as the accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not be the friend and confi-

And done to death by felon hand,
 For guarding well his father's land.
 Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye,
 And valiant Seton—where are they?
 Where Somerville, the kind and free?
 And Fraser, flower of chivalry?¹
 Have they not been on gibbet bound,
 Their quarters flung to hawk and hound,
 And hold we here a cold debate,
 To yield more victims to their fate?
 What! can the English Leopard's mood
 Never be gorged with northern blood?
 Was not the life of Athole shed,

dant of Wallace, as tradition states him to be. The truth seems to be, that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in the English interest, pursued Wallace closely, and made him prisoner through the treachery of an attendant, whom Peter Langtoft calls Jack Short.

“William Waleis is nomen that master was of theves,
 Tiding to the king is comen that robbery mischeives,
 Sir John of Menetest sued William so nigh,
 He tok him when he ween'd least, on night, his leman him by,
 That was through treason of *Jack Short* his man,
 He was the encheson that Sir John so him ran,
 Jack's brother had he slain, the Walleis that is said,
 The more Jack was fain to do William that braid.”

From this it would appear that the infamy of seizing Wallace, must rest between a degenerate Scottish nobleman, the vassal of England, and a domestic, the obscure agent of his treachery; between Sir John Menteith, son of Walter, Earl of Menteith, and the traitor Jack Short.

¹ [See Appendix, Note H.]

To soothe the tyrant's sicken'd bed?¹
 And must his word, till dying day,
 Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay!—²

¹ John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, had attempted to escape out of the kingdom, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when he was taken, sent to London, and executed, with circumstances of great barbarity, being first half strangled, then let down from the gallows while yet alive, barbarously dismembered, and his body burnt. It may surprise the reader to learn, that this was a *mitigated* punishment; for in respect that his mother was a grand-daughter of King John, by his natural son Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to execution, "that point was forgiven," and he made the passage on horseback. Matthew of Westminster tells us that King Edward, then extremely ill, received great ease from the news that his relative was apprehended. "*Quo audito, Rex Angliæ, etsi gravissimo morbo tunc langueret, levius tamen tulit dolorem.*" To this singular expression the text alludes.

² This alludes to a passage in Barbour, singularly expressive of the vindictive spirit of Edward I. The prisoners taken at the castle of Kildrummie had surrendered upon condition that they should be at King Edward's disposal. "But his will," says Barbour, "was always evil toward Scottishmen." The news of the surrender of Kildrummie arrived when he was in his mortal sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands.

"And when he to the death was near,
 The folk that at Kildromy wer
 Come with prisoners that they had tane,
 And syne to the king are gane.
 And for to comfort him they tauld
 How they the castell to them yauld;
 And how they till his will were brought,
 To do off that whatever he thought:

Thou frown'st, De Argentine,—My gage
Is prompt to prove the strife I wage.”—

XXVII.

“Nor deem,” said stout Dunvegan's knight,¹
“That thou shalt brave alone the fight!
By saints of isle and mainland both,
By Woden wild, (my grandsire's oath,)”²

And ask'd what men should off them do.
Then look'd he angrily them to,
He said, grinning, ‘HANGS AND DRAWS.’
That was wonder of sic saws,
That he, that to the death was near,
Should answer upon sic maner,
Forouten moaning and mercy;
How might he trust on him to cry,
That sooth-fastly dooms all thing
To have mercy for his crying,
Off him that, throw his felony,
Into sic point had no mercy?”

There was much truth in the Leonine couplet, with which
Matthew of Westminster concludes his encomium on the first
Edward:

“Scotos Edwardus, dum vixit, suppeditavit,
Tenuit, afflixit, depressit, dilaniavit.”

¹ [In the MS. this couplet is wanting, and, without break-
ing the stanza, Lord Ronald continues,

“By saints of isle,” &c.]

² The MacLeods, and most other distinguished Hebridean
families, were of Scandinavian extraction, and some were
late or imperfect converts to Christianity. The family names
of Torquil, Thormod, &c. are all Norwegian.

Let Rome and England do their worst,
Howe'er attainted or accursed,
If Bruce shall e'er find friends again,
Once more to brave a battle plain,
If Douglas couch again his lance,
Or Randolph dare another chance,
Old Torquil will not be to lack
With twice a thousand at his back.—
Nay, chafe not at my bearing bold,
Good Abbot! for thou know'st of old,
Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian still;
Nor will I barter Freedom's cause
For England's wealth, or Rome's applause.”

XXVIII.

The Abbot seem'd with eye severe
The hardy Chieftain's speech to hear;
Then on King Robert turn'd the Monk,¹
But twice his courage came and sunk,
Confronted with the hero's look;
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he question'd him—“And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts paradise and opens hell;

¹ [MS.—“Then turn'd him on the Bruce the Monk.”]

Anathema of power so dread,
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,
And every ill one claim his prey ;
Expels thee from the church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer ;
Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife,
Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,¹
With meanest alms relieves thy want ;
Haunts thee while living,—and, when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,
Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallow'd ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound ;
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome ;
And such the well-deserved meed
Of thine unhallow'd, ruthless deed.”—

XXIX.

“Abbot !” The Bruce replied, “thy charge
It boots not to dispute at large.
This much, howe'er, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,
For Comyn died his country's foe.
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfill'd my soon-repent'd deed,

¹ [MS.—“Nay, curses each whose succour scant ”]

Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
The dire anathema has rung.
I only blame mine own wild ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
My first and dearest task achieved,
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
Shall many a priest in cope and stole
Say requiem for Red Comyn's soul,
While I the blessed cross advance,
And expiate this unhappy chance,
In Palestine, with sword and lance.¹
But, while content the church should know
My conscience owns the debt I owe,²
Unto De Argentine and Lorn
The name of traitor I return,
Bid them defiance stern and high,³
And give them in their throats the lie!
These brief words spoke, I speak no more.
Do what thou wilt; my shrift is o'er."

¹ Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt, compunction for having violated the sanctuary of the church by the slaughter of Comyn; and finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested James Lord Douglas to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulchre.

² [The MS. adds:—"For this ill-timed and luckless blow."]

³ [MS.———"bold and high."]

XXX.

Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the King the Abbot gazed ;
Then o'er his pallid features glance,
Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
His breathing came more thick and fast,
And from his pale blue eyes were cast
Strange rays of wild and wandering light ;
Uprise his locks of silver white,
Flush'd is his brow, through every vein
In azure tide the current strain,
And undistinguish'd accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.¹

XXXI.

“ De Bruce ! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,²
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore ;—

¹ [MS.—“ Swell on his wither'd brow the veins,
Each in its azure current strains,
And interrupted tears express'd
The tumult of his labouring breast.”]

² So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome, Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was published first by the Archbishop of York, and renewed at different times, particularly by Lambyrton, Bishop of St. Andrews, in 1308; but it does not appear to have answered the purpose which the English monarch expected. Indeed, for reasons which it may be difficult to trace, the thunders of Rome descended upon the Scottish mountains with less effect than in more fertile countries. Probably the comparative

But, like the Midianite of old,
 Who stood on Zophim, heaven controll'd,¹
 I feel within mine aged breast
 A power that will not be repress'd.²
 It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
 It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—
 De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
 Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
 O'ermaster'd yet by high behest,
 I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"
 He spoke, and o'er the astonish'd throng
 Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII.

Again that light has fired his eye,
 Again his form swells bold and high,
 The broken voice of age is gone,
 'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone:—
 "Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
 Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en,
 A hunted wanderer on the wild,
 On foreign shores a man exil'd,³

poverty of the benefices occasioned that fewer foreign clergy settled in Scotland; and the interest of the native churchmen were linked with that of their country. Many of the Scottish prelates, Lambyrton the primate particularly, declared for Bruce, while he was yet under the ban of the church, although he afterwards again changed sides.

¹ [See the Book of NUMBERS, chap. xxiii. and xxiv.]

² [See Appendix, Note I.]

³ [See Appendix, Note K.]

Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd,¹
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd !
Bless'd in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,
Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthen'd honours wait thy name !
In distant ages, sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
Go, then, triumphant ! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a song !
The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd !—
Enough—my short-lived strength decays,
And sinks the momentary blaze.—
Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
Not here must nuptial vow be spoke ;²
Brethren, our errand here is o'er,

¹ [“ On this transcendent passage we shall only remark, that of the gloomy part of the prophecy we hear nothing more through the whole of the poem, and though the Abbot informs the King that he shall be ‘ On foreign shores a man exiled,’ the poet never speaks of him but as resident in Scotland, up to the period of the battle of Bannockburn.”—*Critical Review*.]

² [The MS. has not this couplet.]

Our task discharged.—Unmoor, unmoor !”—
 His priests received the exhausted Monk,
 As breathless in their arms he sunk.
 Punctual his orders to obey,
 The train refused all longer stay,
 Embark'd, raised sail, and bore away.¹

¹ [“ The conception and execution of these stanzas constitute excellence which it would be difficult to match from any other part of the poem. The surprise is grand and perfect. The monk, struck with the heroism of Robert, foregoes the intended anathema, and breaks out into a prophetic annunciation of his final triumph over all his enemies, and the veneration in which his name will be held by posterity. These stanzas which conclude the second canto, derive their chief title to encomium from the emphatic felicity of their burden,

‘ I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd ;’
 in which few and simple words, following, as they do, a series of predicated ills, there is an energy that instantaneously appeals to the heart, and surpasses, all to nothing, the results of passages less happy in their application, though more laboured and tortuous in their construction.”—*Critical Review*.

“ The story of the second canto exhibits fewer of Mr. Scott's characteristical beauties than of his characteristical faults. The scene itself is not of a very edifying description ; nor is the want of agreeableness in the subject compensated by any detached merit in the details. Of the language and versification in many parts, it is hardly possible to speak favourably. The same must be said of the speeches which the different characters address to each other. The rude vehemence which they display seems to consist much more in the loudness and gesticulation with which the speakers express themselves than in the force and energy of their sentiments, which, for the most part, are such as the barbarous chiefs, to whom they are attributed, might, without any great premeditation, either as to the thought or language, have actually uttered. To

find language and sentiments proportioned to characters of such extraordinary dimensions as the agents in the poems of Homer and Milton, is indeed an admirable effort of genius; but to make such as we meet with in the epic poetry of the present day, persons often below the middle size, and never very much above it, merely speak in *character*, is not likely to occasion either much difficulty to the poet or much pleasure to the reader. As an example, we might adduce the speech of stout Dunvegan's knight, stanza xxvii., which is not the less wanting in taste, because it is natural and characteristic."—*Quarterly Review*.]

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO THIRD.

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO THIRD.

HAST thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled
head
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has roll'd,
How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?
The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,
The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still,¹
The wall-flower waves not on the ruin'd hold,
Till, murmuring distant first, then near and
shrill,
The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the
groaning hill!

II.

Artornish! such a silence sunk

¹ [MS.—“The rustling aspen bids his leaf be still.”]

Upon thy halls, when that grey Monk
His prophet-speech had spoke ;
And his obedient brethren's sail
Was stretch'd to meet the southern gale
Before a whisper woke.

Then murmuring sounds of doubt and fear,
Close pour'd in many an anxious ear,
The solemn stillness broke ;
And still they gazed with eager guess,
Where, in an oriel's deep recess,
The Island Prince seem'd bent to press
What Lorn, by his impatient cheer,
And gesture fierce, scarce deign'd to hear.

III.

Starting at length with frowning look,
His hand he clench'd, his head he shook,
And sternly flung apart ;—
“ And deem'st thou me so mean of mood,
As to forget the mortal feud,
And clasp the hand with blood imbrued ¹
From my dear Kinsman's heart ?
Is this thy rede ?—a due return
For ancient league and friendship sworn !
But well our mountain proverb shows
The faith of Islesmen ebbs and flows.
Be it even so—believe, ere long,
He that now bears shall wreak the wrong.

¹ [MS.—“ And clasp the bloody hand imbrued.”]

Call Edith—call the Maid of Lorn !
My sister, slaves !—for further scorn,
Be sure nor she nor I will stay.—
Away, De Argentine, away !—
We nor ally nor brother know,¹
In Bruce's friend, or England's foe."

IV.

But who the chieftain's rage can tell,
When, sought from lowest dungeon cell
To highest tower the castle round,
No Lady Edith was there found !
He shouted, " Falsehood !—treachery !—
Revenge and blood !—a lordly meed
To him that will avenge the deed !
A Baron's lands !"—His frantic mood
Was scarcely by the news withstood,
That Morag shared his sister's flight,
And that, in hurry of the night,
'Scaped noteless, and without remark,
Two strangers sought the Abbot's bark.—
" Man every galley !—fly—pursue !
The priest his treachery shall rue !
Ay, and the time shall quickly come,
When we shall hear the thanks that Rome
Will pay his feigned prophecy !"
Such was fierce Lorn's indignant cry ;²

¹ [MS.—" Nor brother we, nor ally know."]

² [The MS. has,

" Such was fierce Lorn's cry."

And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd,
 Hoisted his sail, his anchor weigh'd,
 (For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
 A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil.)¹
 But others, lingering, spoke apart,—
 “The maid has given her maiden heart
 To Ronald of the Isles,
 And, fearful lest her brother's word
 Bestow her on that English Lord,
 She seeks Iona's piles,
 And wisely deems it best to dwell
 A votaress in the holy cell,
 Until these feuds so fierce and fell
 The Abbot reconciles.”²

See a note on a line in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, *ante*, vol. i. p. 55.]

¹ A sort of persons common in the isles, as may be easily believed, until the introduction of civil polity. Witness the Dean of the Isles' account of Ronay. “At the north end of Raarsay, be half myle of sea frae it, layes ane ile callit Ronay, maire then a myle in lengthe, full of wood and heddir, with ane havein for heiland galeys in the middis of it, and the same havein is guid for fostering of theives, ruggairs and reivairs, till a nail, upon the peilling and spulzeing of poor pepill. This ile perteins to M'Gillychallan of Raarsay by force, and to the bishope of the iles be heritage.”—SIR DONALD MONRO'S *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1805, p. 22.

² [MS —“While friends shall labour fair and well
 These feuds to reconcile.”]

V.

As, impotent of ire, the hall
Echoed to Lorn's impatient call,
"My horse, my mantle, and my train!
Let none who honours Lorn remain!"—
Courteous, but stern, a bold request
To Bruce De Argentine express'd.
"Lord Earl," he said,—“I cannot chuse
But yield such title to the Bruce,
Though name and earldom both are gone,
Since he braced rebel's armour on—
But, Earl or Serf—rude phrase was thine
Of late, and launch'd at Argentine;
Such as compels me to demand
Redress of honour at thy hand.
We need not to each other tell,
That both can wield their weapons well;
Then do me but the soldier grace,
This glove upon thy helm to place
Where we may meet in fight;
And I will say, as still I've said,
Though by ambition far misled,
Thou art a noble knight.”—

VI.

“And I,” the princely Bruce replied,
“Might term it stain on knighthood's pride
That the bright sword of Argentine
Should in a tyrant's quarrel shine;
But, for your brave request,

Be sure the honour'd pledge you gave
In every battle-field shall wave
 Upon my helmet-crest ;
Believe, that if my hasty tongue
Hath done thine honour causeless wrong,
 It shall be well redress'd.
Not dearer to my soul was glove,
Bestow'd in youth by lady's love,
 Than this which thou hast given !
Thus, then, my noble foe I greet ;
Health and high fortune till we meet,
 And then—what pleases Heaven."

VII.

Thus parted they—for now, with sound
Like waves roll'd back from rocky ground,
 The friends of Lorn retire ;
Each mainland chieftain, with his train,
Draws to his mountain towers again,
Pondering how mortal schemes prove vain,
 And mortal hopes expire.
But through the castle double guard,
By Ronald's charge, kept wakeful ward,
Wicket and gate were trebly barr'd,
 By beam and bolt and chain ;
Then of the guests, in courteous sort,
He pray'd excuse for mirth broke short,
And bade them in Artornish fort
 In confidence remain.
Now torch and menial tendance led

Chieftain and knight to bower and bed,
And beads were told, and aves said,
And soon they sunk away
Into such sleep, as wont to shed
Oblivion on the weary head,
After a toilsome day.

VIII.

But soon uproused, the Monarch cried
To Edward slumbering by his side,
“Awake, or sleep for aye!
Even now there jarr’d a secret door—
A taper-light gleams on the floor—
Up, Edward, up, I say!
Some one glides in like midnight ghost—
Nay, strike not! ’tis our noble Host.”
Advancing then his taper’s flame,
Ronald stept forth, and with him came
Dunvegan’s chief—each bent the knee
To Bruce in sign of fealty,
And proffer’d him his sword,
And hail’d him, in a monarch’s style,
As king of mainland and of isle,
And Scotland’s rightful lord.
“And O,” said Ronald, “Own’d of Heaven!
Say, is my erring youth forgiven,
By falsehood’s arts from duty driven,
Who rebel falchion drew,
Yet ever to thy deeds of fame,
Even while I strove against thy claim,
Paid homage just and true?”—

“Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,”
Answer’d the Bruce, “must bear the crime,
Since, guiltier far than you,
Even I”—he paused; for Falkirk’s woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.¹

¹ I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filth witness from his hands.

“Fasting he was, and had been in great need
Blooded were all his weapons and his weed;
Southeron lords scorn’d him in terms rude,
And said, Behold yon Scot eats his own blood.

“Then rued he sore, for reason bad he known,
That blood and land alike should be his own;
With them he long was ere he got away,
But contrair Scots he fought not from that day.”

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Carron River, is equally apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Baliol, and in opposition to the English. He was the grandson of the competitor, with whom he has been sometimes confounded. Lord Hailes has well described, and in some degree apologized for, the earlier part of his life.—“His grandfather, the competitor, had patiently acquiesced in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banners. But young Bruce had more ambition, and a

The Chieftain to his breast he press'd,
And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

IX.

They proffer'd aid, by arms and might,
To repossess him in his right;
But well their counsels must be weigh'd,
Ere banners raised and musters made,
For English hire and Lorn's intrigues
Bound many chiefs in southern leagues.
In answer, Bruce his purpose bold
To his new vassals¹ frankly told.
"The winter worn in exile o'er,
I long'd for Carrick's kindred shore.
I thought upon my native Ayr,
And long'd to see the burly fare
That Clifford makes, whose lordly call
Now echoes through my father's hall.
But first my course to Arran led,
Where valiant Lennox gathers head,
And on the sea, by tempest toss'd,
Our barks dispersed, our purpose cross'd,
Mine own, a hostile sail to shun,

more restless spirit. In his earlier years he acted upon no regular plan. By turns the partisan of Edward, and his vicegerent of Baliol, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in maturer age became firm and consistent."
—*Annals of Scotland*, p. 290, quarto, London, 1776.

¹ [MS.—"Allies."]

Far from her destined course had run,
When that wise will, which masters ours,
Compell'd us to your friendly towers."

X.

Then Torquil spoke : "The time craves speed ;
We must not linger in our deed,
But instant pray our Sovereign Liege,
To shun the perils of a siege.
The vengeful Lorn, with all his powers,
Lies but too near Artornish towers,
And England's light-armed vessels ride,
Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,
Prompt at these tidings to unmoor,
And sweep each strait, and guard each shore,
Then, till this fresh alarm pass by,
Secret and safe my Liege must lie
In the far bounds of friendly Skye,
Torquil thy pilot and thy guide."
"Not so, brave Chieftain," Ronald cried ;
"Myself will on my Sovereign wait,¹
And raise in arms the men of Sleate,
Whilst thou, renown'd where chiefs debate,
Shalt sway their souls by counsel sage,
And awe them by thy locks of age."—

¹ [MS.—" 'Myself thy pilot and thy guide.'—
'Not so, kind Torquil,' Ronald cried:
' 'Tis I will on my Sovereign wait.' "]

—“And if my words in weight shall fail,¹
This ponderous sword shall turn the scale.”—

XI.

“The scheme,” said Bruce, “contents me well
Meantime, ’twere best that Isabel,
For safety, with my bark and crew,
Again to friendly Erin drew.
There Edward, too, shall with her wend,
In need to cheer her and defend,
And muster up each scatter’d friend.”—²
Here seem’d it as Lord Ronald’s ear
Would other counsel gladlier hear;
But, all achieved as soon as plann’d,
Both barks, in secret arm’d and mann’d,
From out the haven bore;
On different voyage forth they ply,
This for the coast of winged Skye,
And that for Erin’s shore.

XII.

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale.
To favouring winds they gave the sail,

¹ [The MS. has,

“ ‘Aye,’ said the Chief, ‘or if they fail,

This broadsword’s weight shall turn the scale.’ ”

In altering this passage, the poet appears to have lost a link.
--ED.]

² [The MS. adds:

“ Our bark’s departure, too, will blind

To our intent the foeman’s mind.”]

Till Mull's dark headlands scarce they knew,
And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue.¹

But then the squalls blew close and hard,
And, fain to strike the galley's yard,

And take them to the oar,

With these rude seas, in weary plight,
They strove the livelong day and night,
Nor till the dawning had a sight

Of Skye's romantic shore.

Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his shiver'd crest

The sun's arising gleam ;

But such the labour and delay,

Ere they were moor'd in Scavigh bay,

(For calmer heaven compell'd to stay,) ²

He shot a western beam.

Then Ronald said, "If true mine eye,

These are the savage wilds that lie

North of Strathnardill and Dunskey ; ³

No human foot comes here,

And, since these adverse breezes blow,

If my good Liege love hunter's bow,

What hinders that on land we go,

And strike a mountain-deer?

Allan, my page, shall with us wend ;

A bow full deftly can he bend,

¹ [MS.—"Till Mull's dark isle no more they knew,
Nor Ardnamurchan's mountains blue."]

² [MS.—"For favouring gales compell'd to stay."]

³ [See Appendix, Note L.]

And, if we meet a herd, may send
A shaft shall mend our cheer.”
Then each took bow and bolts in hand,
Their row-boat launch'd and leapt to land,
And left their skiff and train,
Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
Came brawling down its bed of rock,
To mingle with the main.

XIII.

Awhile their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
“St. Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure lead;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam.”

XIV.

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,

With its dark ledge¹ of barren stone.
 Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
 Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
 Through the rude bosom of the hill,
 And that each naked precipice,
 Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
 Tells of the outrage still.
 The wildest glen, but this, can show
 Some touch of Nature's genial glow ;
 On high Benmore green mosses grow,
 And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,²
 And copse on Cruchan-Ben ;
 But here,—above, around, below,
 On mountain or in glen,
 Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
 Nor aught of vegetative power,
 The weary eye may ken.
 For all is rocks at random thrown,
 Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
 As if were here denied
 The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
 That clothe with many a varied hue
 The bleakest³ mountain-side.⁴

¹ [MS.—“Dark banks.”]

² [MS.—“And { dears have buds { in deep Glencoe.”]

³ [MS.—“ { Wildest { ”]

⁴ [The Quarterly Reviewer says, “This picture of barren desolation is admirably touched,” and if the opinion of Mr. Turner be worth any thing, “No words could have given a

XV.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
 Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
 Huge terraces of granite black¹
 Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
 For from the mountain hoar,²
 Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
 When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
 Loose crags had toppled o'er;³
 And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
 So that a stripling arm might sway
 A mass no host could raise,
 In Nature's rage at random thrown,
 Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
 On its precarious base.
 The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
 Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
 Now left their foreheads bare,
 And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
 Or on the sable waters curl'd,

truer picture of this, one of the wildest of Nature's landscapes." Mr. Turner adds, however, that he dissents in one particular; but for *one or two* tufts of grass he must have broken his neck, having slipped when trying to attain the best position for taking the view which embellishes this volume.]

¹ [MS.—"And wilder, at each step they take,
 Turn the proud cliffs and yawning lake,
 Huge naked sheets of granite black," &c.]

² [MS.—"For from the mountain's crown."]

³ [MS.—"Huge crags had toppled down."]

Or on the eddyng breezes whirl'd,
 Dispersed in middle air.
 And oft, condensed, at once they lower,¹
 When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
 Pours like a torrent down,²
 And when return the sun's glad beams,
 Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
 Leap from the mountain's crown.³

XVI.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear
 Are precipices sharp and sheer,
 Yielding no track for goat or deer,
 Save the black shelves we tread,
 How term you its dark waves? and how
 Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,
 And yonder peak of dread,
 That to the evening sun uplifts
 The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,
 Which seam its shiver'd head?"—
 "Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
 Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
 From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
 But bards, familiar in our isles
 Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
 Full oft their careless humours please

¹ [MS.—"Oft closing too, at once they lower."]

² [MS.—"Pour'd like a torrent dread."]

³ [MS.—"Leap from the mountain's head."]

By sportive names from scenes like these
 I would old Torquil were to show
 His maidens with their breasts of snow,
 Or that my noble Liege were nigh
 To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!
 (The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers white,
 The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might,)
 Or that your eye could see the mood
 Of Corryvrekin's whirlpool rude,
 When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood—
 'Tis thus our islesmen's fancy frames,
 For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

XVII.

Answer'd the Bruce, "And musing mind
 Might here a graver moral find.
 These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
 Their naked brows to middle sky,
 Indifferent to the sun or snow,
 Where nought can fade, and nought can blow,
 May they not mark a Monarch's fate,—
 Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
 Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
 His soul a rock, his heart a waste? ¹

¹ ["He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,

O'er hope and love and fear aloft
High rears his crowned head—But soft!
Look, underneath yon jutting crag
Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag.
Who may they be? But late you said
No steps these desert regions tread?"—

XVIII.

"So said I—and believed in sooth,"
Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth.
Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
Five men—they mark us, and come on;
And by their badge on bonnet borne,
I guess them of the land of Lorn,
Foes to my Liege."—"So let it be;
I've faced worse odds than five to three—
—But the poor page can little aid;
Then be our battle thus array'd,
If our free passage they contest;
Cope thou with two, I'll match the rest."—
"Not so, my Liege—for by my life,
This sword shall meet the treble strife;
My strength, my skill in arms, more small,
And less the loss should Ronald fall.

And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

Childe Harold, Canto iii.]

But islesmen soon to soldiers grow,
Allan has sword as well as bow,
And were my Monarch's order given,
Two shafts should make our number even."—
"No! not to save my life!" he said;
"Enough of blood rests on my head,
Too rashly spill'd—we soon shall know,
Whether they come as friend or foe."

XIX.

Nigh came the strangers, and more nigh;—
Still less they pleased the Monarch's eye.
Men were they all of evil mien,
Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen;¹
They moved with half-resolved pace,
And bent on earth each gloomy face.
The foremost two were fair array'd,
With brogue and bonnet, trews and plaid,
And bore the arms of mountaineers,
Daggers and broadswords, bows and spears.
The three, that lagg'd small space behind,
Seem'd serfs of more degraded kind;
Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them cast,
Made a rude fence against the blast;
Their arms and feet and heads were bare,
Matted their beards, unshorn their hair;
For arms, the caitiffs bore in hand,
A club, an axe, a rusty brand.

¹ [See Appendix, Note M.]

XX.

Onward, still mute, they kept the track ;—
“Tell who ye be, or else stand back,”
Said Bruce ; “In deserts when they meet,
Men pass not as in peaceful street.”
Still, at his stern command, they stood,
And proffer’d greeting brief and rude,
But acted courtesy so ill,
As seem’d of fear, and not of will.
“Wanderers we are, as you may be ;
Men hither driven by wind and sea,
Who, if you list to taste our cheer,
Will share with you this fallow deer.”—
“If from the sea, where lies your bark ?”—
“Ten fathom deep in ocean dark !
Wreck’d yesternight : but we are men,
Who little sense of peril ken.
The shades come down—the day is shut—
Will you go with us to our hut ?”—
“Our vessel waits us in the bay ;¹
Thanks for your proffer—have good-day.”—
“Was that your galley, then, which rode
Not far from shore when evening glow’d ?”—²
“It was.”—“Then spare your needless pain,
There will she now be sought in vain.
‘We saw her from the mountain head,

¹ [MS.—“Our boat and vessel cannot stay.”]

² [MS.—“Deep in the bay when evening glow’d.”]

When with St. George's blazon red
A southern vessel bore in sight,
And yours raised sail, and took to flight."—

XXI.

"Now, by the rood, unwelcome news!"
Thus with Lord Ronald communed Bruce;
"Nor rests there light enough to show
If this their tale be true or no.
The men seem bred of churlish kind,
Yet mellow nuts have hardest rind;
We will go with them—food and fire¹
And sheltering roof our wants require.
Sure guard 'gainst treachery will we keep,
And watch by turns our comrades' sleep.—
Good fellows, thanks; your guests we'll be,
And well will pay the courtesy.
Come, lead us where your lodging lies,—
—Nay, soft! we mix not companies.—
Show us the path o'er crag and stone,²
And we will follow you;—lead on."

XXII.

'They reach'd the dreary cabin, made
Of sails against a rock display'd,

¹ [MS.—"Yet rugged brows have bosoms kind;
Wend we with them—for food and fire."]

² [MS.—"Wend you the first o'er stock and stone."]

And there, on entering,¹ found
A slender boy, whose form and mien
Ill suited with such savage scene,
In cap and cloak of velvet green,
Low seated on the ground.

His garb was such as minstrels wear,
Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
His youthful cheek was marr'd by care,
His eyes in sorrow drown'd.

"Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald spoke,
The voice his trance of anguish broke ;
As if awaked from ghastly dream,
He raised his head with start and scream,
And wildly gazed around ;
Then to the wall his face he turn'd,
And his dark neck with blushes burn'd.

XXIII.

"Whose is the boy?" again he said.
"By chance of war our captive made ;
He may be yours, if you should hold
That music has more charms than gold ;
For, though from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can deftly touch the lute,
And on the rote and viol play,
And well can drive the time away
For those who love such glee ;

¹ [MS.—"Entrance."]

For me, the favouring breeze, when loud
 It pipes upon the galley's shroud,
 Makes blither melody."—¹
 "Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?"—
 "Aye; so his mother bade us know,
 A crone in our late shipwreck drown'd,
 And hence the silly stripling's woe.
 More of the youth I cannot say,
 Our captive but since yesterday;
 When wind and weather wax'd so grim,
 We little listed think of him.—
 But why waste time in idle words?
 Sit to your cheer—unbelt your swords."
 Sudden the captive turn'd his head,
 And one quick glance to Ronald sped.
 It was a keen and warning look,
 And well the chief the signal took.

XXIV.

"Kind host," he said, "our needs require
 A separate board and separate fire;
 For know, that on a pilgrimage
 Wend I, my comrade, and this page.
 And, sworn to vigil and to fast,

¹ [MS.—"But on the clairschoch he can play,
 And help a weary night away,
 With those who love such glee.
 To me, the favouring breeze, when loud
 It pipes through on my galley's shroud,
 Makes better melody."]

Long as this hallow'd task shall last,
 We never doff the plaid or sword,
 Or feast us at a stranger's board;¹
 And never share one common sleep,
 But one must still his vigil keep.
 Thus, for our separate use, good friend,
 We'll hold this hut's remoter end."—
 "A churlish vow," the eldest said,
 "And hard, methinks, to be obey'd.
 How say you, if, to wreak the scorn
 That pays our kindness harsh return,
 We should refuse to share our meal?"—
 "Then say we, that our swords are steel!
 And our vow binds us not to fast,
 Where gold or force may buy repast."
 Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell,
 His teeth are clench'd, his features swell;
 Yet sunk the felon's moody ire
 Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire,
 Nor could his craven courage brook
 The Monarch's calm and dauntless look.
 With laugh constrain'd,—“Let every man
 Follow the fashion of his clan!
 Each to his separate quarters keep,
 And feed or fast, or wake or sleep.”

¹ [MS.—“And we have sworn to {sainted
 holy} powers,
 While lasts this hallow'd task of ours,
 Never to doff the plaid or sword,
 Nor feast us at a stranger's board.”]

XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns,
By turns they eat, keep guard by turns;
For evil seem'd that old man's eye,
Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.
Still he avoided forward look,
But slow and circumspectly took
A circling, never-ceasing glance,
By doubt and cunning mark'd at once,
Which shot a mischief-boding ray,¹
From under eyebrows shagg'd and gray.
The younger, too, who seem'd his son,
Had that dark look the timid shun;
The half-clad serfs behind them sate,
And scowl'd a glare 'twixt fear and hate—
Till all, as darkness onward crept,
Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or slept,
Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue
Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong,
A longer watch of sorrow made,
But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid.²

XXVI.

Not in his dangerous host confides
The King, but wary watch provides.
Ronald keeps ward till midnight past,
Then wakes the King, young Allan last;

¹ [MS.—————“an ill foreboding ray.”]

² [MS.—“But seems in senseless slumber laid.”]

Thus rank'd, to give the youthful page
The rest required by tender age.
What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought,
To chase the languor toil had brought?—
(For deem not that he deign'd to throw
Much care upon such coward foe,)—
He thinks of lovely Isabel,
When at her foeman's feet she fell,
Nor less when, placed in princely selle,
She glanced on him with favouring eyes,
At Woodstocke when he won the prize.
Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair,
In pride of place as 'mid despair,
Must she alone engross his care.
His thoughts to his betrothed bride,¹
To Edith, turn—O how decide,
When here his love and heart are given,
And there his faith stands plight to Heaven!
No drowsy ward 'tis his to keep,
For seldom lovers long for sleep.
Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,
Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl,
Then waked the King—at his request,
Lord Ronald stretch'd himself to rest.

XXVII.

What spell was good King Robert's, say,
To drive the weary night away?

¹ [MS.—“Must she alone his musings share.
They turn to his betrothed bride.”]

His was the patriot's burning thought,
Of Freedom's battle bravely fought,
Of castles storm'd, of cities freed,
Of deep design and daring deed,
Of England's roses reft and torn,
And Scotland's cross in triumph worn,
Of rout and rally, war and truce,—
As heroes think, so thought the Bruce.
No marvel, 'mid such musings high,
Sleep shunn'd the monarch's thoughtful eye.
Now over Coolin's eastern head
The greyish light ¹ begins to spread,
The otter to his cavern drew,
And clamour'd shrill the wakening mew;
Then watch'd the page—to needful rest
The King resign'd his anxious breast.

XXVIII.

To Allan's eyes was harder task,
The weary watch their safeties ask.
He trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine
With bickering light the splinter'd pine;
Then gazed awhile, where silent laid
Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.
But little fear waked in his mind,
For he was bred of martial kind,
And, if to manhood he arrive,
May match the boldest knight alive.

¹ [MS.—“The cold blue light.”]

Then thought he of his mother's tower,
His little sisters' greenwood bower,
How there the Easter-gambols pass,
And of Dan Joseph's lengthen'd mass.
But still before his weary eye
In rays prolong'd the blazes die—
Again he roused him—on the lake
Look'd forth, where now the twilight-flake
Of pale cold dawn began to wake.
On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay furl'd,
The morning breeze the lake had curl'd,
The short dark waves, heaved to the land,
With ceaseless splash kiss'd cliff or sand;—
It was a slumbrous sound—he turn'd
To tales at which his youth had burn'd,
Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd,
Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
And mermaid's alabaster grot,
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.¹

¹ Imagination can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander Mac-Allister, Esq. of Strathaird. It has since been much and deservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. Mac-Leay of Oban. The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal, which, written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then received.—“ The first entrance to this celebrated

Thither in fancy rapt he flies,
And on his sight the vaults arise ;
That hut's dark walls he sees no more,
His foot is on the marble floor,
And o'er his head the dazzling spars
Gleam like a firmament of stars !
—Hark ! hears he not the sea-nymph speak
Her anger in that thrilling shriek !—

cave is rude and unpromising; but the light of the torches, with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seem as if they were sheeted with marble, partly smooth, partly rough with frost-work and rustic ornaments, and partly seeming to be wrought into statuary. The floor forms a steep and difficult ascent, and might be fancifully compared to a sheet of water, which, while it rushed whitening and foaming down a declivity, had been suddenly arrested and consolidated by the spell of an enchanter. Upon attaining the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid gallery, adorned with the most dazzling crystallizations, and finally descends with rapidity to the brink of a pool, of the most limpid water, about four or five yards broad. There opens beyond this pool a portal arch, formed by two columns of white spar, with beautiful chasing upon the sides, which promises a continuation of the cave. One of our sailors swam across, for there is no other mode of passing, and informed us (as indeed we partly saw by the light he carried) that the enchantment of Maccalister's cave terminates with this portal, a little beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily choked with stones and earth. But the pool, on the brink of which we stood, surrounded by the most fanciful mouldings, in a substance resembling white marble, and distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might have been the bathing grotto of a naiad. The groups of combined figures projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exquisitely elegant and fanciful.

No ! all too late, with Allan's dream
 Mingled the captive's warning scream.¹
 As from the ground he strives to start,
 A ruffian's dagger finds his heart !
 Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .
 Murmurs his master's name, . . . and dies !²

XXIX.

Not so awoke the King ! his hand
 Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand,
 The nearest weapon of his wrath ;
 With this he cross'd the murderer's path,

A statuary might catch beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of those stalactites. There is scarce a form, or group, on which active fancy may not trace figures or grotesque ornaments, which have been gradually moulded in this cavern by the dropping of the calcareous water hardening into petrifications. Many of those fine groups have been injured by the senseless rage of appropriation of recent tourists; and the grotto has lost, (I am informed,) through the smoke of torches, something of that vivid silver tint which was originally one of its chief distinctions. But enough of beauty remains to compensate for all that may be lost."—Mr. Mac-Allister of Strathaird has, with great propriety, built up the exterior entrance to this cave, in order that strangers may enter properly attended by a guide, to prevent any repetition of the wanton and selfish injury which this singular scene has already sustained.

¹ [MS.-----" with empty dream,
 Mingled the captive's real scream."]

² [" Young Allan's turn (to watch) comes last, which gives the poet the opportunity of marking, in the most natural

And venged young Allan well !
 The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood
 Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,
 The miscreant gasp'd and fell!¹
 Nor rose in peace the Island Lord ;
 One caitiff died upon his sword,
 And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
 In mortal grapple overthrown.
 But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
 The life-blood from his panting flank,
 The Father-ruffian of the band
 Behind him rears a coward hand !

—O for a moment's aid,
 Till Bruce, who deals no double blow,²
 Dash to the earth another foe,
 Above his comrade laid !—

and happy manner, that insensible transition from the reality of waking thoughts, to the fanciful visions of slumber, and that delusive power of the imagination which so blends the confines of these separate states, as to deceive and sport with the efforts even of determined vigilance.—*British Critic*, February, 1815.]

¹ [MS.—“What time the miscreant fell.”]

² [“On witnessing the disinterment of Bruce's remains at Dunfermline, in 1822,” says Sir Walter, “many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull, which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone, which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.”—*Tales of a Grandfather. First Series*, vol. i. p. 255.]

And it is gain'd—the captive sprung
On the raised arm, and closely clung,
And, ere he shook him loose,
The master'd felon press'd the ground,
And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound,
While o'er him stands the Bruce.

XXX.

“Miscreant! while lasts thy flitting spark,
Give me to know the purpose dark,
That arm'd thy hand with murderous knife,
Against offenceless stranger's life?”—
“No stranger thou! ’ with accent fell,
Murmur'd the wretch; “I know thee well;
And know thee for the foeman sworn
Of my high chief, the mighty Lorn.”—
“Speak yet again, and speak the truth
For thy soul's sake!—from whence this youth?
His country, birth, and name declare,
And thus one evil deed repair.”—
—“Vex me no more! . . . my blood runs cold. . .
No more I know than I have told.
We found him in a bark we sought
With different purpose. . . and I thought”
Fate cut him short; in blood and broil,
As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

XXXI.

Then resting on his bloody blade,
The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,

“Now shame upon us both!—that boy
Lifts his mute face to heaven,¹
And clasps his hands, to testify
His gratitude to God on high,
For strange deliverance given.
His speechless gesture thanks hath paid,
Which our free tongues have left unsaid!”
He raised the youth with kindly word,
But mark’d him shudder at the sword:
He cleansed it from its hue of death,
And plunged the weapon in its sheath.
“Alas, poor child! unfitting part
Fate doom’d, when with so soft a heart,
And form so slight as thine,
She made thee first a pirate’s slave,
Then in his stead a patron gave
Of wayward lot like mine;
A landless prince, whose wandering life
Is but one scene of blood and strife—
Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall be,
But he’ll find resting-place for thee.—
Come, noble Ronald! o’er the dead
Enough thy generous grief is paid,
And well has Allan’s fate been wroke;
Come, wend we hence—the day has broke,
Seek we our bark—I trust the tale
Was false, that she had hoisted sail.”

¹ [MS.—“Holds up his speechless face to heaven.”]

XXXII.

Yet, ere they left that charnel-cell,
 The Island Lord bade sad farewell
 To Allan: "Who shall tell this tale,"
 He said, "in halls of Donagaile!
 Oh, who his widow'd mother tell,
 That, ere his bloom, her fairest fell!—
 Rest thee, poor youth! and trust my care
 For mass and knell and funeral prayer;
 While o'er those caitiffs, where they lie,
 The wolf shall snarl, the raven cry!"
 And now the eastern mountain's head
 On the dark lake threw lustre red;
 Bright gleams of gold and purple streak
 Ravine and precipice and peak—
 (So earthly power at distance shows;
 Reveals his splendour, hides his woes.)
 O'er sheets of granite, dark and broad,¹
 Rent and unequal, lay the road.
 In sad discourse the warriors wind,
 And the mute captive moves behind.²

¹ [MS.—"Along the lake's rude margin slow,
 O'er terraces of granite black they go."]

² [MS.—"And the mute page moves slow behind."—

"This canto is full of beauties; the first part of it, containing the conference of the chiefs in Bruce's chamber, might perhaps have been abridged, because the discussion of a mere matter of business is unsuited for poetry; but the remainder of the canto is unobjectionable; the scenery in which it is laid excites the imagination; and the cave scene affords many

opportunities for the poet, of which Mr. Scott has very successfully availed himself. The description of Allan's watch is particularly pleasing; indeed, the manner in which he is made to fall asleep, mingling the scenes of which he was thinking with the scene around him, and then mingling with his dreams the captive's sudden scream, is, we think, among the most happy passages of the whole poem."—*Quarterly Review*.

"We scarcely know whether we could have selected a passage from the poem that will more fairly illustrate its general merits and pervading blemishes than the one which we have just quoted, (stanzas xxxi. and xxxii.) The same happy mixture of moral remark and vivid painting of dramatic situations, frequently occurs, and is as frequently debased by prosaic expressions and couplets, and by every variety of ungrammatical license, or even barbarism. Our readers, in short, will immediately here discover the powerful hand that has so often presented them with descriptions calculated at once to exalt and animate their thoughts, and to lower and deaden the language which is their vehicle; but, as we have before observed again and again, we believe Mr. Scott is inaccessible even to the mildest and the most just reproof on this subject. We really believe that he *cannot* write correct English; and we therefore dismiss him as an *incurable*, with unfeigned compassion for this one fault, and with the highest admiration of his many redeeming virtues."—*Monthly Review*.]

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FOURTH.

STRANGER ! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath
placed,
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne ;
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning
sky.

Yes ! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneliness
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye ;
And strange and awful fears began to press

Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's cottage
 nigh,
Something that show'd of life, though low and
 mean ;
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,
Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have
 been,
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows
 green.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur
 wakes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs ;
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's
 lakes,
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise :
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the
 prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin
 roar.¹

¹ ["That Mr. Scott can *occasionally* clothe the grandeur of his thought in the majesty of expression, unobscured with the jargon of antiquated ballads, and unencumbered by the awkwardness of rugged expression, or harsh involution, we can with pleasure acknowledge; a finer specimen cannot perhaps be exhibited than in this passage."—*British Critic*.]

II.

Through such wild scenes the champion pass'd,
When bold halloo and bugle-blast
Upon the breeze came loud and fast,
“There,” said the Bruce, “rung Edward’s horn!
What can have caused such brief return?
And see, brave Ronald,—see him dart
O’er stock and stone like hunted hart,
Precipitate, as is the use,
In war or sport of Edward Bruce.
—He marks us, and his eager cry
Will tell his news ere he be nigh.”

III.

Loud Edward shouts, “What make ye here
Warring upon the mountain-deer,
When Scotland wants her King?
A bark from Lennox cross’d our track,
With her in speed I hurried back,
These joyful news to bring—
The Stuart stirs in Teviotdale,
And Douglas wakes his native vale;
Thy storm-toss’d fleet hath won its way
With little loss to Brodick-Bay,
And Lennox, with a gallant band,
Waits but thy coming and command
To waft them o’er to Carrick strand.
There are blithe news!—but mark the close!
Edward, the deadliest of our foes,
As with his host he northward pass’d,
Hath on the Borders breathed his last.”

IV.

Still stood the Bruce—his steady cheek
Was little wont his joy to speak,
But then his colour rose :
“Now, Scotland ! shortly shalt thou see,
With God’s high will, thy children free,
And vengeance on thy foes !
Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o’er Edward’s bier ;¹

¹ The generosity which does justice to the character of an enemy, often marks Bruce’s sentiments, as recorded by the faithful Barbour. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy without praising such good qualities as he might possess. I shall only take one instance. Shortly after Bruce landed in Carrick, in 1306, Sir Ingram Bell, the English governor of Ayr, engaged a wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto been a follower of Bruce, to undertake the task of assassinating him. The King learned this treachery, as he is said to have done other secrets of the enemy, by means of a female with whom he had an intrigue. Shortly after he was possessed of this information, Bruce, resorting to a small thicket at a distance from his men, with only a single page to attend him, met the traitor, accompanied by two of his sons. They approached him with their wonted familiarity, but Bruce, taking his page’s bow and arrow, commanded them to keep at a distance. As they still pressed forward with professions of zeal for his person and service, he, after a second warning, shot the father with the arrow; and being assaulted successively by the two sons, despatched first one, who was armed with an axe, then as the other charged him with a spear, avoided the thrust, struck the head from the spear, and cleft the skull of the assassin with a blow of his two-handed sword.

I took my knighthood at his hand,
 And lordship held of him, and land,
 And well may vouch it here,
 That, blot the story from his page,
 Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,
 You read a monarch brave and sage,
 And to his people dear."—

"Let London's burghers mourn her Lord,
 And Croydon monks his praise record,"

 The eager Edward said ;
 "Eternal as his own, my hate
 Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate,
 And dies not with the dead !
 Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
 When vengeance clench'd his palsied hand,
 That pointed yet to Scotland's land,¹
 As his last accents pray'd
 Disgrace and curse upon his heir,

"He rushed down of blood all red,
 And when the king saw they were dead,
 All three lying, he wiped his brand.

With that his boy came fast running,
 And said, 'Our lord might lowyt * be
 That granted you might and poweste †
 To fell the felony and the pride,
 Of three in so little tide.'

* *Lauded.*

† *Power.*

The king said, 'So our lord me see,
 They have been worthy men all three,
 Had they not been full of treason:

But that made their confusion.'"—BARBOUR'S *Bruce*,

b. v. p. 152.

¹ [See Appendix, Note N.]

If he one Scottish head should spare,
Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair
Each rebel corpse was laid!
Such hate was his, when his last breath
Renounced the peaceful house of Death,
And bade his bones to Scotland's coast
Be borne by his remorseless host,
As if his dead and stony eye
Could still enjoy her misery!
Such hate was his—dark, deadly, long;
Mine,—as enduring, deep, and strong!”

V.

“Let women, Edward, war with words,
With curses monks, but men with swords:
Nor doubt of living foes to sate
Deepest revenge and deadliest hate.¹

¹ [“The Bruce was, unquestionably, of a temper never surpassed for its humanity, munificence, and nobleness; yet, to represent him sorrowing over the death of the first Plantagenet, after the repeated and tremendous ills inflicted by that man on Scotland—the patriot Wallace murdered by his order, as well as the royal race of Wales, and the very brother of The Bruce, slaughtered by his command—to represent the just and generous Robert, we repeat, feeling an instant's compassion for the sudden fate of a miscreant like this, is, we are compelled to say it, so monstrous, and in a *Scottish* poet, so unnatural a violation of truth and decency, not to say patriotism, that we are really astonished that the author could have conceived the idea, much more that he could suffer his pen to record it. This wretched abasement on the part of The Bruce, is farther heightened by the King's half repreh-

Now, to the sea ! behold the beach,
And see the galleys' pendants stretch
Their fluttering length down favouring gale !
Aboard, aboard ! and hoist the sail.
Hold we our way for Arran first,
Where meet in arms our friends dispersed ;
Lennox the loyal, De la Haye,
And Boyd the bold in battle fray.
I long the hardy band to head,
And see once more my standard spread.—
Does noble Ronald share our course,
Or stay to raise his island force ?"—
"Come weal, come woe, by Bruce's side,"
Replied the Chief, "will Ronald bide.
And since two galleys yonder ride,
Be mine, so please my liege, dismiss'd
To wake to arms the clans of Uist,
And all who hear the Minche's roar,
On the Long Island's lonely shore.
The nearer Isles, with slight delay,
Ourselves may summon in our way ;
And soon on Arran's shore shall meet,
With Torquil's aid a gallant fleet,
If aught avails their Chieftain's hest,
Among the islesmen of the west."

sion of Prince Edward's noble and stern expression of undying hatred against his country's spoiler, and his family's assassin."--*Critical Review.*]

VI.

Thus was their venturous council said.
But, ere their sails the galleys spread,
Coriskin dark and Coolin high
Echoed the dirge's doleful cry.
Along that sable lake pass'd slow,—
Fit scene for such a sight of woe,—
The sorrowing islesmen, as they bore
The murder'd Allan to the shore.
At every pause, with dismal shout,
Their coronach of grief rung out,
And ever when they moved again,
The pipes resumed their clamorous strain,
And, with the pibroch's shrilling wail,
Mourn'd the young heir of Donagaile.
Round and around, from cliff and cave,
His answer stern old Coolin gave,
Till high upon his misty side
Languish'd the mournful notes, and died.
For never sounds, by mortal made,
Attain'd his high and haggard head,
That echoes but the tempest's moan,
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

VII.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
 She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
 Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,

The cords and canvass strain,
The waves divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laugh'd again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,
Than the gay galley bore
Her course upon that favouring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
And Slapin's cavern'd shore.¹
'Twas then that warlike signals wake
Dunscaith's dark towers and Eisord's lake,
And soon, from Cavilgarrigh's head,
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke were spread;
A summons these of war and wrath
To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,
And, ready at the sight,
Each warrior to his weapons sprung,
And targe upon his shoulder flung,
Impatient for the fight.
Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare gray,
Had charge to muster their array,
And guide their barks to Brodick-Bay.

VIII.

Signal of Ronald's high command,
A beacon gleam'd o'er sea and land,
From Canna's tower, that, steep and gray,

¹ [MS.——— "mountain-shore,"]

Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.¹
 Seek not the giddy craig to climb,
 To view the turret scathed by time ;
 It is a task of doubt and fear
 To aught but goat or mountain-deer.
 But rest thee on the silver beach,
 And let the aged herdsman teach
 His tale of former day ;
 His cur's wild clamour he shall chide,
 And for thy seat by ocean's side,
 His varied plaid display ;
 Then tell, how with their Chieftain came,
 In ancient times, a foreign dame
 To yonder ² turret gray.³
 Stern was her Lord's suspicious mind,
 Who in so rude a jail confined

¹ The little island of Canna, or Cannay, adjoins to those of Rum and Muick, with which it forms one parish. In a pretty bay opening towards the east, there is a lofty and slender rock detached from the shore, Upon the summit are the ruins of a very small tower, scarcely accessible by a steep and precipitous path. Here it is said one of the kings, or Lord of the Isles, confined a beautiful lady, of whom he was jealous. The ruins are of course haunted by her restless spirit, and many romantic stories are told by the aged people of the island concerning her fate in life, and her appearances after death.

² [MS.—“ To Canna's turret gray.”]

³ [“ The stanzas which follow are, we think, touchingly beautiful, and breathe a sweet and melancholy tenderness, perfectly suitable to the sad tale which they record.”—*Critical Review*.]

So soft and fair a thrall!
And oft when moon on ocean slept,
That lovely lady sate and wept
Upon the castle wall,
And turn'd her eye to southern climes,
And thought perchance of happier times,
And touch'd her lute by fits, and sung
Wild ditties in her native tongue.
And still, when on the cliff and bay
Placid and pale the moonbeams play,
And every breeze is mute,
Upon the lone Hebridean's ear
Steals a strange pleasure mix'd with fear,
While from that cliff he seems to hear
The murmur of a lute,
And sounds, as of a captive lone,
That mourns her woes in tongue unknown.—
Strange is the tale—but all too long
Already hath it staid the song—
Yet who may pass them by,
That crag and tower in ruins gray,¹
Nor to their hapless tenant pay
The tribute of a sigh!

IX.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark
O'er the broad ocean driven,
Her path by Ronin's mountains dark

¹ [MS.—“That crag with crest of ruins gray.”]

The steersman's hand hath given.
 And Ronin's mountains dark have sent
 Their hunters to the shore,¹
 And each his ashen bow unbent,
 And gave his pastime o'er,
 And at the Island Lord's command,
 For hunting spear took warrior's brand.
 On Scooreigg next a warning light
 Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
 A numerous race, ere stern Macleod
 O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode,²
 When all in vain the ocean-cave
 Its refuge to his victims gave.

¹ Ronin (popularly called Rum, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possible) is a very rough and mountainous island, adjacent to those of Eigg and Cannay. There is almost no arable ground upon it, so that, except in the plenty of the deer, which of course are now nearly extirpated, it still deserves the description bestowed by the arch-dean of the Isles: "Ronin, sixteen myle north-wast from the ile of Coll, lyes ane ile callit Ronin Ile, of sixteen myle long, and six in bredthe in the narrowest, ane forest of heigh mountains, and abundance of little deir in it, quhilk deir will never be slane dounewith, but the principal saittis man be in the height of the hill, because the deir will be callit upwart ay be the tainchell, or without tynchel they will pass upwart perforce. In this ile will be gotten about Britane als many wild nests upon the plane mure as men pleasis to gadder and yet by resson the fowls hes few to start them except deir. This ile lyes from the west to the eist in lenth, and pertains to M'Kenabrey of Colla. Many solan geese are in this ile."—MONRO'S *Description of the Western Isles*, p. 18.

² [See Appendix, Note O.]

The Chief, relentless in his wrath,
 With blazing heath blockades the path;
 In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,
 The vapour fill'd the cavern'd hold!
 The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
 The mother's screams, were heard in vain;
 The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,
 Till in the vault ¹ a tribe expires!
 The bones which strew that cavern's gloom,
 Too well attest their dismal doom.

X.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark ²
 On a breeze from the northward free,
 So shoots through the morning sky the lark
 Or the swan through the summer sea.
 The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
 And Ulva dark and Colonsay,

¹ [MS.—“Till in their smoke,” &c.]

² [“And so also ‘merrily, merrily goes the bard,’ in a succession of *merriment*, which, like Dogberry’s tediousness, he finds it in his heart to bestow wholly and entirely on us, through page after page, or wave after wave of his voyage. We could almost be tempted to believe that he was on his return from Skye when he wrote this portion of his poem;—from Skye, the depository of the ‘mighty cup of royal Somerled,’ as well as of ‘Rorie More’s’ comparatively modern ‘horn’—and that, as he says himself of a minstrel who celebrated the hospitalities of Dunvegan-castle in that island, ‘it is pretty plain, that when *this* tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Rorie More had not been inactive.’ ”—*Monthly Review*. See Appendix, Note E.]

And all the group of islets gay
 That guard famed Staffa round.¹
 Then all unknown its columns rose,
 Where dark and undisturb'd repose²
 The cormorant had found,
 And the shy seal had quiet home,
 And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
 Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
 By skill of earthly architect,
 Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
 A Minster to her Maker's praise!³

¹ ["Of the prominent beauties which abound in the poem, the most magnificent we consider to be the description of the celebrated cave of Fingal, which is conceived in a mighty mind, and is expressed in a strain of poetry, clear, simple, and sublime."—*British Critic*.]

² [MS.—"Where niched, his undisturb'd repose."]

³ It would be unpardonable to detain the reader upon a wonder so often described, and yet so incapable of being understood by description. This palace of Neptune is even grander upon a second than the first view. The stupendous columns which form the sides of the cave, the depth and strength of the tide which rolls its deep and heavy swell up to the extremity of the vault—the variety of tints formed by white, crimson, and yellow stalactites, or petrifications, which occupy the vacancies between the base of the broken pillars which form the roof, and intersect them with a rich, curious, and variegated chasing, occupying each interstice—the corresponding variety below water, where the ocean rolls over a dark-red or violet-coloured rock, from which, as from a base, the basaltic columns arise—the tremendous noise of the swelling tide, mingling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault,—are circumstances elsewhere unparalleled.

Nothing can be more interesting than the varied appear-

Not for a meaner use ascend
 Her columns, or her arches bend ;
 Nor of a theme less solemn tells
 That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
 And still, between each awful pause,
 From the high vault an answer draws,
 In varied tone prolong'd and high,
 That mocks the organ's melody.
 Nor doth its entrance front in vain
 To old Iona's holy fane,
 That nature's voice might seem to say,
 " Well hast thou done, frail child of clay !
 Thy humble powers that stately shrine
 Task'd high and hard—but witness mine ! " ¹

XI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
 Before the gale she bounds ;
 So darts the dolphin from the shark,
 Or the deer before the hounds.

ance of the little archipelago of islets, of which Staffa is the most remarkable. This group, called in Gaelic Tresharnish, affords a thousand varied views to the voyager, as they appear in different positions with reference to his course. The variety of their shape contributes much to the beauty of these effects.

¹ [The MS. adds,

“ Which, when the ruins of thy pile
 Cumber the desolated isle,
 Firm and immutable shall stand,
 'Gainst winds, and waves, and spoiler's hand.”]

They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild T'ree,
And the Chief of the sandy Coll;
They paused not at Columba's isle,
Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile
With long and measured toll;¹
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away on the billows' roll.
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasped his sword,
And verdant Ilay call'd her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;

¹ ["We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."—JOHNSON.]

—Scenes sung by him who sings no more !
His bright and brief¹ career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN'S cold remains !²

XII.

Ever the breeze blows merrily,
But the galley ploughs no more the sea.
Lest, rounding wild Cantire, they meet
The southern foeman's watchful fleet,
They held unwonted way ;—
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er,³
As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,
Upon the eastern bay.
It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,

¹ [MS.—“ His short but bright,” &c.]

² The ballad, entitled “Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin,” [See *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv. p. 285,] was composed by John Leyden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801, soon before his fatal departure for India, where, after having made farther progress in Oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced those studies, he died a martyr to his zeal for knowledge, in the island of Java, immediately after the landing of our forces near Batavia, in August, 1811.

³ [See Appendix, Note P.]

High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves,
By cliff and copse and alder groves.
Deep import from that selcouth sign,
Did many a mountain Seer divine,
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail
O'er Kilmaconnel moss,
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail
Before her silver Cross.

XIII.

Now launch'd once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle ;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghoil, "the Mountain of the Wind,"
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile.¹

¹ Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tarbat Loch. It is well described by Pennant: "The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low far projecting neck of land, that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage; but within has three fathom of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar above." PENNANT'S *Tour to the*

Thither their destined course they drew ;
It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,

The ocean so serene ;

Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold

With azure strove and green.

The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour.

The beach was silver sheen,

The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,

With breathless pause between.

O who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose

Of such enchanting scene !

XIV.

Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks ?

The blush that dyes his manly cheeks,

The timid look, and downcast eye,

And faltering voice the theme deny.

And good King Robert's brow express'd,

He ponder'd o'er some high request,

As doubtful to approve ;

Yet in his eye and lip the while,

Western Isles, p. 191-2. Ben-Ghaoil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English, and less poetical name, of Goatfield.

Dwelt the half-pitying glance and smile,
Which manhood's graver mood beguile,
When lovers talk of love.

Anxious his suit Lord Ronald pled ;
—"And for my bride betrothed," he said,
"My Liege has heard the rumour spread
Of Edith from Artornish fled.

Too hard her fate—I claim no right ¹
To blame her for her hasty flight ;
Be joy and happiness her lot !—
But she hath fled the bridal-knot,
And Lorn recall'd his promised plight,
In the assembled chieftains' sight.—

When, to fulfil our fathers' band,
I proffer'd all I could—my hand—

I was repulsed with scorn ;
Mine honour I should ill assert,
And worse the feelings of my heart,
If I should play a suitor's part
Again, to pleasure Lorn."—

XV.

"Young Lord," the Royal Bruce ² replied,
"That question must the Church decide ;
Yet seems it hard, since rumours state
Edith takes Clifford for her mate,
The very tie, which she hath broke,

¹ [MS.———"no tongue is mine
To blame her," &c.]

² [MS.—"The princely Bruce."]

To thee should still be binding yoke.
But, for my sister Isabel—
The mood of woman who can tell?
I guess the champion of the Rock,
Victorious in the tourney shock,
That knight unknown, to whom the prize
She dealt,—had favour in her eyes;
But since our brother Nigel's fate,
Our ruin'd house and hapless state,
From worldly joy and hope estranged,
Much is the hapless mourner changed.
Perchance," here smiled the noble King,
"This tale may other musings bring.
Soon shall we know—yon mountains hide
The little convent of Saint Bride;
There, sent by Edward, she must stay,
Till fate shall give more prosperous day;¹
And thither will I bear thy suit,
Nor will thine advocate be mute."

XVI.

As thus they talk'd in earnest mood,
That speechless boy beside them stood.
He stoop'd his head against the mast,
And bitter sobs came thick and fast,
A grief that would not be repress'd,
But seem'd to burst his youthful breast.
His hands, against his forehead held,

¹[MS.—"Thither, by Edward sent, she stays
Till fate shall lend more prosperous days."]

As if by force his tears repell'd,
But through his fingers, long and slight,
Fast trill'd the drops of crystal bright.
Edward, who walk'd the deck apart,
First spied this conflict of the heart.
Thoughtless as brave, with bluntness kind
He sought to cheer the sorrower's mind;
By force the slender hand he drew
From those poor eyes that stream'd with dew.
As in his hold the stripling strove,—
(’Twas a rough grasp, though meant in love,)
Away his tears the warrior swept,
And bade shame on him that he wept.¹
“I would to heaven, thy helpless tongue
Could tell me who hath wrought thee wrong!
For, were he of our crew the best,
The insult went not unredress’d.
Come, cheer thee; thou art now of age
To be a warrior’s gallant page;
Thou shalt be mine!—a palfrey fair
O’er hill and holt my boy shall bear,
To hold my bow in hunting grove,
Or speed on errand to my love;
For well I wot thou wilt not tell
The temple where my wishes dwell.”

¹ [MS.—“And as away the tears he swept,
He bade shame on him that he wept.”]

XVII.

Bruce interposed,—“Gay Edward, no,
This is no youth to hold thy bow,
To fill thy goblet, or to bear
Thy message light to lighter fair.
Thou art a patron all too wild
And thoughtless, for this orphan child.
See'st thou not how apart he steals,
Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals?
Fitter by far in yon calm cell
To tend our sister Isabel,
With father Augustin to share
The peaceful change of convent prayer,
Than wander wild adventures through,
With such a reckless guide as you.”—
“Thanks, brother!” Edward answer'd gay,
“For the high laud thy words convey!
But we may learn some future day,
If thou or I can this poor boy
Protect the best, or best employ.
Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand;
Launch we the boat, and seek the land.”

XVIII.

To land King Robert lightly sprung,
And thrice aloud his bugle rung
With note prolong'd and varied strain,
Till bold Ben-ghoil replied again.
Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,
Had in a glen a heart at bay,

And Lennox cheer'd the laggard hounds,
When waked that horn the greenwood bounds.
“It is the foe!” cried Boyd, who came
In breathless haste with eye on flame,—
“It is the foe!—Each valiant lord
Fling by his bow, and grasp his sword!”—
“Not so,” replied the good Lord James,
“That blast no English bugle claims.
Oft have I heard it fire the fight,
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.
Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear,
If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear!
Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;
That blast was winded by the King!”¹

¹ The passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognized by Douglas and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting.—The king arrived in Arran with thirty-three small row-boats. He interrogated a female if there had arrived any warlike men of late in that country. “Surely, sir,” she replied, “I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain themselves in a wood at no great distance.” The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas and his followers, who had lately set forth to try their fortune in Arran, desired the woman to conduct him to the wood. She obeyed.

“The king then blew his horn on high;
And gert his men that were him by,
Hold them still, and all privy;
And syne again his horne blew he.
James of Dowglas heard him blow,
And at the last alone gan know,

XIX.

Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
 And fast to shore the warriors sped.
 Bursting from glen and greenwood tree,
 High waked their loyal jubilee !
 Around the royal Bruce they crowd,
 And clasp'd his hands, and wept aloud.
 Veterans of early fields were there,
 Whose helmets press'd their hoary hair,
 Whose swords and axes bore a stain
 From life-blood of the red-hair'd Dane ;¹
 And boys, whose hands scarce brook'd to wield
 The heavy sword or bossy shield.
 Men too were there, that bore the scars

And said, ' Soothly yon is the king ;
 I know long while since his blowing.'
 The third time therewithall he blew,
 And then Sir Robert Boid it knew ;
 And said, ' Yon is the king, but dread,
 Go we forth till him, better speed.'
 Then went they till the king in hye,
 And him inclined courteously.
 And blithly welcomed them the king,
 And was joyful of their meeting,
 And kissed them ; and speared * syne * *Asked.*
 How they had fared in hunting ?
 And they him told all, but lesing ; † † *Without lying.*
 Syne laud they God of their meeting.
 Syne with the king till his harbourye
 Went both joyfu' and jolly."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book v. p. 115, 116.

¹ [MS.—"Impress'd by life-blood of the Dane."]

Impress'd in Albyn's woful wars,
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,
Teyndrum's dread rout and Methven's flight ;
The might of Douglas there was seen,
There Lennox with his graceful mien ;
Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's dreaded Knight ;
The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light ;
The Heir of murder'd De la Haye,
And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay.
Around their King regain'd they press'd,
Wept, shouted, clasp'd him to their breast,
And young and old, and serf and lord,
And he who ne'er unsheathed a sword,
And he in many a peril tried,
Alike resolved the brunt to bide,
And live or die by Bruce's side !

XX.

Oh, War ! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright !
Such gleams, as from thy polish'd shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field !
Such transports wake, severe and high,
Amid the pealing conquest-cry ;
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,
Muster the remnants of a host,
And as each comrade's name they tell,
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
Vow to avenge them or to die !—

Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
 If not on martial Britain's ground?¹
 And who, when waked with note of fire,
 Love more than they the British lyre?
 Know ye not,—hearts to honour dear!
 That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,
 At which the heartstrings vibrate high,
 And wake the fountains of the eye?²
 And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace
 Of tear is on his manly face,
 When, scanty relics of the train
 That hail'd at Scone his early reign,
 This patriot band around him hung,
 And to his knees and bosom clung?—
 Blame ye the Bruce?—his brother blamed,
 But shared the weakness, while ashamed,
 With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,
 And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.³

¹ [MS.—“If not on Britain's warlike ground.”]

² [“Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
 For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 When those who win at length divide the prey,
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now*!”]

BYRON'S *Corsair*.]

³ The kind, and yet fiery character of Edward Bruce, is well painted by Barbour, in the account of his behaviour after the battle of Bannockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one of the very few Scottish nobles who fell in that battle, was so dearly

XXI.

'Tis morning, and the Convent bell
 Long time had ceased its matin knell,
 Within thy walls, Saint Bride !
 An aged Sister sought the cell
 Assign'd to Lady Isabel,
 And hurriedly she cried,
 "Haste, gentle Lady, haste—there waits
 A noble stranger at the gates ;

beloved by Edward, that he wished the victory had been lost,
 so Ross had lived.

 " Out-taken him, men has not seen
 Where he for any men made moaning."

And here the venerable Archdeacon intimates a piece of scandal. Sir Edward Bruce, it seems, loved Ross's sister, *par amours*, to the neglect of his own lady, sister to David de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole. This criminal passion had evil consequences; for, in resentment of the affront done to his sister, Athole attacked the guard which Bruce had left at Cambuskenneth, during the battle of Bannockburn, to protect his magazine of provisions, and slew Sir William Keith the commander. For which treason he was forfeited.

In like manner, when in a sally from Carrickfergus, Neil Fleming, and the guards whom he commanded, had fallen, after the protracted resistance which saved the rest of Edward Bruce's army, he made such moan as surprised his followers:

 " Sic moan he made men had ferly,* * *Wonder.*
 For he was not customably
 Wont for to moan men any thing,
 Nor would not hear men make moaning."

Such are the nice traits of character so often lost in general history.

Saint Bride's poor vot'ress ne'er has seen
 A Knight of such a princely mien;
 His errand, as he bade me tell,
 Is with the Lady Isabel."

The princess rose,—for on her knee
 Low bent she told her rosary,—¹

"Let him by thee his purpose teach;
 I may not give a stranger speech."—

"Saint Bride forefend, thou royal Maid!"

The portress cross'd herself, and said,—

"Not to be prioress might I
 Debate his will, his suit deny."—

"Has earthly show then, simple fool,
 Power o'er a sister of thy rule,
 And art thou, like the worldly train,
 Subdued by splendours light and vain?"—

XXII.

"No, Lady! in old eyes like mine,
 Gauds have no glitter, gems no shine;
 Nor grace his rank attendants vain,
 One youthful page is all his train.

¹ ["Mr. Scott, we have said, contradicts himself. How will he explain the following facts to his reader's satisfaction? The *third* canto informs us that Isabel accompanies Edward to Ireland, there to remain till the termination of the war; and in the *fourth* canto, the second day after her departure, we discover the princess counting her beads and reading homilies in the Cloister of St. Bride, in the Island of Arran! We humbly beseech the 'Mighty Minstrel' to clear up this matter."—*Critical Review*.]

It is the form, the eye, the word,
The bearing of that stranger Lord;
His stature, manly, bold, and tall,
Built like a castle's battled wall,
Yet moulded in such just degrees,
His giant-strength seems lightsome ease.
Close as the tendrils of the vine
His locks upon his forehead twine,
Jet-black, save where some touch of gray
Has ta'en the youthful hue away.
Weather and war their rougher trace
Have left on that majestic face;—
But 'tis his dignity of eye!
There, if a suppliant, would I fly,
Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
Of sympathy, redress, relief—
That glance, if guilty, would I dread
More than the doom that spoke me dead!"—
"Enough, enough," the princess cried,
"'Tis Scotland's hope, her joy, her pride!
To meaner front was ne'er assign'd
Such mastery o'er the common mind—
Bestow'd thy high designs to aid,
How long, O Heaven! how long delay'd!—
Haste, Mona, haste, to introduce
My darling brother, royal Bruce!"

XXIII.

They met like friends who part in pain,
And meet in doubtful hope again.

But when subdued¹ that fitful swell
The Bruce survey'd the humble cell;—
“And this is thine, poor Isabel!—
That pallet-couch, and naked wall,
For room of state, and bed of pall;
For costly robes and jewels rare,
A string of beads and zone of hair;
And for the trumpet's sprightly call
To sport or banquet, grove or hall,
The bell's grim voice divides thy care,
'Twixt hours of penitence and prayer!—
O ill for thee, my royal claim
From the First David's sainted name!
O woe for thee, that while he sought
His right, thy brother feebly fought!”—

XXIV.

“Now lay these vain regrets aside,
And be the unshaken Bruce!” she cried.
“For more I glory to have shared
The woes thy venturous spirit dared,
When raising first thy valiant band
In rescue of thy native land,
Than had fair Fortune set me down
The partner of an empire's crown.
And grieve not that on Pleasure's stream
No more I drive in giddy dream,
For Heaven the erring pilot knew,
And from the gulf the vessel drew,

¹ [MS.—“But when subsides,” &c.]

Tried me with judgments stern and great,
My house's ruin, thy defeat,
Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I own,
My hopes are fixed on Heaven alone;
Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win
My heart to this vain world of sin."—

XXV.

“Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice,
First wilt thou wait thy brother's voice;
Then ponder if in convent scene
No softer thoughts might intervene—
Say they were of that unknown Knight,
Victor in Woodstock's tourney-fight—
Nay, if his name such blush you owe,
Victorious o'er a fairer foe!”
Truly his penetrating eye
Hath caught that blush's passing dye,—
Like the last beam of evening thrown
On a white cloud,—just seen and gone.¹

¹ [“We would bow with veneration to the powerful and rugged genius of Scott. We would style him above all others, Homer and Shakspeare excepted, the Poet of Nature—of Nature in all her varied beauties, in all her wildest haunts. No appearance, however minute, in the scenes around him, escapes his penetrating eye; they are all marked with the nicest discrimination; are introduced with the happiest effect. Hence, in his similes, both the genius and the judgment of the poet are peculiarly conspicuous; his accurate observation of the appearances of nature, which others have neglected, imparts an originality to those allusions, of

Soon with calm cheek and steady eye,
 The princess made composed reply :—
 “ I guess my brother’s meaning well ;
 For not so silent is the cell,
 But we have heard the islesmen all
 Arm in thy cause at Ronald’s call,
 And mine eye proves that Knight unknown ¹
 And the brave Island Lord are one.—
 Had then his suit been earlier made,
 In his own name, with thee to aid,
 (But that his plighted faith forbade,) ²
 I know not But thy page so near ?—
 This is no tale for menial’s ear.”

XXVI.

Still stood that page, as far apart
 As the small cell would space afford ;
 With dizzy eye and bursting heart,
 He leant his weight on Bruce’s sword,
 The monarch’s mantle too he bore, ³
 And drew the fold his visage o’er.

which the reader immediately recognizes the aptness and propriety; and only wonders that what must have been so often witnessed, should have been so uniformly passed unregarded by. Such is the simile applied to the transient blush observed by Bruce on the countenance of Isabel upon his mention of Ronald.”—*British Critic.*]

¹ [MS.—“And well I judge that knight unknown.”]

² [MS.—“But that his { earlier } plight forbade.”]

³ [MS.—“The monarch’s brand and cloak he bore.”]

“Fear not for him—in murderous strife,”
 Said Bruce, “his warning saved my life;¹
 Full seldom parts he from my side,
 And in his silence I confide,
 Since he can tell no tale again.
 He is a boy of gentle strain,
 And I have purposed he shall dwell
 In Augustin the chaplain’s cell,
 And wait on thee, my Isabel.—
 Mind not his tears; I’ve seen them flow
 As in the thaw dissolves the snow.
 ’Tis a kind youth, but fanciful,
 Unfit against the tide to pull,
 And those that with the Bruce would sail,
 Must learn to strive with stream and gale.—
 But forward, gentle Isabel—
 My answer for Lord Ronald tell.”—

XXVII.

“This answer be to Ronald given—
 The heart he asks is fix’d on heaven.²
 My love was like a summer flower
 That wither’d in the wintry hour,
 Born but of vanity and pride,
 And with these sunny visions died.

¹ [MS.—“Answered the Bruce, ‘he saved my life.’”]

² [The MS. has—

“Isabel’s thoughts are fix’d on heav’n;”

and the two couplets which follow are interpolated on the blank page.]

If further press his suit—then say,
 He should his plighted troth obey,
 Troth plighted both with ring and word,
 And sworn on crucifix and sword.
 Oh, shame thee, Robert! I have seen
 'Thou hast a woman's guardian been!
 Even in extremity's dread hour,
 When press'd on thee the Southern power,
 And safety, to all human sight,
 Was only found in rapid flight,
 Thou heard'st a wretched female plain
 In agony of travail-pain,
 And thou didst bid thy little band
 Upon the instant turn and stand,
 And dare the worst the foe might do,
 Rather than, like a knight untrue,
 Leave to pursuers merciless
 A woman in her last distress.—¹

¹ This incident, which illustrates so happily the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's character, is one of the many simple and natural traits recorded by Barbour. It occurred during the expedition which Bruce made to Ireland, to support the pretensions of his brother Edward to the throne of that kingdom. Bruce was about to retreat, and his host was arrayed for moving.

"The king has heard a woman cry,
 He asked what that was in hy.¹

¹ *Haste.*

'It is the layndar,² sir,' sai ane,

² *Laundress.*

'That her cnild-ill³ right now has ta'en:

³ *Childbed.*

And must leave now behind us here.

Therefore she makes an evil cheer.'⁴

⁴ *Stop.*

The king said, 'Certes,⁵ it were pity

⁵ *Certainly.*

That she in that point left should be, .

And wilt thou now deny thine aid
 To an oppress'd and injured maid,
 Even plead for Ronald's perfidy,
 And press his fickle faith on me?—
 So witness Heaven, as true I vow,
 Had I those earthly feelings now,
 Which could my former bosom move
 Ere taught to set its hopes above,
 I'd spurn each proffer he could bring,
 Till at my feet he laid the ring,
 The ring and spousal contract both,
 And fair acquittal of his oath,
 By her who brooks his perjured scorn,
 The ill-requited Maid of Lorn!"

XXVIII.

With sudden impulse forward sprung
 The page, and on her neck he hung;

For certes I trow there is no man
 That he no will rue⁶ a woman than.' ⁶ *Pity.*
 His hosts all there arrested he,
 And gert⁷ a tent soon stintit⁸ be, ⁷ *Caused.* ⁸ *Pitched.*
 And gert her gang in hastily,
 And other women to be her by
 While she was delivered he bade;
 And syne forth on his ways rade.
 And how she forth should carried be,
 Or he forth fure,* ordained he. ^{*} *Moved.*
 This was a full great courtesy,
 That swilk a king and so mighty,
 Gert his men dwell on this manner,
 But for a poor lavender."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book xvi. pp. 39, 40

Then, recollected instantly,
His head he stoop'd, and bent his knee,
Kiss'd twice the hand of Isabel,
Arose, and sudden left the cell.—
The princess, loosen'd from his hold,
Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;
 But good King Robert cried,
“Chafe not—by signs he speaks his mind,
He heard the plan my care design'd,
 Nor could his transports hide.—
But, sister, now bethink thee well;
No easy choice the convent cell;
Trust, I shall play no tyrant part,
Either to force thy hand or heart,
Or suffer that Lord Ronald scorn,
Or wrong for thee, the Maid of Lorn.
But think,—not long the time has been,
That thou wert wont to sigh unseen,
And wouldst the ditties best approve,
That told some lay of hapless love.
Now are thy wishes in thy power,
And thou art bent on cloister bower!
O! if our Edward knew the change,
How would his busy satire range,
With many a sarcasm varied still
On woman's wish, and woman's will!”—

XXIX.

“Brother, I well believe,” she said,
“Even so would Edward's part be play'd.”

Kindly in heart, in word severe,
A foe to thought, and grief, and fear,
He holds his humour uncontroll'd;
But thou art of another mould.
Say then to Ronald, as I say,
Unless before my feet he lay
The ring which bound the faith he swore,
By Edith freely yielded o'er,
He moves his suit to me no more.
Nor do I promise, even if now
He stood absolved of spousal vow,
That I would change my purpose made,
To shelter me in holy shade.—
Brother, for little space, farewell!
To other duties warns the bell.”—

XXX.

“Lost to the world,” King Robert said,
When he had left the royal maid,
“Lost to the world by lot severe,
O what a gem lies buried here,
Nipp'd by misfortune's cruel frost,
The buds of fair affection lost!—¹
But what have I with love to do?
Far sterner cares my lot pursue.

[The MS. here adds:—

“She yields one shade of empty hope;
But well I guess her wily scope
Is to elude Lord Ronald's plea,
And still my importunity.”]

—Pent in this isle we may not lie,¹
Nor would it long our want supply.
Right opposite, the mainland towers
Of my own Turnberry court our powers—
—Might not my father's beadsman hoar,
Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore,
Kindle a signal-flame, to show
The time propitious for the blow?
It shall be so—some friend shall bear
Our mandate with despatch and care;
—Edward shall find the messenger.
That fortress ours, the island fleet
May on the coast of Carrick meet.—
O Scotland! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line,
To raise my victor-head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free,—
That glance of bliss is all I crave,
Betwixt my labours and my grave!”
Then down the hill he slowly went,
Oft pausing on the steep descent,
And reach'd the spot where his bold train
Held rustic camp upon the plain.²

¹ [This and the twelve succeeding lines are interpolated on the blank page of the MS.]

² [“The fourth canto cannot be very greatly praised. It contains, indeed, many pleasing passages; but the merit which they possess is too much detached from the general interest of the poem. The only business is Bruce's arrival at the isle of Arran. The voyage is certainly described with spirit; but the remainder of the canto is rather tedious, and might, with

out any considerable inconvenience, have been left a good deal to the reader's imagination. Mr. Scott ought to reserve, as much as possible, the interlocutory parts of his narrative, for occasions which admit of high and animated sentiment, or the display of powerful emotions, because this is almost the only poetical beauty of which speeches are susceptible. But to fill up three-fourths of a canto with a lover's asking a brother in a quiet and friendly manner for permission to address his sister in marriage, and a brother's asking his sister whether she has any objections, is, we think, somewhat injudicious."—*Quarterly Review.*]

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIFTH.

ON fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward
 curl'd
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.
And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-
 Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil,—
For, wake where'er he may, Man wakes to care
 and coil.

But other duties call'd each convent maid,
Roused by the summons of the moss-grown
 bell;

Sung were the matins, and the mass was said,
And every sister sought her separate cell,
Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.
And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer ;
The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell
Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair,
As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there.

II.

She raised her eyes, that duty done,
When glanced upon the pavement-stone,
Gemm'd and enchased, a golden ring,
Bound to a scroll with silken string,¹
With few brief words inscribed to tell,
"This for the Lady Isabel."
Within, the writing farther bore,—
" 'Twas with this ring his plight he swore,
With this his promise I restore ;
To her who can the heart command,
Well may I yield the plighted hand.
And O ! for better fortune born,
Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn
Her who was Edith once of Lorn !"
One single flash of glad surprise
Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes,
But vanish'd in the blush of shame,
That, as its penance, instant came.
"O thought unworthy of my race !

¹ [MS. ————— "a ring of gold,
A scroll around the jewel roll'd,
Had few brief words." &c.]

Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and base,
A moment's throb of joy to own,¹
That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown!—
Thou pledge of vows too well believed,
Of man ingrate and maid deceived,
Think not thy lustre here shall gain
Another heart to hope in vain!
For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaud,
Where worldly thoughts are overawed,
And worldly splendours sink debased.”
Then by the cross the ring she placed.

III.

Next rose the thought,—its owner far,
How came it here through bolt and bar?—
But the dim lattice is ajar.—
She looks abroad—the morning dew
A light short step had brush'd anew,
And there were foot-prints seen
On the carved buttress rising still,
Till on the mossy window-sill
Their track effaced the green.
The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,
As if some climber's steps to aid.—
But who the hardy messenger,
Whose venturous path these signs infer?—
“Strange doubts are mine!—Mona, draw nigh;
—Nought 'scapes old Mona's curious eye—

¹ [MS.—“A single throb of joy to own.”]

What strangers, gentle mother, say,
Have sought these holy walls to-day?"—
"None, Lady, none of note or name;
Only your brother's foot-page came,
At peep of dawn—I pray'd him pass
To chapel where they said the mass;
But like an arrow he shot by,
And tears seem'd bursting from his eye."

IV.

The truth at once on Isabel,
As darted by a sunbeam fell.—
"'Tis Edith's self!¹—her speechless woe,
Her form, her looks, the secret show!
—Instant, good Mona, to the bay,
And to my royal brother say,
I do conjure him seek my cell,
With that mute page he loves so well."—
"What! know'st thou not his warlike host
At break of day has left our coast?²
My old eyes saw them from the tower.
At eve they couch'd in greenwood bower,
At dawn a bugle-signal, made
By their bold Lord, their ranks array'd;
Up sprung the spears through bush and tree,
No time for benedicite!
Like deer, that, rousing from their lair,

¹ [MS.—"'Tis she herself."]

² [MS.—"What! know'st thou not in sudden haste
The warriors from our woods have pass'd."]

Just shake the dewdrops from their hair,
And toss their armed crests aloft,
Such matins theirs !”—“ Good mother, soft—
Where does my brother bend his way ? ”—¹
“ As I have heard, for Brodick-Bay,
Across the isle—of barks a score
Lie there, ’tis said, to waft them o’er,
On sudden news, to Carrick-shore.”—
“ If such their purpose, deep the need,”
Said anxious Isabel, “ of speed !
Call Father Augustine, good dame.”
The nun obey’d, the Father came.

V.

“ Kind Father, hie without delay,
Across the hills to Brodick-Bay.
This message to the Bruce be given ;
I pray him, by his hopes of Heaven,
That, till he speak with me, he stay !
Or, if his haste brook no delay,
That he deliver, on my suit,
Into thy charge that stripling mute.
Thus prays his sister Isabel,
For causes more than she may tell—
Away, good Father !—and take heed,
That life and death are on thy speed.”
His cowl the good old priest did on,
Took his piked staff and sandall’d shoon,

¹ [MS.—“ Canst tell where they have bent their way ? ”]

And like a palmer bent by eld,
O'er moss and moor his journey held.¹

VI.

Heavy and dull the foot of age,
And rugged was the pilgrimage ;
But none was there beside, whose care
Might such important message bear.
Through birchen copse he wander'd slow,
Stunted and sapless, thin and low ;
By many a mountain stream he pass'd,
From the tall cliffs in tumult cast,
Dashing to foam their waters dun,
And sparkling in the summer sun.
Round his grey head the wild curlew
In many a fearless circle flew.
O'er chasms he pass'd, where fractures wide
Craved wary eye and ample stride ;²
He cross'd his brow beside the stone,

¹ [MS.—“ And cross the island took his way,
O'er hill and holt, to Brodick-Bay.”]

² The interior of the island of Arran abounds with beautiful highland scenery. The hills, being very rocky and precipitous, afford some cataracts of great height, though of inconsiderable breadth. There is one pass over the river Machrai, renowned for the dilemma of a poor woman, who, being tempted by the narrowness of the ravine to step across, succeeded in making the first movement, but took fright when it became necessary to move the other foot, and remained in a posture equally ludicrous and dangerous, until some chance passenger assisted her to extricate herself. It is said she remained there some hours.

Where Druids erst heard victims groan,¹
 And at the cairns upon the wild,
 O'er many a heathen hero piled,²
 He breathed a timid prayer for those
 Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose.
 Beside Macfarlane's Cross he staid,
 There told his hours within the shade,
 And at the stream his thirst allay'd.
 Thence onward journeying slowly still,
 As evening closed he reach'd the hill,
 Where, rising through the woodland green,
 Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen,
 From Hastings, late their English lord,
 Douglas had won them by the sword.³

¹ [MS.—“He cross'd him by the Druids' stone,
 That heard of yore the victim's groan.”]

² The isle of Arran, like those of Man and Anglessea, abounds with many relics of heathen, and probably Druidical, superstition. There are high erect columns of unhewn stone, the most early of all monuments, the circles of rude stones, commonly entitled Druidical, and the cairns or sepulchral piles, within which are usually found urns enclosing ashes. Much doubt necessarily rests upon the history of such monuments, nor is it possible to consider them as exclusively Celtic, or Druidical. By much the finest circles of standing stones, excepting Stonehenge, are those of Stenhouse, at Stennis, in the island of Pomona, the principal isle of the Orcades. These, of course, are neither Celtic nor Druidical; and we are assured that many circles of the kind occur both in Sweden and Norway.

³ Brodick or Brathwick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, is an ancient fortress, near an open roadstead called Brodick-Bay, and not far distant from a tolerable harbour, closed in by the island of Lamlash. This important place had been assailed a

The sun that sunk behind the isle,
Now tinged them with a parting smile.

VII.

But though the beams of light decay,
'Twas bustle all in Brodick-Bay.
The Bruce's followers crowd the shore,
And boats and barges some unmoor,
Some raise the sail, some seize the oar ;
Their eyes oft turn'd where glimmer'd far
What might have seem'd an early star
On heaven's blue arch, save that its light
Was all too flickering, fierce, and bright.

short time before Bruce's arrival in the island. James Lord Douglas, who accompanied Bruce to his retreat in Rachrine, seems, in the spring of 1306, to have tired of his abode there, and set out accordingly, in the phrase of the times, to see what adventure God would send him. Sir Robert Boyd accompanied him; and his knowledge of the localities of Arran appears to have directed his course thither. They landed in the island privately, and appear to have laid an ambush for Sir John Hastings, the English governor of Brodwick, and surprised a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and nearly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did so, has been generally averred by historians, although it does not appear from the narrative of Barbour. On the contrary, it would seem that they took shelter within a fortification of the ancient inhabitants, a rampart called *Tor an Schian*. When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they had gained Brodick Castle. At least tradition says that from the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal-fire on Turnberry-nook.—The castle is now much modernized, but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing plantations.

Far distant in the south, the ray
Shone pale amid retiring day,
But as, on Carrick shore,
Dim seen in outline faintly blue,
The shades of evening closer drew,¹
It kindled more and more.

The monk's slow steps now press the sands,
And now amid a scene he stands,
Full strange to churchman's eye;
Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
Rivet and clasp their harness light,
And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
And helmets flashing high.
Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears,
A language much unmeet he hears,²

¹ [MS.—“The shades of even more closely drew,
It brighten'd more and more.
Now print his sandall'd feet the sands,
And now amid,” &c.]

² Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from which it would seem that the vice of profane swearing, afterwards too general among the Scottish nation, was, at this time, confined to military men. As Douglas, after Bruce's return to Scotland, was roving about the mountainous country of Tweeddale, near the water of Line, he chanced to hear some persons in a farm-house say “*the devil*.” Concluding from this hardy expression, that the house contained warlike guests, he immediately assailed it, and had the good fortune to make prisoners Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart, Lord Bonkle. Both were then in the English interest, and had come into that country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce's most zealous adherents.

While, hastening all on board,
As stormy as the swelling surge
That mix'd its roar, the leaders urge
Their followers to the ocean verge,
With many a haughty word.

VIII.

Through that wild throng the Father pass'd,
And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last.
He leant against a stranded boat,
That the approaching tide must float,
And counted every rippling wave,
As higher yet her sides they lave,
And oft the distant fire he eyed,
And closer yet his hauberk tied,
And loosen'd in its sheath his brand.
Edward and Lennox were at hand,
Douglas and Ronald had the care
The soldiers to the barks to share.—
The monk approach'd and homage paid;
“And art thou come,” King Robert said,
“So far to bless us ere we part?”—
—“My Liege, and with a loyal heart!—
But other charge I have to tell,”—
And spoke the hest of Isabel.
—“Now by Saint Giles,” the monarch cried,
“This moves me much!—this morning tide,
I sent the stripling to Saint Bride,
With my commandment there to bide.”—

—“Thither he came the portress show’d,
But there, my Liege, made brief abode.”—

IX.

“’Twas I,” said Edward, “found employ
Of nobler import for the boy.
Deep pondering in my anxious mind,
A fitting messenger to find,
To bear thy written mandate o’er,
To Cuthbert on the Carrick shore,
I chanced, at early dawn, to pass
The chapel gate to snatch a mass.
I found the stripling on a tomb
Low-seated, weeping for the doom
That gave his youth to convent gloom.
I told my purpose, and his eyes
Flash’d joyful at the glad surprise.
He bounded to the skiff, the sail
Was spread before a prosperous gale,
And well my charge he hath obey’d;
For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry-men all,
Guards carelessly our father’s hall.”—¹

X.

“O wild of thought, and hard of heart!”
Answer’d the Monarch, “on a part

¹ [The MS. reads:

“Keeps careless guard in Turnberry hall.”

See Appendix, Note Q.]

Of such deep danger to employ
A mute, an orphan, and a boy,¹
Unfit for flight, unfit for strife,
Without a tongue to plead for life!
Now, were my right restored by Heaven,
Edward, my crown I would have given,
Ere, thrust on such adventure wild,
I peril'd thus the helpless child."—
—Offended half, and half submiss,
"Brother and Liege, of blame like this,"
Edward replied, "I little dream'd.
A stranger messenger, I deem'd,
Might safest seek the beadsman's cell,
Where all thy squires are known so well.
Noteless his presence, sharp his sense,
His imperfection his defence.
If seen, none can his errand guess;
If ta'en, his words no tale express—
Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine
Might expiate greater fault than mine."—
"Rash," said King Robert, "was the deed—
But it is done—Embark with speed!—
Good Father, say to Isabel
How this unhappy chance befell;
If well we thrive on yonder shore,
Soon shall my care her page restore.

¹ [MS.—"Said Robert, 'to assign a part
Of such deep peril, to employ
A mute, a stranger, and a boy?' "]

Our greeting to our sister bear,
And think of us in mass and prayer."

XI.

"Aye!"—said the Priest, "while this poor hand
Can chalice raise or cross command,
While my old voice has accents' use,
Can Augustine forget the Bruce!"
Then to his side Lord Ronald press'd,
And whisper'd, "Bear thou this request,
That when by Bruce's side I fight,
For Scotland's crown and freedom's right,
The princess grace her knight to bear
Some token of her favoring care;
It shall be shown where England's best
May shrink to see it on my crest.
And for the boy—since weightier care
For royal Bruce the times prepare,
The helpless youth is Ronald's charge,
His couch my plaid, his fence my targe."
He ceased; for many an eager hand
Had urged the barges from the strand.
Their number was a score and ten,
They bore thrice threescore chosen men.
With such small force did Bruce at last
The die for death or empire cast!

XII.

Now on the darkening main afloat,
Ready and mann'd rocks every boat;

Beneath their oars the ocean's might
Was dash'd to sparks of glimmering light.
Faint and more faint, as off they bore,
Their armor glanced against the shore,
And, mingled with the dashing tide,
Their murmuring voices distant died.—
“God speed them!” said the Priest, as dark
On distant billows glides each bark;
“O Heaven! when swords for freedom shine,
And monarch's right, the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe!
And be it to the nations known,
That Victory is from God alone!”¹
As up the hill his path he drew,
He turn'd his blessings to renew,
Oft turn'd, till on the darken'd coast
All traces of their course were lost;
Then slowly bent to Brodick tower,
To shelter for the evening hour.

XIII.

In night the fairy prospects sink,
Where Cumray's isles with verdant link
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;
The woods of Bute, no more desried,
Are gone²—and on the placid sea
The rowers ply their task with glee,

¹ [MS.——“is thine alone!”]

² [MS.—“Have sunk.”]

While hands that knightly lances bore
Impatient aid the labouring oar.
The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,
And glanced against the whiten'd sail;
But on that ruddy beacon-light
Each steersman kept the helm aright,
And oft, for such the King's command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warn'd them to crowd or slacken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And near at length the Carrick shore.
As less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the beacon rose;
The light, that seem'd a twinkling star,
Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd,
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropp'd from their crags on plashing wave.¹
The deer to distant covert drew,
The black-cock deem'd it day, and crew.
Like some tall castle given to flame,
O'er half the land the lustre came.
"Now, good my Liege, and brother sage,
What think ye of mine elfin page?"—

¹ [MS.—"And from their crags plash'd in the wave."]

“Row on!” the noble King replied,
“We’ll learn the truth whate’er betide;
Yet sure the beadsman and the child
Could ne’er have waked that beacon wild.”

XIV.

With that the boats approach’d the land,¹
But Edward’s grounded on the sand;
The eager knight leap’d in the sea
Waist-deep, and first on shore was he,
Though every barge’s hardy band
Contended which should gain the land,
When that strange light, which, seen afar,
Seem’d steady as the polar star,
Now, like a prophet’s² fiery chair,
Seem’d travelling the realms of air.
Wide o’er the sky the splendour glows,
As that portentous meteor rose;
Helm, axe, and falchion glitter’d bright,
And in the red and dusky light
His comrade’s face each warrior saw,
Nor marvell’d it was pale with awe.
Then high in air the beams were lost,
And darkness sunk upon the coast.—
Ronald to Heaven a prayer address’d,
And Douglas cross’d his dauntless breast;
“Saint James protect us!” Lennox cried,

¹ [MS.—“With that the barges near’d the land.”]

² [MS.—“A wizard’s.”]

But reckless Edward spoke aside,
 “Deem’st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame
 Red Comyn’s angry spirit came,
 Or would thy dauntless heart endure
 Once more to make assurance sure?”—
 “Hush!” said the Bruce; “we soon shall know,
 If this be sorcerer’s empty show,¹
 Or stratagem of southern foe.
 The moon shines out—upon the sand
 Let every leader rank his band.”

XV.

Faintly the moon’s pale beams supply
 That ruddy light’s unnatural dye;
 The dubious cold reflection lay
 On the wet sands and quiet bay.
 Beneath the rocks King Robert drew
 His scatter’d files to order due,
 Till shield compact and serried spear
 In the cool light shone blue and clear.
 Then down a path that sought the tide,
 That speechless page was seen to glide;
 He knelt him lowly² on the sand,
 And gave a scroll to Robert’s hand.
 “A torch,” the Monarch cried, “What, ho!
 Now shall we Cuthbert’s tidings know.”
 But evil news the letters bare,

¹ [MS.—“‘Gallants be hush’d; we soon shall know,’
 Said Bruce, ‘if this be sorcerer’s show.’”]

² [MS.—“on the moisten’d sand.”]

The Clifford's force was strong and ware,¹
Augmented, too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection's iron sleep.—
Cuthbert had seen that beacon flame,
Unwitting from what source it came.
Doubtful of perilous event,
Edward's mute messenger he sent,
If Bruce deceived should venture o'er,
To warn him from the fatal shore.

XVI.

As round the torch the leaders crowd,
Bruce read these chilling news aloud.
“What council, nobles, have we now?—
To ambush us in greenwood bough,
And take the chance which fate may send
To bring our enterprise to end,
Or shall we turn us to the main
As exiles, and embark again?”—
Answer'd fierce Edward, “Hap what may,
In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must stay.
I would not minstrels told the tale,
Wildfire or meteor² made us quail.”

¹ [MS.—“That Clifford's force in watch were ware,”]

² [MS.—“A wildfire meteor,” &c.]

Answer'd the Douglas, "If my liege
May win yon walls by storm or siege,
Then were each brave and patriot heart
Kindled of new for loyal part."¹
Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame
Would I that aged Torquil came,
And found, for all our empty boast,
Without a blow we fled the coast.
I will not credit that this land,
So famed for warlike heart and hand,
The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce,
Will long with tyrants hold a truce."
"Prove we our fate—the brunt we'll bide!"
So Boyd and Haye and Lennox cried;
So said, so vow'd the leaders all;
So Bruce resolved: "And in my hall
Since the bold Southern make their home,
The hour of payment soon shall come,"²
When with a rough and rugged host
Clifford may reckon³ to his cost.
Meantime, through well-known bosk and dell,
I'll lead where we may shelter well."

XVII.

Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?—

¹ [MS.—"to play their part."]

² [MS.—"Since Clifford needs will make his home,
The hour of reckoning soon shall come."]

³ [MS.—"The Knight shall reckon," &c.]

It ne'er was known¹—yet grey hair'd eld
A superstitious credence held,
That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick strand ;
Nay, and that on the self-same night
When Bruce cross'd o'er, still gleams the light.

¹ The following are the words of an ingenious correspondent, to whom I am obliged for much information respecting Turnberry and its neighborhood. "The only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him from the Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick castle; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared, being called the Boggles' Brae, beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o' lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Forth of Clyde, between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."—Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton Stuart, author of an ingenious Collection of Poems, illustrative of many ancient Traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, Edinburgh, 1814. [Mr. Train made a journey into Ayrshire at Sir Walter Scott's request, on purpose to collect accurate information for the Notes to this poem; and the reader will find more of the fruits of his labors in the Appendix, Note R. This is the same gentleman whose friendly assistance is so often acknowledged in the Notes and Introductions of the Waverley Novels.]

Yearly it gleams o'er mount and moor,
And glittering wave and crimson'd shore—
But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the King's descent,
Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to defeat and death,
Or were it but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range,
Startling the traveller late and lone,¹
I know not—and it ne'er was known.

XVIII.

Now up the rocky pass they drew,
And Ronald, to his promise true,
Still made his arm the stripling's stay,
To aid him on the rugged way.
“Now cheer thee, simple Amadine!
Why throbs that silly heart of thine?”—
—That name the pirates to their slave
(In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling) gave—
“Dost thou not rest thee on my arm?
Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm?
Hath not the wild bull's treble hide
This targe for thee and me supplied?
Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel?
And, trembler, canst thou terror feel?
Cheer thee, and still that throbbing heart;
From Ronald's guard thou shalt not part.”

¹ [MS.—“Such as through midnight ether range,
Affrightening oft the traveller lone.”]

—O ! many a shaft, at random sent,
 Finds mark the archer little meant !
 And many a word, at random spoken,
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken !
 Half sooth'd, half grieved, half terrified,
 Close drew the page to Ronald's side :
 A wild delirious thrill of joy
 Was in that hour of agony,
 As up the steepy pass he strove,
 Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love !

XIX.

The barrier of that iron shore,
 The rock's steep ledge, is now climb'd o'er ;
 And from the castle's distant wall,
 From tower to tower the warders call :
 The sound swings over land and sea,¹
 And marks a watchful enemy.—
 They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
 Left for the Castle's sylvan reign,
 (Seek not the scene—the axe, the plough,
 The boor's dull fence have marr'd it now,)²

¹ [MS.--“ Sounds sadly over land and sea.”]

² The Castle of Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, was the property of Robert Bruce, in right of his mother. Lord Hailes mentions the following remarkable circumstance concerning the mode in which he became proprietor of it:—
 “ Martha, Countess of Carrick in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert I. (11th July, 1274.) The circumstances of her marriage were singular: happening to meet Robert Bruce in her

But then, soft swept in velvet green
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depth of the brown forest shade.
Here the tall fern obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn ;
There, tufted close with copsewood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen ;

domains, she became enamoured of him, and with some violence led him to her castle of Turnberry. A few days after she married him, without the knowledge of the relations of either party, and without the requisite consent of the king. The king instantly seized her castle and whole estates: She afterwards atoned by a fine for her feudal delinquency. Little did Alexander foresee, that, from this union, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy was to arise."—*Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 180. The same obliging correspondent, whom I have quoted in the preceding note, gives me the following account of the present state of the ruins of Turnberry: "Turnberry Point is a rock projecting into the sea; the top of it is about eighteen feet above highwater mark. Upon this rock was built the castle. There is about twenty-five feet high of the wall next to the sea yet standing. Upon the land-side the wall is only about four feet high; the length has been sixty feet, and the breadth fifty-five: It was surrounded by a ditch, but that is now nearly filled up. The top of the ruin, rising between forty and fifty feet above the water, has a majestic appearance from the sea. There is not much local tradition in the vicinity connected with Bruce or his history. In front, however, of the rock, upon which stands Culzean Castle, is the mouth of a romantic cavern, called the Cove of Colean, in which it is said Bruce and his followers concealed themselves immediately after landing, till they arranged matters for their farther enterprises. Burns mentions it in the poem of Hallowe'en. The only place to

And all around was verdure meet
 For pressure of the fairies' feet.
 The glossy holly loved the park,
 The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,¹
 And many an old oak, worn and bare,
 With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.
 Lovely between, the moonbeams fell
 On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.
 The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see
 These glades so loved in childhood free,
 Bethinking that, as outlaw now,
 He ranged beneath the forest bough.²

XX.

Fast o'er the moonlight Chase they sped.
 Well knew the band that measured tread,
 When, in retreat or in advance,

the south of Turnberry worth mentioning, with reference to Bruce's history, is the Weary Nuik, a little romantic green hill, where he and his party are said to have rested, after assaulting the castle."

Around the Castle of Turnberry was a level plain of about two miles in extent, forming the castle park. There could be nothing, I am informed, more beautiful than the copsewood and verdure of this extensive meadow, before it was invaded by the ploughshare.

¹ [MS.—"The dark-green holly loved the down,
The yew-tree lent its shadow brown."]

² ["Their moonlight muster on the beach, after the sudden extinction of this portentous flame, and their midnight march through the paternal fields of their royal leader, also display much beautiful painting, (stanzas 15 and 19.) After the castle is won, the same strain is pursued."—JEFFREY.]

The serried warriors move at once;
 And evil were the luck, if dawn
 Descried them on the open lawn.
 Copses they traverse, brooks they cross,
 Strain up the bank and o'er the moss.
 From the exhausted page's brow ¹
 Cold drops of toil are streaming now;
 With effort faint ² and lengthen'd pause,
 His weary step the stripling draws.
 "Nay, droop not yet!" ³ the warrior said;
 "Come, let me give thee ease and aid!
 Strong are mine arms, and little care
 A weight so slight as thine to bear.—
 What! wilt thou not?—capricious boy!—
 Then thine own limbs and strength employ.
 Pass but this night, and pass thy care,
 I'll place thee with a lady fair,
 Where thou shalt tune thy lute to tell
 How Ronald loves fair Isabel!"
 Worn out, dishearten'd, and dismay'd,
 Here Amadine let go the plaid;
 His trembling limbs their aid refuse, ⁴
 He sunk among the midnight dews! ⁵

¹ [MS.—"From Amadine's exhausted brow."]

² [MS.—"And double toil," &c.]

³ [MS.—"Nay, *fear* not yet," &c.]

⁴ [MS.———"his weight refuse."]

⁵ ["This canto is not distinguished by many passages of extraordinary merit; as it is, however, full of business, and comparatively free from those long rhyming dialogues which are so frequent in the poem, it is upon the whole spirited and

XXI.

What may be done?—the night is gone—
 The Bruce's band moves swiftly on—
 Eternal shame, if at the brunt
 Lord Ronald grace not battle's front!—
 "See yonder oak, within whose trunk
 Decay a darken'd cell hath sunk;
 Enter, and rest thee there a space,
 Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face.¹
 I will not be, believe me, far;
 But must not quit the ranks of war.
 Well will I mark the bosky bourn,
 And soon, to guard thee hence, return.—
 Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy!
 But sleep in peace, and wake in joy."
 In sylvan lodging close bestow'd,²
 He placed the page, and onward strode
 With strength put forth, o'er moss and brook,
 And soon the marching band o'ertook.

XXII.

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and wept
 The page, till, wearied out, he slept—

pleasing. The scene in which Ronald is described sheltering Edith under his plaid, for the love which he bears to Isabel, is, we think, more poetically conceived than any other in the whole poem, and contains some touches of great pathos and beauty."—*Quarterly Review*.]

¹ [MS.—"And mantle in my plaid thy face."]

² [MS.—"In sylvan castle warm bestow'd,
He left the page."]

A rough voice waked his dream—"Nay, here,
Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—
Beneath that oak old Ryno staid—
What have we here?—a Scottish plaid,
And in its folds a stripling laid?—
Come forth! thy name and business tell!—
What, silent?—then I guess thee well,
The spy that sought old Cuthbert's cell,
Wafted from Arran yester morn—
Come, comrades, we will straight return.
Our Lord may choose the rack should teach
To this young lurcher use of speech.
Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast."—
"Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast;
Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not;
'Tis a fair stripling, though a Scot."
The hunters to the castle sped,
And there the hapless captive led.

XXIII.

Stout Clifford in the castle-court
Prepared him for the morning sport;
And now with Lorn held deep discourse,
Now gave command for hound and horse.¹
War-steeds and palfreys paw'd the ground,
And many a deer-dog howl'd around.
To Amadine, Lorn's well-known word

¹ [MS.—"And now with Lorn he spoke aside,
And now to squire and yeoman cried.
War-horse and palfrey," &c.]

Replying to that Southern Lord,
Mix'd with this clanging din, might seem
The phantasm of a fever'd dream.
The tone upon his ringing ears
Came like the sounds which fancy hears,
When in rude waves or roaring winds
Some words of woe the muser finds,
Until more loudly and more near,
Their speech arrests the page's ear.¹

XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford, "lost?
The priest should rue it to his cost!
What says the monk?"—"The holy Sire
Owns, that in masquer's quaint attire,
She sought his skiff, disguised, unknown
To all except to him alone.
But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn.²
Laid them aboard that very morn,
And pirates seized her for their prey.
He proffer'd ransom-gold to pay,
And they agreed—but ere told o'er,
The winds blow loud, the billows roar;
They sever'd, and they met no more.

¹ [MS.——————"or roaring wind,
Some words of woe his musings find,
Till spoke more loudly and more near,
These words arrest the page's ear."]

² [MS.—"To all save to himself alone.
Then, says he, that a bark from Lorn
Laid him aboard," &c.]

He deems—such tempest vex'd the coast—
 Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost.
 So let it be, with the disgrace
 And scandal of her lofty race ! ¹
 Thrice better she had ne'er been born,
 Than brought her infamy on Lorn ! ”

XXV.

Lord Clifford now the captive spied ;—
 “ Whom, Herbert, hast thou there ? ” he cried.
 “ A spy we seized within the Chase,
 A hollow oak his lurking place.”—²
 “ What tidings can the youth afford ? ”—
 “ He plays the mute.”—“ Then noose a cord—
 Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom
 For his plaid's sake.”—“ Clan-Colla's loom,”
 Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace
 Rather the vesture than the face,
 “ Clan-Colla's dames such tartans twine ;
 Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine.
 Give him, if my advice you crave,
 His own scathed oak ; ³ and let him wave

¹ [In place of the couplet which follows, the MS. has :

“ For, stood she there, and should refuse
 The choice my better purpose views,
 I'd spurn her like a bond-maid tame,
 Lost to { resentment and to } shame.”]
 { each sense of pride and }

² [MS.—“ A spy, whom, guided by our hound,
 Lurking conceal'd this morn we found.”]

³ [MS.—“ Yon scathed oak.”]

In air, unless, by terror wrung,
 A frank confession find his tongue.—¹
 Nor shall he die without his rite ;
 —Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight,
 And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breath,
 As they convey him to his death."—
 "O brother ! cruel to the last !"
 Through the poor captive's bosom pass'd
 The thought, but, to his purpose true,
 He said not, though he sigh'd, "Adieu !"

XXVI.

And will he keep his purpose still,
 In sight of that last closing ill,²
 When one poor breath, one single word,
 May freedom, safety, life, afford ?
 Can he resist the instinctive call,
 For life that bids us barter all?—
 Love, strong as death, his heart hath steel'd,
 His nerves hath strung—he will not yield !
 Since that poor breath, that little word
 May yield Lord Ronald to the sword.—³
 Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide,
 The griesly headsman's by his side ;
 Along the greenwood Chase they bend,

¹ [MS.———"by terror wrung
 To speech, confession finds his tongue."]

² [MS.———"last human ill."]

³ [MS.—"Since that one word, that little breath,
 May speak Lord Ronald's doom of death."]

And now their march has ghastly end !
 That old and shatter'd oak beneath,
 They destine for the place of death.¹
 —What thoughts are his, while all in vain
 His eye for aid explores the plain ?
 What thoughts, while, with a dizzy ear,
 He hears the death-prayer mutter'd near ?
 And must he die such death accurst,
 Or will that bosom-secret burst ?
 Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew,
 His trembling lips are livid blue ;
 The agony of parting life
 Has nought to match that moment's strife !

XXVII.

But other witnesses are nigh,
 Who mock at fear, and death defy !
 Soon as the dire lament was play'd,
 It waked the lurking ambuscade.
 The Island Lord look'd forth, and spied
 The cause, and loud in fury cried,²
 "By Heaven they lead the page to die,
 And mock me in his agony !
 They shall abye it !" —On his arm
 Bruce laid strong grasp, "They shall not harm

¹ [MS.—"Beneath that shatter'd old oak-tree,
 Design'd the slaughter-place to be."]

² [MS.—"Soon as the due lament was play'd,
 The Island Lord in fury said,
 By Heaven they lead," &c.]

A ringlet of the stripling's hair ;
But, till I give the word, forbear.
—Douglas, lead fifty of our force
Up yonder hollow water-course,
And couch thee midway on the wold,
Between the flyers and their hold :
A spear above the copse display'd,
Be signal of the ambush made.
—Edward, with forty spearmen, straight
Through yonder copse approach the gate,
And, when thou hear'st the battle-din,
Rush forward, and the passage win,
Secure the drawbridge—storm the port,
And man and guard the castle-court.—
The rest move slowly forth with me,
In shelter of the forest-tree,
Till Douglas at his post I see.”

XXVIII.

Like war-horse eager to rush on,
Compell'd to wait the signal blown,¹
Hid, and scarce hid, by greenwood bough,
Trembling with rage, stands Ronald now,
And in his grasp his sword gleams blue,
Soon to be dyed with deadlier hue.—
Meanwhile the Bruce, with steady eye,
Sees the dark ² death-train moving by,
And heedful measures oft the space,
The Douglas and his band must trace,

¹ [MS.—“ Yet waiting for the trumpet tone.”]

² [MS.—“ Sees the slow death-train.”]

Ere they can reach their destined ground.
Now sinks the dirge's wailing sound,
Now cluster round the direful tree
That slow and solemn company,
While hymn mistuned and mutter'd prayer
The victim for his fate prepare.—
What glances o'er the greenwood shade?
The spear that marks the ambuscade!—
“Now, noble Chief! I leave thee loose;
Upon them, Ronald!” said the Bruce.

XXIX.

“The Bruce, the Bruce!” to well-known cry
His native rocks and woods reply.
“The Bruce! the Bruce!” in that dread word
The knell of hundred deaths was heard.
The astonish'd Southern gazed at first,
Where the wild tempest was to burst,
That waked in that presaging name.
Before, behind, around it came!
Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side
Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled and died.
Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,
And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword raged!
Full soon the few who fought were sped,
Nor better was their lot who fled,
And met, 'mid terror's wild career,
The Douglas's redoubted spear!
Two hundred yeomen on that morn
The castle left, and none return.

XXX.

Not on their flight press'd Ronald's brand,
 A gentler duty claim'd his hand.
 He raised the page, where on the plain
 His fear had sunk him with the slain :
 And twice, that morn, surprise well near
 Betray'd the secret kept by fear ;
 Once, when, with life returning, came
 To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name,
 And hardly recollection¹ drown'd
 The accents in a murmuring sound ;
 And once, when scarce he could resist
 The Chieftain's care to loose the vest,
 Drawn tightly o'er his labouring breast,
 But then the Bruce's bugle blew,
 For martial work was yet to do.

XXXI.

A harder task fierce Edward waits.
 Ere signal given, the castle gates
 His fury had assail'd ; ²
 Such was his wonted reckless mood,
 Yet desperate valour oft made good,
 Even by its daring, venture rude,
 Where prudence might have fail'd.
 Upon the bridge his strength he threw,³

¹ [MS.—“ And scarce his recollection,” &c.]

² [MS.—“ A harder task fierce Edward waits,
 Whose ire assail'd the castle gates.”]

³ [MS.—“ Where sober thought had fail'd.
 Upon the bridge *himself* he threw.”]

And struck the iron chain in two,
By which its planks arose ;
The warder next his axe's edge ¹
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,
'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge !

The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southern in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,
But stubborn Edward forced his way ²

Against a hundred foes.
Loud came the cry, "The Bruce, the Bruce!"
No hope or in defence or truce,
Fresh combatants pour in ;
Mad with success, and drunk with gore,
They drive the struggling foe before,
And ward on ward they win.
Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood pour'd,
The cry of death and conflict roar'd,
And fearful was the din !
The startling horses plunged and flung,
Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,
Nor sunk the fearful cry

¹ [MS.—"His axe was steel of temper'd edge.
That truth the warder well might pledge,
He sunk upon the threshold ledge!
The gate," &c.]

² [MS.—"Well fought the English yeomen then,
And Lorn and Clifford play'd the men,
But Edward mann'd the pass he won
Against," &c.]

Till not a foeman was there found
 Alive, save those who on the ground
 Groan'd in their agony ! ¹

XXXII.

The valiant Clifford is no more ; ²
 On Ronald's broadsword stream'd his gore
 But better hap had he of Lorn,
 Who, by the foeman backward borne,
 Yet gain'd with slender train the port,
 Where lay his bark beneath the fort,
 And cut the cable loose. ³
 Short were his shrift in that debate,
 That hour of fury and of fate,
 If Lorn encounter'd Bruce ! ⁴

¹ [The concluding stanza of "The Siege of Corinth" contains an obvious, though, no doubt, an unconscious imitation of the preceding nine lines, magnificently expanded through an extent of about thirty couplets:—

"All the living things that heard
 That deadly earth-shock disappear'd;
 The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,
 And howling left the unburied dead;
 The camels from their keepers broke;
 The distant steer forsook the yoke—
 The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
 And burst his girth, and tore his rein," &c.]

² [In point of fact, Clifford fell at Bannockburn.]

³ [MS.—"And swiftly hoisted sail."]

⁴ [MS.—"Short were his shrift, if in that hour
 Of fate, of fury, and of power,
 He 'counter'd Edward Bruce!"]

Then long and loud the victor shout
From turret and from tower rung out,
The rugged vaults replied ;
And from the donjon tower on high
The men of Carrick may descry
Saint Andrew's cross, in blazonry
Of silver, waving wide !

XXXIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall !
—" Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,
Welcome to mirth and joy !
The first, the last, is welcome here,
From lord and chieftain, prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.
Great God ! once more my sire's abode
Is mine—behold the floor I trode
In tottering infancy !
And there² the vaulted arch, whose sound
Echoed my joyous shout and bound
In boyhood, and that rung around
To youth's unthinking glee !
O first to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
Then to my friends, my thanks be given !"—
He paused a space, his brow he cross'd—
Then on the board his sword he toss'd,
Yet steaming hot ; with Southern gore
From hilt to point 'twas crimson'd o'er.

¹ [See Appendix, Note R.]

² [MS —" And see the vaulted arch," &c.]

XXXIV.

“Bring here,” he said, “the mazers four,
 My noble fathers loved of yore.¹
 Thrice let them circle round the board,
 The pledge, fair Scotland’s rights restored !
 And he whose lip shall touch the wine,
 Without a vow as true as mine,
 To hold both lands and life at nought,
 Until her freedom shall be bought,—
 Be brand of a disloyal Scot,
 And lasting infamy his lot !²
 Sit, gentle friends ! our hour of glee
 Is brief, we’ll spend it joyously !
 Blithest of all the sun’s bright beams,
 When betwixt storm and storm he gleams.
 Well is our country’s work begun,
 But more, far more, must yet be done.
 Speed messengers the country through ;
 Arouse old friends, and gather new ;³

¹ [See Appendix, Note S.]

² [MS.—“Be lasting infamy his lot,
 And brand of a disloyal Scot ! ”]

³ As soon as it was known in Kyle, says ancient tradition, that Robert Bruce had landed in Carrick, with the intention of recovering the crown of Scotland, the Laird of Craigie, and forty-eight men in his immediate neighbourhood, declared in favour of their legitimate prince. Bruce granted them a tract of land, still retained by the freemen of Newton to this day. The original charter was lost when the pestilence was raging at Ayr; but it was renewed by one of the Jameses, and is dated at Faulkland. The freemen of

Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail,
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts ! ¹

Newton were formerly officers by rotation. The Provost of Ayr at one time was a freeman of Newton, and it happened to be his turn, while provost in Ayr, to be officer in Newton both of which offices he discharged at the same time.

¹ The forest of Selkirk, or Ettrick, at this period, occupied all the district which retains that denomination, and embraced the neighbouring dales of Tweeddale, and at least the Upper Ward of Clydesdale. All that tract was probably as waste as it is mountainous, and covered with the remains of the ancient Caledonian Forest, which is supposed to have stretched from Cheviot Hills as far as Hamilton, and to have comprehended even a part of Ayrshire. At the fatal battle of Falkirk, Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, brother to the Steward of Scotland, commanded the archers of Selkirk Forest, who fell around the dead body of their leader. The English historians have commemorated the tall and stately persons, as well as the unswerving faith, of these foresters. Nor has their interesting fall escaped the notice of an elegant modern poetess, whose subject led her to treat of that calamitous engagement.

“ The glance of the morn had sparkled bright
On their plumage green and their actons light;
The bugle was strung at each hunter's side,
As they had been bound to the chase to ride;
But the bugle is mute, and the shafts are spent,
The arm unnerved and the bow unbent,
And the tired forester is laid
Far, far from the clustering greenwood shade!
Sore have they toil'd—they are fallen asleep,
And their slumber is heavy, and dull, and deep!
When over their bones the grass shall wave,
When the wild winds over their tombs shall rave,

Call all, call all ! from Reedswair-Path,
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath ;
Wide let the news through Scotland ring,
The Northern Eagle claps his wing ! ”

Memory shall lean on their graves, and tell
How Selkirk's hunters bold around old Stewart fell ! ”

WALLACE, *or the Fight of Falkirk*, [by Miss
HOLFORD,] Lond. 4to, 1809, pp. 170, 1.

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO SIXTH.

O WHO, that shared them, ever shall forget¹
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime ;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,

¹ [MS.—“Hast thou forgot—No ! who can e'er forget.”]

² [“Who can avoid conjuring up the idea of men with broad sheets of foolscap scored with victories rolled round their hats, and horns blowing loud defiance in each other's mouth, from the top to the bottom of Pall-Mall, or the Haymarket, when he reads such a passage ? We actually hear the Park and Tower guns, and the clattering of ten thousand bells, as we read, and stop our ears from the close and sudden intrusion of the clamours of some hot and *hornfisted* patriot, blowing ourselves, as well as Bonaparte, to the devil ! And what has all this to do with Bannockburn ? ”—*Monthly Review*.]

When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length
 sublime,
 And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
 Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the ris-
 ing sun! ¹

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid
 A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and
 fears!
 The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,
 The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears,
 That track'd with terror twenty rolling years,
 All was forgot in that blithe jubilee!
 Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,
 To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
 That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace and liberty!

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode,
 When 'gainst the invaders turn'd the battle's
 scale,
 When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
 O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale; ²

¹ [MS.—“ Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, watch'd Tri-
 umph's flashing gun.”]

² The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said by appointment, at Loudon hill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke sustained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Yet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn,

When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale,¹
 And fiery Edward routed stout St. John,²
 When Randolph's war-cry swelled the southern
 gale,³

And many a fortress, town, and tower, was won,
 And Fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory
 done.

Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Moubray. Bruce was ill at the time of a scrofulous disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

¹ [See Appendix, Note T.]

² "John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timeously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valour would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the meaner sort of his army, to intrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them."—DALRYMPLE'S *Annals of Scotland*, quarto, Edinburgh, 1779, p. 25.

³ Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph, accordingly, not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce, appeared in arms against him, and in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand.

II.

Blithe tidings flew from baron's tower,
To peasant's cot, to forest-bower,
And waked the solitary cell,
Where lone Saint Bride's recluses dwell.
Princess no more, fair Isabel,

A vot'ress of the order now,
Say, did the rule that bid thee wear
Dim veil and woollen scapulare,
And reft thy locks of dark-brown hair,
That stern and rigid vow,
Did it condemn the transport high,
Which glisten'd in thy watery eye,
When minstrel or when palmer told
Each fresh exploit of Bruce the bold?—
And whose the lovely form, that shares
Thy anxious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers?
No sister she of convent shade;
So say these locks in lengthen'd braid,
So say the blushes and the sighs,
The tremors that unbidden rise,
When, mingled with the Bruce's fame,
The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale, and brought before King Robert. Some harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards, by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

III.

Believe, his father's castle won,
And his bold enterprise begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore :
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes ;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.
There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and vows ;
And there, her sex's dress regain'd,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Resounded with the din of war ;
And many a month, and many a day,
In calm seclusion wore away.

IV.

These days, these months, to years had worn,
When tidings of high weight were borne
To that lone island's shore ;
Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the first Edward's ruthless blade,
His son retain'd no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers ;
And they took term of truce,¹

¹ When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of almost all Scotland,

If England's King should not relieve
 The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
 To yield them to the Bruce.
 England was roused—on every side
 Courier and post and herald hied,
 To summon prince and peer,
 At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege,¹

Stirling Castle continued to hold out. The care of the blockade was committed by the king to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not succoured by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The King severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty, which gave time to the King of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces, and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force, or to retreat with dishonour. "Let all England come," answered the reckless Edward; "we will fight them were they more." The consequence was, of course, that each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle; and as the space agreed upon reached from Lent to Midsummer, full time was allowed for that purpose.

¹ There is printed in Rymer's *Fœdera* the summons issued upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued. It seems to respect the infantry alone, for it is entitled, *De peditibus ad recussum Castri de Stryvelin a Scotis obsessi, properare faciendis*. This circumstance is also clear from the reasoning of the writ, which states: "We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavouring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry, in strong and marshy grounds, where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the castle of Stirling."—It then sets forth Mowbray's agreement to surrender the castle, if not relieved before St. John the Baptist's day, and the king's determination, with divine grace, to raise the

Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,
 With buckler, brand, and spear.
 The term was nigh—they muster'd fast,
 By beacon and by bugle-blast
 Forth marshall'd for the field ;
 There rode each knight of noble name,
 There England's hardy archers came,
 The land they trode seem'd all on flame,
 With banner, blade, and shield !
 And not famed England's powers alone,
 Renown'd in arms, the summons own ;
 For Neustria's knights obey'd,
 Gasconne hath lent her horsemen good,¹
 And Cambria, but of late subdued,
 Sent forth her mountain-multitude,²

siege. "Therefore," the summons further bears, "to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms." And accordingly the Sheriff of York is commanded to equip and send forth a body of four thousand infantry, to be assembled at Werk, upon the tenth day of June first, under pain of the royal displeasure, &c.

¹ [The MS. has not this line.]

² Edward the First, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welsh, whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated themselves from his army, and the feud between them, at so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success.

And Connoght pour'd from waste and wood
 Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
 Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.¹

V.

Right to devoted Caledon
 The storm of war rolls slowly on,²
 With menace deep and dread;
 So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
 Suspend awhile the threaten'd shower,
 Till every peak and summit lower
 Round the pale pilgrim's head.
 Not with such pilgrim's startled eye
 King Robert mark'd the tempest nigh!
 Resolved the brunt to bide,
 His royal summons warn'd the land,
 That all who own'd their King's command
 Should instant take the spear and brand,³
 To combat at his side.
 O who may tell the sons of fame,

They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes even of the Scottish peasantry; and after the rout of Bannockburn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley.

¹ [See Appendix. Note U.]

² [MS.—“The gathering storm of war rolls on.”]

³ [MS.—“Should instant belt them with the brand.”]

That at King Robert's bidding came,
To battle for the right !
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway-Sands to Marshal's-Moss,¹
All boun'd them for the fight.
Such news the royal courier tells,
Who came to rouse dark Arran's dells ;
But farther tidings must the ear
Of Isabel in secret hear.
These in her cloister walk, next morn,
Thus shared she with the Maid of Lorn.

VI.

“My Edith, can I tell how dear
Our intercourse of hearts sincere
Hath been to Isabel?—
Judge then the sorrow of my heart,
When I must say the words, We part !
The cheerless convent-cell
Was not, sweet maiden, made for thee ;
Go thou where thy vocation free
On happier fortunes fell.
Nor, Edith, judge thyself betray'd,
Though Robert knows that Lorn's high Maid
And his poor silent page were one.
Versed in the fickle heart of man,²

¹ [MS.—“From Solway's sands to wild Cape Wrath,
From Ilay's Rinns to Colbrand's Path.”]

² [MS.—“And his mute page were one.
For, versant in the heart of man.”]

Earnest and anxious hath he look'd
How Ronald's heart the message brook'd
That gave him, with her last farewell,
The charge of Sister Isabel,
To think upon that better right,
And keep the faith his promise plight.
Forgive him for thy sister's sake,
At first if vain repinings wake—¹

Long since that mood is gone :
Now dwells he on thy juster claims,
And oft his breach of faith he blames—
Forgive him for thine own !”—

VII.

“No ! never to Lord Ronald's bower
Will I again as paramour”—
“Nay, hush thee, too impatient maid,
Until my final tale be said !—
The good King Robert would engage
Edith once more his elfin page,
By her own heart, and her own eye,
Her lover's penitence to try—²
Safe in his royal charge, and free,
Should such thy final purpose be,
Again unknown to seek the cell,
And live and die with Isabel.”
Thus spoke the maid—King Robert's eye
Might have some glance of policy ;

¹ [MS.—“ If brief and vain repinings wake.”]

² [MS.—“ Her lover's alter'd mood to try.”]

Dunstaffnage had the monarch ta'en,
 And Lorn had own'd King Robert's reign;¹
 Her brother had to England fled,
 And there in banishment was dead;
 Ample, through exile, death, and flight,
 O'er tower and land was Edith's right;
 This ample right o'er tower and land
 Were safe in Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.

Embarrass'd eye and blushing cheek
 Pleasure and shame, and fear bespeak!
 Yet much the reasoning Edith made:
 "Her sister's faith she must upbraid,
 Who gave such secret, dark and dear,
 In council to another's ear.
 Why should she leave the peaceful cell?—
 How should she part with Isabel?—
 How wear that strange attire agen?—
 How risk herself 'midst martial men?—
 And how be guarded on the way?—
 At least she might entreat delay."
 Kind Isabel, with secret smile,
 Saw and forgave the maiden's wile,
 Reluctant to be thought to move
 At the first call of truant love.²

¹ [MS.—"Her aged sire had own'd his reign."]

² [The MS. here presents, *erased*—

"But all was overruled—a band
 From Arran's mountains left the land;

IX.

Oh, blame her not!—when zephyrs wake,
 The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;
 When beams the sun through April's shower,
 It needs must bloom, the violet flower;
 And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,
 Must with reviving hope revive!
 A thousand soft excuses came,
 To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
 Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,
 He had her plighted faith and truth—
 Then, 'twas her Liege's strict command,
 And she, beneath his royal hand,
 A ward in person and in land:—
 And, last, she was resolved to stay
 Only brief space—one little day—
 Close hidden in her safe disguise
 From all, but most from Ronald's eyes—
 But once to see him more!—nor blame
 Her wish—to hear him name her name!—
 Then, to bear back to solitude
 The thought, he had his falsehood rued!

Their chief, MacLouis, had the care
 The speechless Amadine to bear
 To Bruce, with { honour } as behoved
 { reverence }
 To page the monarch dearly loved."

With one verbal alteration these lines occur hereafter—the poet having postponed them, in order to apologize more at length for Edith's acquiescence in an arrangement, not certainly at first sight over delicate.]

But Isabel, who long had seen
Her pallid cheek and pensive mien,
And well herself the cause might know,
Though innocent, of Edith's woe,
Joy'd, generous, that revolving time
Gave means to expiate the crime.
High glow'd her bosom as she said,
"Well shall her sufferings be repaid!"
Now came the parting hour—a band
From Arran's mountains left the land;
Their chief, Fitz-Louis,¹ had the care
The speechless Amadine to bear
To Bruce, with honour, as behoved
To page the monarch dearly loved.

X.

The King had deem'd the maiden bright
Should reach him long before the fight,
But storms and fate her course delay:
It was on eve of battle-day,
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,
And far as e'er the eye was borne,

¹ Fitz-Louis, or Mac-Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the Isle of Arran. They are said to be of French origin, as the name intimates. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing; and Fergus Mac-Louis, or Fullarton, received from the grateful monarch a charter, dated 26th November, in the second year of his reign (1307), for the lands of Kilmichel, and others, which still remain in this very ancient and respectable family.

The lances waved like autumn corn.
 In battles four beneath their eye,¹
 The forces of King Robert lie.²
 And one below the hill was laid.³
 Reserved for rescue and for aid ;
 And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line,
 'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.
 Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh
 As well might mutual aid supply.
 Beyond, the Southern host appears,⁴

¹ [MS.—“ Nearest and plainest to the eye.”]

² [See Appendix, Note V.]

³ [MS.—“ One close beneath the hill was laid.”]

⁴ Upon the 23d June, 1314, the alarm reached the Scottish army of the approach of the enemy. Douglas and the Marshal were sent to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry:—

“ And soon the great host have they seen,
 Where shields shining were so sheen,
 And basinets burnished bright,
 That gave against the sun great light.
 They saw so fele * brawdyne † baners,
 Standards and pennons and spears,
 And so fele knights upon steeds,
 All flaming in their weeds.
 And so fele bataills, and so broad,
 And too so great room as they rode,
 That the maist host, and the stoutest
 Of Christendom, and the greatest,
 Should be abaysit for to see
 Their foes into such quantity.”

The Bruce, vol. ii. p. 111.

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. To the king in

* *Many*.

† *Displayed*.

A boundless wilderness of spears,
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.
Thick flashing in the evening beam,
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam ;
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,
Was distant armour flashing still,
So wide, so far, the boundless host
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd
At the wild show of war aghast ;
And traversed first the rearward host,
Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark too, were there,
And all the western land ;
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files,¹
In many a plaided band.
There, in the centre proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made

private they told the formidable state of the enemy; but in public reported that the English were indeed a numerous host, but ill commanded and worse disciplined.

¹ [See Appendix, Note W.]

Warriors in mail and plate array'd,
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid
 By these Hebrideans worn ;
But O ! unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
To the fair maid of Lorn !
For one she look'd—but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war—
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

XII.

To centre of the vaward line
Fitz Louis guided Amadine.¹
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marcher's warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land ;
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce, though few ;
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold spears of Teviotdale ;
The dauntless Douglas these obey,
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.
Northeastward by Saint Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine

¹ [MS.—“ Her guard conducted Amadine.”]

The warriors whom the hardy North
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,
Where Bannock, with his broken bank
And deep ravine, protects their flank.
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,
The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood :
His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,
And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and left-ward wing,
Composed his front ; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.
And 'twas to front of this array,
Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII.

Here must they pause ; for, in advance
As far as one might pitch a lance,
The Monarch rode along the van,¹
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel ;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,

¹ [See Appendix, Note X.]

Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And clasp'd within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentine ;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host. Three bowshots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.

XIV.

O gay, yet fearful ¹ to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front ! for there
Rode England's King and peers :
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell !—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,

1 [MS.—“ O { fair, } yet fearful,” &c.]

And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"—
"So please my Liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—
"In battle-day," the King replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—sweep him from our path!"
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

XV.

Of Hereford's high blood¹ he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.

¹ [MS.—"Princely blood," &c.]

—As motionless as rocks, that bide
 The wrath of the advancing tide,
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
 And dazzled was each gazing eye—
 The heart had hardly time to think,
 The eyelid scarce had time to wink,¹
 While on the King, like flash of flame,
 Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came !
 The partridge may the falcon mock,
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
 But, swerving from the Knight's career,
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.²
 Onward the baffled warrior bore
 His course—but soon his course was o'er !—
 High in his stirrups stood the King,
 And gave his battle-axe the swing.
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
 Fell that stern dint—the first—the last !—
 Such strength upon the blow was put,
 The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut ;
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
 Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse ;
 —First of that fatal field, how soon,
 How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune !

¹ [MS.—“ The heart took hardly time to think,
 The eyelid scarce had space to wink.”]

² [MS.—“ Just as they closed in full career,
 Bruce swerved the palfrey from the spear.”]

XVI.

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,
Where on the field his foe lay dead;
Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,
And, pacing back his sober way,
Slowly he gain'd his own array.
There round their King the leaders crowd,
And blame his recklessness aloud,
That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear
A life so valued and so dear.
His broken weapon's shaft survey'd
The King, and careless answer made,—
“My loss may pay my folly's tax;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe.”
'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low,
Did Isabel's commission show;
Edith, disguised, at distance stands,
And hides her blushes with her hands.
The monarch's brow has changed its hue,
Away the gory axe he threw,
While to the seeming page he drew,
Clearing war's terrors from his eye.
Her hand with gentle ease he took,
With such a kind protecting look,
As to a weak and timid boy
Might speak, that elder brother's care
And elder brother's love were there.

XVII.

“Fear not,” he said, “young Amadine!”
Then whisper'd, “Still that name be thine.”

Fate plays her wonted fantasy,¹
 Kind Amadine, with thee and me,
 And sends thee here in doubtful hour.
 But soon we are beyond her power ;
 For on this chosen battle-plain,
 Victor or vanquish'd, I remain.
 Do thou to yonder hill repair ;
 The followers of our host are there,
 And all who may not weapons bear.
 Fitz-Louis, have him in thy care.—
 Joyful we meet, if all go well ;
 If not, in Arran's holy cell
 Thou must take part with Isabel ;
 For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,
 Not to regain the Maid of Lorn,
 (The bliss on earth he covets most,)
 Would he forsake his battle-post,
 Or shun the fortune that may fall
 To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all.—
 But, hark ! some news these trumpets tell ;
 Forgive my haste—farewell—farewell.”—
 And in a lower voice he said,
 “Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet maid !”—

XVIII.

“What train of dust, with trumpet-sound
 And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
 Our leftward flank ?”²—the Monarch cried,

¹ [MS.—“her wonted pranks, I see.”]

² [See Appendix, Note Y.]

To Moray's Earl who rode beside.
 "Lo! round thy station pass the foes!"¹
 Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose."
 The Earl his visor closed, and said,
 "My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.—
 Follow, my household!"—And they go
 Like lightning on the advancing foe.
 "My Liege," said noble Douglas then,
 "Earl Randolph has but one to ten:"²
 Let me go forth his band to aid!"—
 —"Stir not. The error he hath made.
 Let him amend it as he may;
 I will not weaken mine array."
 Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
 And Douglas's brave heart swell'd high,—
 "My Liege," he said, "with patient ear
 I must not Moray's death-knell hear!"—
 "Then go—but speed thee back again."—
 Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:
 But, when they won a rising hill,
 He bade his followers hold them still.—
 "See, see! the routed Southern fly!
 The Earl hath won the victory.
 Lo! where yon steeds run masterless,
 His banner towers above the press.
 Rein up; our presence would impair
 The fame we come too late to share."

¹ [MS.—"Lo! { round } thy post have pass'd the foes."]

² [MS.—"Earl Randolph's strength is one to ten."]

Back to the host the Douglas rode,
And soon glad tidings are abroad,¹
That, Dayncourt by stout Randolph slain,
His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—
That skirmish closed the busy day,
And couch'd in battle's prompt array,
Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.²
Ah, gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,

¹ [MS.—“Back to his post the Douglas rode,
And soon the tidings are abroad.”]

² [The MS here interposes the couplet —
“Glancing by fits from hostile line,
Armour and lance return'd the shine.”]

While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from
Heaven.

XX.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum?
No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were toss'd,¹

¹ There is an old tradition, that the well-known Scottish tune of "Hey, tutti taitti," was Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The late Mr Ritson, no granter of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which, at the onset, they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes, that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes, that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound even of a solitary bagpipe.—*Historical Essay prefixed to Ritson's Scottish Songs*. It may be observed in passing, that the

His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
 And started from the ground;
 Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,
 Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,
 And in the pomp of battle bright
 The dread battalia frown'd.¹

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view,
 The countless ranks of England drew,²

Scottish of this period certainly observed some musical cadence, even in winding their horns, since Bruce was at once recognized by his followers from his mode of blowing. See Note X. on canto iv. But the tradition, true or false, has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war-song of Burns,—“Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.”

¹ [“Although Mr Scott retains that necessary and characteristic portion of his peculiar and well-known manner, he is free, we think, from any faulty self-imitation; and the battle of Bannockburn will remain forever as a monument of the fertile poetical powers of a writer, who had before so greatly excelled in this species of description.”—*Monthly Review*.

“The battle, we think, is not comparable to the battle in *Marmion*, though nothing can be finer than the scene of contrasted repose and thoughtful anxiety by which it is introduced, (stanzas xix. xx. xxi.)”—JEFFREY.]

² Upon the 24th of June, the English army advanced to the attack. The narrowness of the Scottish front, and the nature of the ground, did not permit them to have the full advantage of their numbers, nor is it very easy to find out what was their proposed order of battle. The vanguard, however, appeared a distinct body, consisting of archers and spearmen on foot, and commanded, as already said, by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford. Barbour, in one place, mentions that they formed nine BATTLES, or divisions: but from the follow-

Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,

ing passage, it appears that there was no room or space for them to extend themselves, so that, except the vanguard the whole army appeared to form one solid and compact body:—

‘ The English men, on either party,
That as angels shone brightly,
Were not arrayed on such manner:
For all their battles samyn¹ were
In a schiltrum.² But whether it was
Through the great straitness of the place
That they were in to bide fighting;
Or that it was for abaysing:³
I wete not. But in a schiltrum
It seemed they were all and some;
Out ta’en the vaward anerly.⁴
That right with a great company,
Be them selwyn, arrayed were.
Who had been by, might have seen there

¹ Together.

² *Schiltrum*.—This word has been variously limited or extended in its signification. In general, it seems to imply a large body of men drawn up very closely together. But it has been limited to imply a round or circular body of men so drawn up. I cannot understand it with this limitation in the present case. The schiltrum of the Scottish army at Falkirk was undoubtedly of a circular form, in order to resist the attacks of the English cavalry, on whatever quarter they might be charged. But it does not appear how, or why, the English, advancing to the attack at Bannockburn, should have arrayed themselves in a circular form. It seems more probable, that, by *Schiltrum* in the present case, Barbour means to express an irregular mass into which the English army was compressed by the unwieldiness of its numbers, and the carelessness or ignorance of its leaders.

³ Frightening.

⁴ Alone.

And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deem'd that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.
De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed —
— At once, before his sight amazed,
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon-point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
“The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneel'd.”—¹

That folk ourtake a mekill feild
On breadth, where many a shining shield,
And many a burnished bright armour,
And many a man of great valour,
Might in that great schiltrum be seen:
And many a bright banner and sheen.”

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, vol. ii. p. 137.

¹ [MS.—“De Argentine! the cowards repent!
For mercy they have kneel'd.”]

“Aye!—but they bend to other powers,
 And other pardon sue than ours!
 See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,
 And blesses them with lifted hands!¹
 Upon the spot where they have kneel’d,
 These men will die, or win the field.”—
 —“Then prove we if they die or win!
 Bid Gloster’s Earl the fight begin.”

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
 Just as the Northern ranks arose,
 Signal for England’s archery
 To halt and bend their bows.
 ‘Then stepp’d each yeoman forth a pace,
 Glanced at the intervening space,
 And raised his left hand high;
 To the right ear the cords they bring—²
 —At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
 Ten thousand arrows fly!
 Nor paused on the devoted Scot

¹ “Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front, bare-footed, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, and exhorting the Scots in few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots kneeled down. ‘They yield,’ cried Edward; ‘see, they implore mercy.’—‘They do,’ answered Ingelram de Umfraville, but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die ’”
 —*Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 47.

² | MS.—“Drew to his ear the silken string.”]

The ceaseless fury of their shot ;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide ;
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,
If the fell shower may last !
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry ;—
—With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gain'd the plain ;
Then, “ Mount, ye gallants free ! ”
He cried ; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests¹ they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss ;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
“ Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe !
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose ! ”²

¹ [MS.—“ Their brandish'd spears.”]

² [See Appendix, Note Z.]

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,
They rush'd among the archer ranks.
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good.
Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry may-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance,
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trod down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
 “Are these,” he said, “our yeomen wight?
 Each braggart churl could boast before,
 Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!¹
 Fitter to plunder chase or park,
 Than make a manly foe² their mark.—
 Forward, each gentleman and knight!
 Let gentle blood show generous might,
 And chivalry redeem the fight!”
 To rightward of the wild affray,
 The field show’d fair and level way;
 But, in mid-space, the Bruce’s care
 Had bored the ground with many a pit,

¹ Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, “whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, ‘that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.’ Indeed, Toxophilus says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, ‘The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyre owne feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profite, nor yet challenge it for any praise.’ ”—*Works of Ascham, edited by Bennet*, 4to, p. 110.

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the “good Lord James of Douglas” dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

² [MS.—“An armed foe.”]

With turf and brushwood hidden yet,¹

That form'd a ghastly snare.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,

With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,

That panted for the shock !

With blazing crests and banners spread,

And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,

The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,

As far as Stirling rock.

Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow,

Horseman and horse, the foremost go,²

Wild floundering on the field !

The first are in destruction's gorge,

Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;—

The knightly helm and shield,

The mail, the acton, and the spear,

Strong hand, high heart, are useless here !

¹ [MS.—“ With many a pit the ground to bore,
With turf and brushwood cover'd o'er,
Had form'd,” &c.]

² It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time ; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

Loud from the mass confused the cry
 Of dying warriors swells on high,
 And steeds that shriek in agony ! ¹
 They came like mountain-torrent red,
 That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;
 They broke like that same torrent's wave,²
 When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
 Billows on billows burst and boil,
 Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
 And to their wild and tortured groan
 Each adds new terrors of his own !

¹ I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that, in moments of sudden or intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

² [The MS. has

“ When plunging down some darksome cave,
 Billow on billow rushing on,
 Follows the path the first had gone.”

It is impossible not to recollect our author's own lines—

“ As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in;
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass.”

Lady of the Lake, Canto vi. stanza 18.]

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here ;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,
Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,¹
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame —
Names known too well² in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stuart's actions grace

¹ [MS — "Ross, Tybtot, Neville, Mauley, came."]

² [MS.—"Names known of yore," &c.]

The sire of Scotland's royal race !
Firmly they kept their ground ;
As firmly England onward press'd,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revell'd round.

XXVI.

Unflinching foot¹ 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met ;
The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang,
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot ;
And O ! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife !
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim ;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love ;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,

¹ [MS.—“ Unshifting foot,” &c.]

On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the Grave!¹

XXVII.

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.²
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,³
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.

¹ ["All these, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave."— COWPER.]

² ["The dramatic, and even Shakspearian spirit of much of this battle must, we think, strike and delight the reader. We pass over much alternate, and much stubborn and 'unflinching' contest:—

'The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins;'

but the description of it, as we have ventured to prophesy, will last forever.

"It will be as unnecessary for the sake of our readers, as it would be useless for the sake of the author, to point out *many* of the obvious defects of these splendid passages, or of others in the poem. Such a line as

'The tug of strife to flag begins'

must wound every ear that has the least pretension to judge of poetry; and no one, we should think, can miss the ridiculous point of such a couplet as the subjoined:—

'Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, *priest and clerk.*' "

Monthly Review.]

[³ The adventures of the day are versified rather too literally from the contemporary chronicles. The following passage, however, is emphatic; and exemplifies what this author has so often exemplified, the power of well-chosen and well-arranged names, to excite lofty emotions, with little aid either from sentiment or description."—JEFFREY.]

Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
 And Randolph wipes his bloody brow ;
 Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
 From morn till mid-day in the fight.
 Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
 Beauchamp undoes his vizor-clasp,
 And Montague must quit his spear,
 And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere !
 The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
 And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
 Hath lost its lively tone ;
 Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
 And Percy's shout was fainter heard,
 " My merry-men, fight on ! "

XXVIII.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
 The slackening¹ of the storm could spy.
 " One effort more, and Scotland's free !
 Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
 Is firm as Ailsa Rock ;
 Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
 I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge ;²

¹ [MS.—" The sinking," &c.]

² When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing up the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this crisis, he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his descendants, " My trust is constant in thee." Barbour intimates, that the reserve " assembled on one field," that is, on the same line with the Scot-

Now, forward to the shock!"¹
 At once the spears were forward thrown,
 Against the sun the broadswords shone;
 The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
 And loud King Robert's voice was known—
 "Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
 Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
 The foe is fainting fast!
 Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
 For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
 The battle cannot last!"

XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore
 The foes three furlongs back and more,
 Leaving their noblest in their gore.
 Alone, De Argentine
 Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
 Gathers the relics of the field,
 Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
 And still makes good the line.
 Brief strife, but fierce, his efforts raise,
 A bright but momentary blaze.
 Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,

tish forces already engaged; which leads Lord Hailes to conjecture that the Scottish ranks must have been much thinned by slaughter, since, in that circumscribed ground, there was room for the reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the vacancy occupied by the reserve.

¹ [MS.—"Then hurry to the shock!"]

Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force combined anew,
Appear'd in her distracted view,
 To hem the Islesmen round ;
"O God ! the combat they renew,
 And is no rescue found !
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O ! are your hearts of flesh or stone ?" ¹

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,
Rejected from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right ;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsman and serf ; even female hand
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand ;
 But, when mute Amadine they heard
 Give to their zeal his signal-word,
 A frenzy fired the throng ;
"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
 And he that gives the mute his speech,
 Can bid the weak be strong.

¹ [MS. ——— "of lead or stone."]

To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven ;
To us, as to our lords, belongs ¹
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs ;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to arms ! ”
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—²
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain,
Or made but doubtful stay :—³
But when they mark'd the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due ! ⁴
In vain the royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,
Cried “ Fight ! ” to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair, ⁵
And cursed their caitiff fears ;

¹ [MS.—“ To us, as well as them, belongs.”]

² [See Appendix, Note A 2.]

³ [MS.—“ And rode in bands away.”]

⁴ [See Appendix, Note B 2.]

⁵ [MS.—“ And bade them hope amid despair.”]

Till Pembroke turned his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train :—
“ In yonder field a gage I left,—
I must not live of fame bereft ;
 I needs must turn again.
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,
 I know his banner well.
God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this !—
 Once more, my Liege, farewell.”

XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.¹
“ Now then,” he said, and couch'd his spear,
“ My course is run, the goal is near ;
One effort more, one brave career,
 Must close this race of mine.”
Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry,
 “ Saint James for Argentine !”
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore ;
But not unharm'd—a lance's point

¹ [The MS. has not the seven lines which follow.]

Has found his breastplate's loosen'd joint,
An axe has razed his crest ;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round !
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound ;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turn'd him on the ground,
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won ;¹
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southern's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear ;
“ Save, save his life,” he cried, “ O save

¹ [MS.—“ Now toil'd the Bruce as leaders ought,
To use his conquest boldly bought.”]

The kind, the noble, and the brave !”
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near ;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain !
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse ;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose ;—
“ Lord Earl, the day is thine !
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late :
Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.”

XXXIV.

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied ; but in his clasp,
It stiffen'd and grew cold—
“ And, O farewell !” the victor cried,
“ Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face !—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,

For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said!"

XXXV.

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.¹
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew,
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.²

Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,

Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory,
When for her freeborn rights she strove;
Rights dear to all who freedom love,³
To none so dear as thee!⁴

¹ [See Appendix, Note C 2.]

² [MS—"And the best names that England owns
Swell the sad death-prayer's dismal tones."]

³ [MS—"When for her rights her sword was bare,
Rights dear to all who freedom share."]

⁴ ["The fictitious part of the story is, on the whole, the least interesting—though we think that the author has haz-

XXXVI.

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear
Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear ;

arded rather too little embellishment in recording the adventures of the Bruce. There are many places, at least, in which he has evidently given an air of heaviness and flatness to his narration, by adhering too closely to the authentic history; and has lowered down the tone of his poetry to the tame level of the rude chroniclers by whom the incidents were originally recorded. There is a more serious and general fault, however, in the conduct of all this part of the story,—and that is, that it is not sufficiently national—and breathes nothing either of that animosity towards England, or that exultation over her defeat, which must have animated all Scotland at the period to which he refers; and ought, consequently, to have been the ruling passion of his poem. Mr. Scott, however, not only dwells fondly on the valour and generosity of the invaders, but actually makes an elaborate apology to the English for having ventured to select for his theme a story which records their disasters. We hope this extreme courtesy is not intended merely to appease critics, and attract readers in the southern part of the island,—and yet it is difficult to see for what other purposes it could be assumed. Mr. Scott certainly need not have been afraid either of exciting rebellion among his countrymen, or of bringing his own liberality and loyalty into question, although, in speaking of the events of that remote period, where an overbearing conqueror was overthrown in a lawless attempt to subdue an independent kingdom, he had given full expression to the hatred and exultation which must have prevailed among the victors, and are indeed the only passions which can be supposed to be excited by the story of their exploits. It is not natural, and we are sure it is not poetical, to represent the agents in such tremendous scenes as calm and indulgent judges of the motives or merits of their opponents; and, by lending such a character to the leaders of his host, the author has actually lessened the interest of the

With him a hundred voices tell
Of prodigy and miracle,

“For the mute page had spoke.”—
“Page!” said Fitz-Louis, “rather say,
An angel sent from realms of day,
To burst the English yoke.

I saw his plume and bonnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen!”—
“Spoke he with none?”—“With none—one
word

Burst when he saw the Island Lord,¹
Returning from the battle-field.”—
“What answer made the Chief?”—“He kneel’d,
Durst not look up, but mutter’d low,
Some mingled sounds that none might know,²
And greeted him ’twixt joy and fear,
As being of superior sphere.”

XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock’s bloody plain,
Heap’d then with thousands of the slain.

mighty fight of Bannockburn, to that which might be supposed to belong to a well-regulated tournament among friendly rivals.”—JEFFREY.]

¹ [MS.—“Excepted to the Island Lord,
When turning,” &c.]

² [MS.—“Some mingled sounds of joy and woe.”]

'Mid victor monarch's musings high,
 Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye.
 "And bore he such angelic air,
 Such noble front, such waving hair?
 Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said,
 "Then must we call the church to aid—
 Our will be to the Abbot known,
 Ere these strange news are wider blown,
 To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,
 And deck the church for solemn mass,¹
 To pay for high deliverance given,
 A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
 Let him array, besides, such state,
 As should on princes' nuptials wait.
 Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
 That once broke short that spousal rite,
 Ourself will grace, with early morn,
 The bridal of the Maid of Lorn."²

¹ [The MS. adds:—

"That priests and choir, with morning beams,
 Prepare, with reverence as beseems,
 To pay," &c.]

² ["Bruce issues orders for the celebration of the nuptials; whether they were ever solemnized, it is impossible to say. As *critics*, we should certainly have forbidden the banns; because, although it is conceivable that the mere lapse of time might not have eradicated the passion of Edith, yet how such a circumstance alone, without even the assistance of an interview, could have created one in the bosom of Ronald, is altogether inconceivable. He must have proposed to marry her merely from compassion, or for the sake of her lands; and, upon either supposition, it would have comported with

the delicacy of Edith to refuse his proffered hand.—*Quarterly Review*.

“*To Mr. James Ballantyne*,—Dear Sir: You have now the whole affair, excepting two or three concluding stanzas. As your taste for bride’s cake may induce you to desire to know more of the wedding, I will save you some criticism by saying, I have settled to stop short as above.—Witness my hand,
“W. S.”]

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way ;
Go boldly forth ; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to
fame.

There was—and O ! how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words !—*there was* a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allow'd,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the
proud !

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below !
What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
Which hid its own to soothe all other woe ;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair :¹

¹ [The reader is referred to Mr. Hogg's "Pilgrims of the Sun" for some beautiful lines, and a highly interesting note, on the death of the Duchess of Buccleuch. See *ante*, p. 7.]

And, least of all, what 'vails the world should
know,

That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither
there! ¹

¹ [The *Edinburgh Reviewer* (Mr. Jeffrey) says, "The story of the Lord of the Isles, in so far as it is fictitious, is palpably deficient both in interest and probability; and, in so far as it is founded on historical truth, seems to us to be objectionable, both for want of incident, and want of variety and connection in the incidents that occur. There is a romantic grandeur, however, in the scenery, and a sort of savage greatness and rude antiquity in many of the characters and events, which relieves the insipidity of the narrative, and atones for many defects in the execution."

After giving copious citations from what he considers as "the better parts of the poem," the critic says, "to give a complete and impartial idea of it, we ought to subjoin some from its more faulty passages. But this is but an irksome task at all times, and, with such an author as Mr. Scott, is both invidious and unnecessary. His faults are nearly as notorious as his beauties; and we have announced in the outset, that they are equally conspicuous in this as in his other productions. There are innumerable harsh lines and uncouth expressions,—passages of a coarse and heavy diction,—and details of uninteresting minuteness and oppressive explanation. It is needless, after this, to quote such couplets

'A damsel tired of midnight bark,
Or wanderers of a moulding stark,'—

'Tis a kind youth, but fanciful,
Unfit against the tide to pull; '—

or to recite the many weary pages which contain the colloquies of Isabel and Edith, and set forth the unintelligible

reasons of their unreasonable conduct. The concerns of these two young ladies, indeed, form the heaviest part of the poem. The mawkish generosity of the one, and the piteous fidelity of the other, are equally oppressive to the reader, and do not tend at all to put him in good humour with Lord Ronald,—who, though the beloved of both, and the nominal hero of the work, is certainly as far as possible from an interesting person. The lovers of poetry have a particular aversion to the inconstancy of other lovers,—and especially to that sort of inconstancy which is liable to the suspicion of being partly inspired by worldly ambition, and partly abjured from considerations of a still meaner selfishness. We suspect, therefore, that they will have but little indulgence for the fickleness of the Lord of the Isles, who breaks the troth he had pledged to the heiress of Lorn, as soon as he sees a chance of succeeding with the King's sister, and comes back to the slighted bride, when his royal mistress takes the vows in a convent, and the heiress gets into possession of her lands, by the forfeiture of her brother. These characters, and this story, form the great blemish of the poem; but it has rather less fire and flow and facility, we think, on the whole, than some of the author's other performances."

The *Monthly Reviewer* thus assails the title of the poem: "The Lord of the Isles himself, *selon les règles* of Mr. Scott's compositions, *being* the hero, is *not* the first person in the poem. The attendant here is always in white muslin, and Tilburina herself in white linen. Still, among the *Deutero-protoi* (or *second best*) of the author, Lord Ronald holds a respectable rank. He is not so mere a magic-lantern figure, once seen in bower and once in field, as Lord Cranstoun; he far exceeds that tame rabbit boiled to rags, without onion or other sauce, De Wilton; and although he certainly falls infinitely short of that accomplished swimmer, Malcolm Græme, yet he rises proportionably above the red-haired Redmond. Lord Ronald, indeed, bating his intended marriage with one woman while he loves another, is a very noble

fellow; and were he not so totally eclipsed by 'The Bruce,' he would have served very well to give a title to any octosyllabic epic, were it even as vigorous and poetical as the present. Nevertheless, it would have been just as proper to call Virgil's divine poem 'The *Anchiseid*,' as it is to call this 'The Lord of the Isles.' To all intents and purposes the *aforesaid* quarto is, and ought to be, 'The Bruce.' "

The *Monthly Reviewer* thus concludes his article: "In some detached passages, the present poem may challenge any of Mr. Scott's compositions; and perhaps in the Abbot's involuntary blessing it excels any single part of any one of them. The battle too, and many dispersed lines besides, have transcendent merit. In point of fable, however, it has not the grace and elegance of 'The Lady of the Lake,' nor the general clearness and vivacity of its narrative; nor the unexpected happiness of its catastrophe; and still less does it aspire to the praise of the complicated, but very proper and well-managed story of 'Rokeby.' It has nothing so pathetic as 'The Cypress Wreath;' nothing so sweetly touching as the last evening scene at Rokeby, before it is broken by Bertram; nothing (with the exception of the Abbot) so awfully melancholy as much of Mortham's history, or so powerful as Bertram's farewell to Edmund. It vies, as we have already said, with 'Marmion,' in the generally favourite part of that poem; but what has it (with the exception before stated) equal to the immurement of Constance? On the whole, however, we prefer it to 'Marmion;' which, in spite of much merit, always had a sort of noisy royal-circus air with it; a *clap-trappery*, if we may venture on such a word. 'Marmion,' in short, has become quite identified with Mr. Braham in our minds; and we are therefore not perhaps unbiassed judges of its perfections. Finally, we do not hesitate to place 'The Lord of the Isles' below both of Mr. Scott's remaining longer works; and as to 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' for numerous commonplaces and separate beauties, that poem, we believe, still constitutes one of the highest steps, if not the very highest, in the ladder of the author's reputation. The characters of the present tale (with the exception of 'The Bruce,' who is vividly painted from history,

and of some minor sketches) are certainly, in point of invention, of the most *novel*, that is, of the most Minerva-press description; and, as to the language and versification, the poem is in its general course as inferior to 'Rokeby' (by much the most correct and the least justly appreciated of the author's works) as it is in the construction and conduct of its fable. It supplies whole pages of the most prosaic narrative; but, as we conclude by recollecting, it displays also whole pages of the noblest poetry."

The *British Critic* says: "No poem of Mr. Scott has yet appeared with fairer claims to the public attention. If it have less pathos than the *Lady of the Lake*, or less display of character than *Marmion*, it surpasses them both in grandeur of conception, and dignity of versification. It is in every respect decidedly superior to *Rokeby*; and though it may not reach *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* in a few splendid passages, it is far more perfect as a whole. The fame of Mr. Scott, among those who are capable of distinguishing the rich ore of poetry from the dross which surrounds it, will receive no small advancement by this last effort of his genius. We discover in it a brilliancy in detached expressions, and a power of language in the combination of images, which has never yet appeared in any of his previous publications.

"We would also believe that as his strength has increased, so his glaring errors have been diminished. But so embedded and engrained are these in the gems of his excellence, that no blindness can overlook, no art can divide or destroy their connection. They must be tried together at the ordeal of time, and descend unseparated to posterity. Could Mr. Scott but 'endow his purposes with words'—could he but decorate the justice and the splendour of his conceptions with more unalloyed aptness of expression, and more uniform strength and harmony of numbers, he would claim a place in the highest rank among the poets of natural feeling and natural imagery. Even as it is, with all his faults, we love him still; and *when he shall cease to write, we shall find it difficult to supply his place with a better.*"

The *Quarterly Reviewer*, after giving his outline of the story of *The Lord of the Isles*, thus proceeds: "In whatever point of view it be regarded, whether with reference to the incidents it contains, or the agents by whom it is carried on, we think that one less calculated to keep alive the interest and curiosity of the reader could not easily have been conceived. Of the characters, we cannot say much; they are not conceived with any great degree of originality, nor delineated with any particular spirit. Neither are we disposed to criticize with minuteness the incidents of the story; but we conceive that the whole poem, considering it as a narrative poem, is projected upon wrong principles.

"The story is obviously composed of two independent plots, connected with each other merely by the accidental circumstances of time and place. The liberation of Scotland by Bruce has not naturally any more connection with the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn, than with those of Dido and Æneas; nor are we able to conceive any possible motive which should have induced Mr. Scott to weave them as he has done into the same narrative, except the desire of combining the advantages of an heroical, with what we may call, for want of an appropriate word, an *ethical* subject; an attempt which we feel assured he never would have made, had he duly weighed the very different principles upon which these dissimilar sorts of poetry are founded. Thus, had Mr. Scott introduced the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn as an episode of an epic poem upon the subject of the battle of Bannockburn, its want of connection with the main action might have been excused, in favour of its intrinsic merit; but, by a great singularity of judgment, he has introduced the battle of Bannockburn as an episode, in the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn. To say nothing of the obvious preposterousness of such a design, abstractedly considered, the effect of it has, we think, decidedly been to destroy that interest which either of them might separately have created; or if any interest remain respecting the fate of the ill requited Edith, it is because at no moment of the poem do we feel the slightest degree of it respecting the enterprise of Bruce.

“The many beautiful passages which we have extracted from the poem, combined with the brief remarks subjoined to each canto, will sufficiently show, that although the Lord of the Isles is not likely to add very much to the reputation of Mr. Scott, yet this must be imputed rather to the greatness of his previous reputation, than to the absolute inferiority of the poem itself. Unfortunately, its merits are merely incidental, while its defects are mixed up with the very elements of the poem. But it is not in the power of Mr. Scott to write with tameness; be the subject what it will, (and he could not easily have chosen one more impracticable,) he impresses upon whatever scenes he describes so much movement and activity,—he infuses into his narrative such a flow of life, and, if we may so express ourselves, of animal spirits, that without satisfying the judgment, or moving the feelings, or elevating the mind, or even very greatly interesting the curiosity, he is able to seize upon, and, as it were, exhilarate the imagination of his readers, in a manner which is often truly unaccountable. This quality Mr. Scott possesses in an admirable degree; and supposing that he had no other object in view than to convince the world of the great poetical powers with which he is gifted, the poem before us would be quite sufficient for his purpose. But this is of very inferior importance to the public; what they want is a good poem, and, as experience has shown, this can only be constructed upon a solid foundation of taste and judgment and meditation.]”

APPENDIX

TO THE

LORD OF THE ISLES.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.--P. 22

THE ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake, called Loch Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire. Here they assembled what popular tradition calls their parliaments, meaning, I suppose, their *cour pléniere*, or assembly of feudal and patriarchal vassals and depen

dents. From this Castle of Artornish, upon the 19th day of October, 1461, John de Yle, designing himself Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted, in the style of an independent sovereign, a commission to his trusty and well-beloved cousins, Ronald of the Isles, and Duncan, Arch-dean of the Isles, for empowering them to enter into a treaty with the most excellent Prince Edward, by the grace of God, King of France and England, and Lord of Ireland. Edward IV., on his part, named Laurence, Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Worcester, the Prior of St. John's, Lord Wenlock, and Mr. Robert Stillington, keeper of the privy seal, his deputies and commissioners, to confer with those named by the Lord of the Isles. The conference terminated in a treaty, by which the Lord of the Isles agreed to become a vassal to the crown of England, and to assist Edward IV. and James Earl of Douglas, then in banishment, in subduing the realm of Scotland.

The first article provides, that John de Isle, Earl of Ross, with his son Donald Balloch, and his grandson John de Isle, with all their subjects, men, people, and inhabitants, become vassals and liegemen to Edward IV. of England, and assist him in his wars in Scotland or Ireland; and then follow the allowances to be made to the Lord of the Isles, in recompense of his military service, and the provisions for dividing such conquests as their united arms should make upon the mainland of Scotland among the confederates. These appear such curious illustrations of the period, that they are here subjoined :

“ *Item*, The seid John Erle of Rosse shall, from the seid fest of Whittesontyde, next comyng, yerely,

durying his lyf, have and take, for fees and wages in tyme of peas, of the seid most high and Christien prince c. marc sterlyng of Englysh money; and in tyme of werre, as long as he shall entende with his myght and power in the said werres, in manner and fourme abovesaid, he shall have wages of cc. lb. sterlyng of English money yearly; and after the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the seid werres.

“ *Item*, The seid Donald shall, from the seid feste of Whittesontyde, have and take, during his lyf, yerly, in tyme of peas, for his fees and wages, xx l. sterlyng of Englysh money; and, when he shall be occupied and intend to the werre, with his myght and power, and in manner and fourme abovesaid, he shall have and take, for his wages yearly, xl l. sterlynge of Englysh money; or for the rate of the tyme of werre——

“ *Item*, The seid John, sonn and heire apparant of the said Donald, shall have and take, yerely, from the seid fest, for his fees and wages, in the tyme of peas, x l. sterlynge of Englysh money; and for tyme of werre, and his intendyng thereto, in manner and fourme abovesaid, he shall have, for his fees and wages, yearly xx l. sterlynge of Englysh money; or after the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the werre: And the seid John, th’ Erle Donald and John, and eche of them, shall have good and sufficiaunt paiment of the seid fees and wages, as wel for tyme of peas as of werre; accordyng to thees articles and appoyntements. *Item*, it is appointed, accorded, concluded, and finally determined, that, if it so be that hereafter the seid reaume of Scotlande, or the more part thereof, be conquered, subdued, and

brought to the obeissance of the seid most high and Christien prince, and his heires or successours, of the seid Lionell, in fourme abovesaid descendyng, be the assistance, helpe, and aide of the seid John Erle of Rosse, and Donald, and of James Erle of Douglas, then, the seid fees and wages for the tyme of peac cessyng, the same erles and Donald shall have, by the graunte of the same most Christien prince, all the possessions of the seid reaume beyonde Scottishe see. they to be departed equally betwix them: eche of them, his heires and successours, to holde his parte of the seid most Christien prince, his heires and successours, for evermore, in right of his croune of England, by homage and feaute to be done therefore.

“*Item*, If so be that, by th’ aide and assistance of the seid James Erle of Douglas, the saide reaume of Scotlande be conquered and subdued as above, then he shall have, enjoie, and inherite all his own possessions, landes, and inheritaunce, on this syde the Scottish see; that is to saye, betwixt the seid Scottishe see and Englande, such he hath rejoiced and be possessed of before this; there to holde them of the seid most high and Christien prince, his heires and successours, as is abovesaid, for evermore, in right of the coroune of Englonde, as weel the seid Erle of Douglas, as his heires and successours, by homage and feaute to be done therefore.”—RYMER’S *Fædera Conventiones Literæ et cujuscunque generis Acta Publica*, fol. vol. v., 1741.

Such was the treaty of Artornish; but it does not appear that the allies ever made any very active effort to realize their ambitious designs. It will serve

to show both the power of these reguli, and their independence upon the crown of Scotland.

It is only farther necessary to say of the Castle of Artornish, that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lord of the Isles.

NOTE B.

— *Mingarry sternly placed,
O'erawes the woodland and the waste.*—P. 29.

The Castle of Mingarry is situated on the seacoast of the district of Ardnamurchan. The ruins, which are tolerably entire, are surrounded by a very high wall, forming a kind of polygon, for the purpose of adapting itself to the projecting angles of a precipice overhanging the sea, on which the castle stands. It was anciently the residence of the Mac-Ians, a clan of Mac-Donalds, descended from Ian, or John, a grandson of Angus Og, Lord of the Isles. The last time that Mingarry was of military importance, occurs in the celebrated *Leabhar dearg*, or Red-book of Clanronald, a MS. renowned in the Ossianic controversy. Allaster Mac-Donald, commonly called Colquitto, who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, sent over by the Earl of Antrim during the great civil war to the assistance of Montrose, began his enterprise in 1644, by taking the castles of Kinloch-Alline, and Mingarry, the last of which made considerable resistance, as might, from the strength of the situation, be expected. In the meanwhile, Allaster Mac-Don-

ald's ships, which had brought him over, were attacked in Loch Eisord, in Skye, by an armament sent round by the covenanting parliament, and his own vessel was taken. This circumstance is said chiefly to have induced him to continue in Scotland, where there seemed little prospect of raising an army in behalf of the king. He had no sooner moved eastward to join Montrose, a junction which he effected in the braes of Athole, than the Marquis of Argyle besieged the castle of Mingarry, but without success. Among other warriors and chiefs whom Argyle summoned to his camp to assist upon this occasion, was John of Moidart, the Captain of Clanronald. Clanronald appeared; but, far from yielding effectual assistance to Argyle, he took the opportunity of being in arms to lay waste the district of Sunart, then belonging to the adherents of Argyle, and sent part of the spoil to relieve the Castle of Mingarry. Thus the castle was maintained until relieved by Allaster Mac-Donald (Colquitto), who had been detached for the purpose by Montrose. These particulars are hardly worth mentioning, were they not connected with the memorable successes of Montrose, related by an eyewitness, and hitherto unknown to Scottish historians.

NOTE C.

Lord of the Isles.—P. 36.

The representative of this independent principality, for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the preëminence of the Scottish crown, was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus

Og; but the name has been, *euphoniæ gratia*, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received in his Castle of Dunnaverty, during the time of his greatest distress. As I shall be equally liable to censure for attempting to decide a controversy which has long existed between three distinguished chieftains of this family, who have long disputed the representation of the Lord of the Isles, or for leaving a question of such importance altogether untouched, I choose, in the first place, to give such information as I have been able to derive from Highland genealogists, and which, for those who have patience to investigate such subjects, really contains some curious information concerning the history of the Isles. In the second place, I shall offer a few remarks upon the rules of succession at that period, without pretending to decide their bearing upon the question at issue, which must depend upon evidence which I have had no opportunity to examine.

“Angus Og,” says an ancient manuscript translated from the Gaelic, “son of Angus Mor, son of Donald, son of Ronald, son of Somerled, high chief and superior Lord of Innisgall, (or the Isles of the Gael, the general name given to the Hebrides,) he married a daughter of Cunbui, namely, Cathan; she was mother to John, son of Angus, and with her came an unusual portion from Ireland, viz: twenty-four clans, of whom twenty-four families in Scotland are descended. Angus had another son, namely, young John Fraoch, whose descendants are called Clan-Ean of Glencoe, and the M'Donalds of Fraoch. This Angus Og died in Isla, where his body was interred

His son John succeeded to the inheritance of Innisgall. He had good descendants, namely, three sons procreate of Ann, daughter of Rodric, high chief of Lorn, and one daughter, Mary, married to John Maclean, Laird of Duart, and Lauchlan, his brother, Laird of Coll; she was interred in the church of the Black Nuns. The eldest sons of John were Ronald, Godfrey, and Angus. . . . He gave Ronald a great inheritance. These were the lands which he gave him, viz. from Kilcumin in Abertarf to the river Seil, and from thence to Beilli, north of Eig and Rum, and the two Uists, and from thence to the foot of the River Glaichan, and threescore long ships. John married afterwards Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, called John Fernyear; she bore him three good sons, Donald of the Isles, the heir, John the Tainister, (*i. e.* Thane,) the second son, and Alexander Carrach. John had another son called Marcus, of whom the clan MacDonald of Cnoc, in Tirowen, are descended. This John lived long, and made donations to Icolmkill; he covered the chapel of Eorsay-Elan, the chapel of Finlagam, and the chapel of the Isle of Tsuibhne, and gave the proper furniture for the service of God, upholding the clergy and monks; he built or repaired the church of the Holy Cross immediately before his death. He died at his own castle of Ardtorinish; many priests and monks took the sacrament at his funeral, and they embalmed the body of this dear man, and brought it to Icolmkill; the abbot, monks, and vicar, came as they ought to meet the King of Fiongal,¹ and out of great respect to his memory

¹ Western Isles and adjacent coast.

mourned eight days and nights over it, and laid it in the same grave with his father, in the church of Oran, 1380.

“ Ronald, son of John, was chief ruler of the Isles in his father’s lifetime, and was old in the government at his father’s death.

“ He assembled the gentry of the Isles, brought the sceptre from Kildonan in Eig, and delivered it to his brother Donald, who was thereupon called M’Donald, and Donald Lord of the Isles,¹ contrary to the opinion of the men of the Isles.

“ Ronald, son of John, son of Angus Og, was a great supporter of the church and clergy; his descendants are called Clanronald. He gave the lands of Tiruma, in Uist, to the minister of it forever, for the honour of God and Columkill; he was proprietor of all the lands of the north along the coast and the isles; he died in the year of Christ 1386, in his own mansion of Castle Tirim, leaving five children. Donald of the Isles, son of John, son of Angus Og, the brother of Ronald, took possession of Innisgall by the consent of his brother and the gentry thereof; they were all obedient to him: he married Mary Lesley, daughter to the Earl of Ross, and by her came the earldom of Ross to the M’Donalds. After his succession to that earldom, he was called M’Donald, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross. There are many things written of him in other places.

“ He fought the battle of Garioch (*i. e.* Harlaw) against Duke Murdoch, the governor, the Earl of Mar commanded the army, in support of his claim to the

¹ Innisgal.

earldom of Ross : which was ceded to him by King James the First, after his release from the King of England, and Duke Murdoch, his two sons and retainers, were beheaded : he gave lands in Mull and Isla to the minister of Hi, and every privilege which the minister of Iona had formerly, besides vessels of gold and silver to Columkill for the monastery, and became himself one of the fraternity. He left issue, a lawful heir to Innisgall and Ross, namely, Alexander, the son of Donald : he died in Isla, and his body was interred in the south side of the temple of Oran. Alexander, called John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles. Angus, the third son of John, son of Angus Og, married the daughter of John, the son of Allan, which connection caused some disagreement betwixt the two families about their marches and division of lands, the one party adhering to Angus, and the other to John : the differences increased so much, that John obtained from Allan all the lands betwixt *Abhan Fahda* (*i. e.* the long river) and *old na sionnach*, (*i. e.* the fox-burn brook,) in the upper part of Cantyre. Allan went to the king to complain of his son-in-law ; in a short time thereafter, there happened to be a great meeting about this young Angus's lands to the north of Inverness, where he was murdered by his own harper Mac-Cairbre, by cutting his throat with a long knife. He¹ lived a year thereafter, and many of those concerned were delivered up to the king. Angus's wife was pregnant at the time of his murder, and she

¹ The murderer, I presume, not the man who was murdered.

bore him a son who was named Donald, and called Donald Du. He was kept in confinement until he was thirty years of age, when he was released by the men of Glenco, by the strong hand. After this enlargement, he came to the Isles, and convened the gentry thereof. There happened great feuds betwixt these families while Donald Du was in confinement, insomuch that Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan destroyed the greatest part of the posterity of John Mor of the Isles and Cantyre. For John Cathanach, son of John, son of Donald Balloch, son of John Mor, son of John, son of Angus Og (the chief of the descendants of John Mor), and John Mor, son of John Cathanach, and young John, son of John Cathanach, and young Donald Balloch, son of John Cathanach, were treacherously taken by Mac-Cean in the island of Finlagan, in Isla, and carried to Edinburgh, where he got them hanged at the Burrow-muir, and their bodies were buried in the church of St. Anthony, called the New Church. There were none left alive at that time of the children of John Cathanach, except Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, and Agnes Flach, who concealed themselves in the glens of Ireland. Mac-Cean, hearing of their hiding-places, went to cut down the woods of these glens, in order to destroy Alexander, and extirpate the whole race. At length M'Cean and Alexander met, were reconciled, and a marriage alliance took place; Alexander married Mac-Cean's daughter, and she brought him good children. The Mac-Donalds of the north had also descendants; for, after the death of John, Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross, and the murder of Angus, Alexander, the son of Archibald, the son

of Alexander of the Isles, took possession, and John was in possession of the earldom of Ross, and the north bordering country; he married a daughter of the Earl of Moray, of whom some of the men of the north had descended. The Mac-Kenzies rose against Alexander, and fought the battle called *Blar na Paire*. Alexander had only a few of the men of Ross at the battle. He went after that battle to take possession of the Isles, and sailed in a ship to the south to see if he could find any of the posterity of John Mor alive, to rise along with him; but Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan watched him as he sailed past, followed him to Oransay and Colonsay, went to the house where he was, and he and Alexander, son of John Cathanach, murdered him there.

“A good while after these things fell out, Donald Galda, son of Alexander, son of Archibald, became major; he, with the advice and direction of the Earl of Moray, came to the Isles, and Mac-Leod of the Lewis, and many of the gentry of the Isles, rose with him: they went by the promontory of Ardnamurchan, where they met Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, were reconciled to him, he joined his men with theirs against Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan, came upon him at a place called the Silver Craig, where he and his three sons, and a great number of his people, were killed, and Donald Galda was immediately declared Mac-Donald. And, after the affair of Ardnamurchan, all the men of the Isles yielded to him, but he did not live above seven or eight weeks after it: he died at Carnaborg, in Mull, without issue. He had three sisters’ daughters of Alexander, son of Archibald, who were portioned in the north upon the con-

continent, but the earldom of Ross was kept for them. Alexander, the son of Archibald, had a natural son, called John Cam, of whom is descended Achnacoichan, in Ramoeh, and Donald Gorm, son of Ronald, son of Alexander Duson, of John Cam. Donald Du, son of Angus, son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles, son of John of the Isles, son of Angus Og, namely, the true heir of the Isles and Ross, came after his release from captivity to the Isles, and convened the men thereof, and he and the earl of Lennox agreed to raise a great army for the purpose of taking possession, and a ship came from England with a supply of money to carry on the war, which landed at Mull, and the money was given to Mac-Lean of Duart to be distributed among the commanders of the army, which they not receiving in proportion as it should have been distributed among them, caused the army to disperse, which, when the Earl of Lennox heard, he disbanded his own men, and made it up with the King. Mac-Donald went to Ireland to raise men, but he died on his way to Dublin, at Drogheda, of a fever, without issue of either sons or daughters."

In this history may be traced, though the Bard, or Seannachie, touches such a delicate discussion with a gentle hand, the point of difference between the three principal septs descended from the Lords of the Isles. The first question, and one of no easy solution, where so little evidence is produced, respects the nature of the connection of John, called by the Archdean of the Isles "the Good John of Ila," and "the last Lord of the Isles," with Anne, daughter of Roderick Mac-Dougal, high-chief of Lorn. In the absence of positive

evidence, presumptive must be resorted to, and I own it appears to render it in the highest degree improbable that this connection was otherwise than legitimate. In the wars between David II. and Edward Baliol, John of the Isles espoused the Baliol interest, to which he was probably determined by his alliance with Roderick of Lorn, who was, from every family predilection, friendly to Baliol and hostile to Bruce. It seems absurd to suppose, that between two chiefs of the same descent, and nearly equal power and rank, (though the Mac-Dougals had been much crushed by Robert Bruce,) such a connection should have been that of concubinage; and it appears more likely that the tempting offer of an alliance with the Bruce family, when they had obtained the decided superiority in Scotland, induced "the good John of Ila" to disinherit, to a certain extent, his eldest son Ronald, who came of a stock so unpopular as the Mac-Dougals, and to call to his succession his younger family, born of Margaret Stuart, daughter of Robert, afterwards King of Scotland. The setting aside of this elder branch of his family, was most probably a condition of his new alliance, and his being received into favour with the dynasty he had always opposed. Nor were the laws of succession at this early period so clearly understood as to bar such transactions. The numerous and strange claims set up to the crown of Scotland, when vacant by the death of Alexander III., make it manifest how very little the indefeasible hereditary right of primogeniture was valued at that period. In fact, the title of the Bruces themselves to the crown, though justly the most popular, when assumed with the determination of asserting the independence of

Scotland, was, upon pure principle, greatly inferior to that of Baliol. For Bruce, the competitor, claimed as son of Isabella, *second* daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon; and John Baliol, as grandson of Margaret, the elder daughter of that same earl. So that the plea of Bruce was founded upon the very loose idea, that as the great grandson of David I., King of Scotland, and the nearest collateral relation of Alexander III., he was entitled to succeed in exclusion of the great great-grandson of the same David, though by an elder daughter. This maxim savoured of the ancient practice of Scotland, which often called a brother to succeed to the crown as nearer in blood than a grandchild, or even a son of a deceased monarch. But, in truth, the maxims of inheritance in Scotland were sometimes departed from at periods when they were much more distinctly understood. Such a transposition took place in the family of Hamilton, in 1513, when the descendants of James, third Lord, by Lady Janet Home, were set aside, with an appanage of great value indeed, in order to call to the succession those which he had by a subsequent marriage with Janet Beatoun. In short, many other examples might be quoted to show that the question of legitimacy is not always determined by the fact of succession; and there seems reason to believe that Ronald, descendant of "John of Ila," by Ann of Lorn, was legitimate, and therefore Lord of the Isles *de jure*, though *de facto* his younger half-brother Donald, son of his father's second marriage with the Princess of Scotland, superseded him in his right, and apparently by his own consent. From this Donald, so preferred, is descended the family of Sleat, now Lords

Mac-Donald. On the other hand, from Ronald, the excluded heir, upon whom a very large appanage was settled, descended the chiefs of Glengary and Clanronald, each of whom had large possessions, and a numerous vassalage, and boasted a long descent of warlike ancestry. Their common ancestor, Ronald, was murdered by the Earl of Ross, at the Monastery of Elcho, A. D. 1346. I believe it has been subject of fierce dispute, whether Donald, who carried on the line of Glengary, or Allan of Moidart, the ancestor of the captains of Clanronald, was the eldest son of Ronald, the son of John of Isla. A humble Lowlander may be permitted to waive the discussion, since a Sennachie of no small note, who wrote in the sixteenth century, expresses himself upon this delicate topic in the following words:—

“I have now given you an account of every thing you can expect of the descendants of the clan Colla, (*i. e.* the Mac-Donalds,) to the death of Donald Du at Drogheda, namely, the true line of those who possessed the Isles, Ross, and the mountainous countries of Scotland. It was Donald, the son of Angus, that was killed at Inverness, by his (own harper Mac-i'-Cairbre,) son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of John, son of Angus Og. And I know not which of his kindred or relations is the true heir, except these five sons of John, the son of Angus Og, whom I here set down for you, namely, Ronald and Godfrey, the two sons of the daughter of Mac-Donald of Lorn, and Donald and John Mor, and Alexander Carrach, the three sons of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert Stewart, King of Scotland.”—*Leabhar Dearg*.

NOTE D.

—*The House of Lorn.*—P. 33.

The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyleshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages. The Lord of Lorn, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, was Allaster (or Alexander) Mac-Dougal, called Allaster of Argyle. He had married the third daughter of John, called the Red Comyn,¹ who was slain by Bruce in the Dominican Church at Dumfries, and hence he was a mortal enemy of that prince, and more than once reduced him to great straits during the early and distressed period of his reign, as we shall have repeated occasion to notice. Bruce, when he began to obtain an ascen-

¹ The aunt, according to Lord Hailes. But the genealogy is distinctly given by Wyntoun:—

“The thryd douchtyr of Red Cwmyn,
Alysawndyr of Argayle syne
Tuk, and weddyt til hys wyf,
And on hyr he gat in-til hys lyfe
Jhon of Lorne, the quhilk gat
Ewyn of Lorne eftyr that.”

WYNTOUN'S *Chronicle*, Book viii., Chap. vi., line 203.

dency in Scotland, took the first opportunity in his power to requite these injuries. He marched into Argyleshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the chieftain, was posted with his followers in the formidable pass between Dalmally and Bunawe. It is a narrow path along the verge of the huge and precipitous mountain, called Cruachan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch Awe. The pass seems to the eye of a soldier as strong, as it is wild and romantic to that of an ordinary traveller. But the skill of Bruce had anticipated this difficulty. While his main body, engaged in a skirmish with the men of Lorn, detained their attention to the front of their position, James of Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Grey, ascended the mountain with a select body of archery, and obtained possession of the heights which commanded the pass. A volley of arrows descending upon them directly warned the Argyleshire men of their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river of Awe was then (we learn the fact from Barbour with some surprise) crossed by a bridge. This bridge the mountaineers attempted to demolish, but Bruce's followers were too close upon their rear; they were, therefore, without refuge and defence, and were dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, suspicious of the event, had early betaken himself to the galleys which he had upon the lake; but the feelings which Barbour assigns to him, while witnessing the rout and slaughter of his followers, exculpate him from the charge of cowardice.

“ To Jhone off Lorne it suld displese
I trow, quhen he his men mycht se,
Owte off his schippis fra the se,
Be slayne and chassyt in the hill,
That he mycht set na help thar till.
Bot it angrys als gretumly,
To gud hartis that ar worthi,
To se thair fayis fulfill thair will
As to thaim selff to thole the ill.”—B. vii., v. 394

After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyleshire, and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, on the western shore of Lorn, compelled it to surrender, and placed in that principal stronghold of the Mac Dougals a garrison and governor of his own. The elder Mac-Dougal, now wearied with the contest, submitted to the victor; but his son, “rebellious,” says Barbour, “as he wont to be,” fled to England by sea. When the wars between the Bruce and Baliol factions again broke out in the reign of David II., the Lords of Lorn were again found upon the losing side, owing to their hereditary enmity to the house of Bruce. Accordingly, upon the issue of that contest, they were deprived by David II. and his successor of by far the greater part of their extensive territories, which were conferred upon Stewart, called the Knight of Lorn. The house of Mac-Dougal continued, however, to survive the loss of power, and affords a very rare, if not a unique, instance of a family of such unlimited power, and so distinguished during the middle ages, surviving the decay of their grandeur, and flourishing in a private station. The Castle of Dunolly, near Oban, with its dependencies, was the principal part of what remained to them, with their right of chieftainship over the families of their name and blood

These they continued to enjoy until the year 1715, when the representative incurred the penalty of forfeiture, for his accession to the insurrection of that period; thus losing the remains of his inheritance, to replace upon the throne the descendants of those princes, whose accession his ancestors had opposed at the expense of their feudal grandeur. The estate was, however, restored about 1745, to the father of the present proprietor, whom family experience had taught the hazard of interfering with the established government, and who remained quiet upon that occasion. He therefore regained his property when many Highland chiefs lost theirs.

Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory, overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part which remains is the donjon, or keep; but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had been once a place of importance, as large apparently as Artornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments enclose a courtyard, of which the keep probably formed one side; the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, and defended doubtless by outworks and a drawbridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on the one hand Loch Etive, with its islands and mountains, on the other two romantic eminences tufted with copsewood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene; in particular, a huge upright pillar, or detached fragment of that sort of rock called plum-pudding stone, upon the shore, about a

quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called *Clach-nu-Cau*, or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say, that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs brought for his sport were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived; and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life. It is at present possessed by Patrick Mac-Dougal, Esq., the lineal and undisputed representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn. The heir of Dunolly fell lately in Spain, fighting under the Duke of Wellington,—a death well becoming his ancestry.

NOTE E.

*"Fill me the mighty cup," he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled."*—P. 58.

An Hebridean drinking-cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the Castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leod of Mac-Leod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of Rorie More, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scotland. The following is a pretty accurate description of its shape and dimensions, but cannot, I fear, be perfectly understood without a drawing.

This very curious piece of antiquity is nine inches and three quarters in inside depth, and ten and a half in height on the outside, the extreme measure over the lips being four inches and a half. The cup is divided into two parts by a wrought ledge, beautifully ornamented, about three fourths of an inch in breadth. Beneath this ledge the shape of the cup is rounded off, and terminates in a flat circle, like that of a tea-cup; four short feet support the whole. Above the projecting ledge the shape of the cup is nearly square, projecting outward at the brim. The cup is made of wood, (oak to all appearance,) but most curiously wrought and embossed with silver work, which projects from the vessel. There are a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set with stones; two or three of them still hold pieces of coral, the rest are empty. At the four corners of the projecting ledge, or cornice, are four sockets, much larger, probably for pebbles or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge brim, and legs of the cup, are of silver. The family tradition bears that it was the property of Neil Ghlune-dhu, or Black-knee. But who this Neil was, no one pretends to say. Around the edge of the cup is a legend, perfectly legible, in the Saxon black-letter, which seems to run thus:

Ufo: Jôhîs: Mîch: || Mîgn: Pncîpîs: De: ||
 Mr: Mânæ: Vîch: || Lîahîa: Mîgryneîl: ||
 Et: Spat: Do: Jhu: Da: || Clea: Mîldra Jpa: ||
 Jecît: Ano: Dî: Jr: 930 Gnîlî: Gîmî: ||

The inscription may run thus at length: *Ufo Jchanis*

Mich Magni Principis de Hr Manae Vich Liahia Magryneil et sperat Domino Ihesu dari clementiam illorum opera. Fecit Anno Domini 993 Onili Oimi. Which may run in English: Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the Grandson of Liahia Macgryneil, trust in the Lord Jesus that their works (*i. e.* his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy Oneil Oimi made this in the year of God nine hundred and ninety-three.

But this version does not include the puzzling letters HR before the word Manae. Within the mouth of the cup the letters *Jhs.* (Jesus) are repeated four times. From this and other circumstances it would seem to have been a chalice. This circumstance may perhaps account for the use of the two Arabic numerals 93. These figures were introduced by Pope Sylvester, A.D. 991, and might be used in a vessel formed for church service so early as 993. The workmanship of the whole cup is extremely elegant, and resembles, I am told, antiques of the same nature preserved in Ireland.

The cups, thus elegantly formed, and highly valued, were by no means utensils of mere show. Martin gives the following account of the festivals of his time, and I have heard similar instances of brutality in the Lowlands at no very distant period.

“The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles is called in their language *Streah*, *i. e.* a Round; for the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer fill’d the drink round to them, and all was drank out, whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak; they continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours: It was reckoned a piece of manhood

to drink until they became drunk, and there were two men with a barrow attending punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carried them upon the barrow to bed, and returned again to their post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became drunk. Several of my acquaintance have been witnesses to this custom of drinking, but it is now abolished."

This savage custom was not entirely done away with in this last generation. I have heard of a gentleman who happened to be a water-drinker, and was permitted to abstain from the strong potations of the company. The bearers carried away one man after another, till no one was left but this Scottish Mirgrip. They then came to do him the same good office, which, however, he declined as unnecessary, and proposed to walk to his bedroom. It was a permission he could not obtain. Never such a thing had happened, they said, in the castle! that it was impossible but he must require their assistance, at any rate he must submit to receive it; and carried him off in the barrow accordingly. A classical penalty was sometimes imposed on those who baulked the rules of good fellowship by evading their share of the banquet. The same author continues:—

"Among persons of distinction it was reckoned an affront put upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or aquavitæ, and not to see it all drank out at one meeting. If any man chance to go out from the company, though but for a few minutes, he is obliged, upon his return, and before he take his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which if he cannot perform, he is liable to such a share of

the reckoning as the company thinks fit to impose; which custom obtains in many places still, and is called Bianchiz Bard, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company."

Few cups were better, at least more actively employed in the rude hospitality of the period, than those of Dunvegan; one of which we have just described. There is in the Leabhar Dearg, a song intimating the overflowing gratitude of a bard of Clan Ronald, after the exuberance of a Hebridean festival at the patriarchal fortress of Mac-Leod. The translation being obviously very literal, has greatly flattened, as I am informed, the enthusiastic gratitude of the ancient bard; and it must be owned that the works of Homer or Virgil, to say nothing of Mac-Vuirich, might have suffered by their transfusion through such a medium. It is pretty plain that when the tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Rorie More had not been inactive.

Upon Sir Roderic Mor Macleod, by Niall Mor Mac Vuirich.

"The six nights I remained in the Dunvegan, it was not a show of hospitality I met with there, but a plentiful feast in thy fair hall among thy numerous host of heroes.

"The family, placed all around under the protection of their great chief, raised by his prosperity and respect for his warlike feats, now enjoying the company of his friends at the feast,—Amidst the sound of harps, overflowing cups, and happy youth unaccustomed to guile, or feud, partaking of the generous fare by a flaming fire.

“Mighty Chief, liberal to all in your princely mansion, filled with your numerous warlike host, whose generous wine would overcome the hardiest heroes, yet we continued to enjoy the feast, so happy our host, so generous our fare”—*Translated by D. MacIntosh.*

It would be unpardonable in a modern bard, who has experienced the hospitality of Dunvegan Castle, in the present day, to omit paying his own tribute of gratitude for a reception more elegant indeed, but not less kindly sincere, than Sir Roderick More himself could have afforded. But Johnson has already described a similar scene in the same ancient patriarchal residence of the Lords of Mac-Leod: “Whatever is imaged in the wildest tales, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried, amidst his terror and uncertainty, to the hospitality and elegance of Raasay or Dunvegan.”

NOTE F.

The Broach of Lorn.—P. 66.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord

of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Dougals of Lorn, that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dougal was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms M' Keoch, rescued him by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle, and broach which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochs. A studded broach, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dougal, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

The metrical history of Barbour throws an air of credibility upon the tradition, although it does not entirely coincide either in the names or number of the vassals by whom Bruce was assailed, and makes no mention of the personal danger of Lorn, or of the loss of Bruce's mantle. The last circumstance, indeed, might be warrantably omitted.

According to Barbour, the King, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered Lorn with about a thousand Argyleshire men, in Glen-Douchart, at the head of Breadalbane, near Teyndrum. The place of action is still

called Dalry, or the King's Field. The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, of which the Argyleshire Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturous assailants. Lorn, observing the skill and valour used by his enemy in protecting the retreat of his followers, "Methinks, Murthockson," said he, addressing one of his followers, "he resembles Gol Mak-morn, protecting his followers from Fingal."—"A most unworthy comparison," observes the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, unsuspecting of the future fame of these names; "he might with more propriety have compared the king to Sir Gaudefer de Layrs, protecting the foragers of Gadyrs against the attacks of Alexander."¹ Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, whose names Barbour calls Mackyn-Drosser, (interpreted Durward, or Porterson, resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person (perhaps the MacKeoch of the family tradition) associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their oppor-

¹ "This is a very curious passage, and has been often quoted in the Ossianic controversy. That it refers to ancient Celtic tradition, there can be no doubt, and as little that it refers to no incident in the poems published by Mr. Macpherson as from the Gaelic. The hero of romance, whom Barbour thinks a more proper prototype for the Bruce, occurs in the romance of Alexander, of which there is a unique translation into Scottish verse, in the library of the Honourable Mr. Maule of Panmure."—See WEBER'S *Romances*, vol. i. Appendix to Introduction, p. lxxiii.

tunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake (Loch Dochart probably) and a precipice, where the king, who was the last of the party, had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprung upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavored to dismount him, but the king, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, still holding by the stirrup. The third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprung up behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most men; extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew the stirrup from his grasp whom he had overthrown, and killed him also with his sword as he lay among the horse's feet. The story seems romantic, but this was the age of romantic exploit; and it must be remembered that Bruce was armed cap-a-pie, and the assailants were half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. Mac-Naughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration. "It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends." "Not so, by my faith," replied Mac-Naughton; "but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one, who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce."

NOTE G.

*Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sur^e of murder's work.—P. 68.*

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland, was the death of John, called the Red Comyn. The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians, and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfriars Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the church, Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him what tidings? "Bad tidings," answered Bruce, "I doubt I have slain Comyn."—"Doubtest thou?" said Kirkpatrick; "I make sicker," (*i. e.* sure.) With these words, he and Lindsay rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Comyn. The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed, in memory of this deed, a hand holding a dagger, with the memorable words, "I make sicker." Some doubt having been started by the late Lord Hailes as to the identity of the Kirkpatrick who completed this day's work with Sir Roger, then representative of the ancient family of Closeburn, my kind and ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, has furnished me with the following memorandum, which appears to fix the deed with his ancestor:

“The circumstances of the Regent Cummin’s murder, from which the family of Kirkpatrick, in Nithsdale, is said to have derived its crest and motto, are well known to all conversant with Scottish history; but Lord Hailes has started a doubt as to the authenticity of this tradition, when recording the murder of Roger Kirkpatrick, in his own castle of Caerlaverock, by Sir James Lindsay. ‘Fordun,’ says his Lordship, ‘remarks that Lindsay and Kirkpatrick were the heirs of the two men who accompanied Robert Brus at the fatal conference with Comyn. If Fordun was rightly informed as to this particular, an argument arises, in support of a notion which I have long entertained, that the person who struck his dagger in Comyn’s heart, was *not* the representative of the honourable family of Kirkpatrick in Nithsdale. Roger de K. was made prisoner at the battle of Durham, in 1346. Roger de Kirkpatrick was alive on the 6th of August, 1357; for, on that day, Humphry, the son and heir of Roger de K., is proposed as one of the young gentlemen who were to be hostages for David Bruce. Roger de K. Miles was present at the Parliament held at Edinburgh, 25th September, 1357, and he is mentioned as alive 3d October, 1357, (*Fædera*;) it follows, of necessary consequence, that Roger de K., murdered in June, 1357, must have been a different person.’—*Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 242.

“To this it may be answered, that at the period of the regent’s murder, there were only *two* families of the name of Kirkpatrick (nearly allied to each other) in existence—Stephen Kirkpatrick, styled in the Chartulary of Kelso (1278) *Dominus villæ de Closeburn, Filius et hæres Domini Ade de Kirkpatrick, Mili-*

tis, (whose father, Ivone de Kirkpatrick, witnesses a charter of Robert Brus, Lord of Anandale, before the year 1141,) had two sons, Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closeburn, and Duncan, who married Isobel, daughter and heiress of Sir David Torthorwald of that ilk; they had a charter of the lands of Torthorwald from King Robert Brus, dated 10th August, the year being omitted—Umphray, the son of Duncan and Isobel, got a charter of Torthorwald from the king, 16th July, 1322—his son, Roger of Torthorwald, got a charter from John the Grahame, son of Sir John Grahame of Mosskessen, of an annual rent of 40 shillings, out of the lands of Overdryft, 1355,—his son, William Kirkpatrick, grants a charter to John of Garroch, of the twa merk land of Glengip and Garvellgill, within the tenement of Wamphray, 22d April, 1372. From this, it appears that the Torthorwald branch was not concerned in the affair of Comyn's murder, and the inflictions of Providence which ensued: Duncan Kirkpatrick, if we are to believe the Blind Minstrel, was the firm friend of Wallace, to whom he was related:—

‘ Ane Kyrk Patrick, that cruel was and keyne,
In Esdaill wod that half yer he had beyne;
With Ingliss men he couth nocht weyll accord,
Off Torthorowald he Barron was and Lord,
Off kyn he was, and Wallace modyr ner; ’—&c.

B. v., v. 920.

But this Baron seems to have had no share in the adventures of King Robert; the crest of his family, as it still remains on a carved stone built into a cottage wall, in the village of Torthorwald, bears some resemblance, says Grose, to a rose.

“Universal tradition, and all our later historians, have attributed the regent’s death-blow to Sir Roger K. of Closeburn. The author of the MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates’ Library, affirms, that the crest and motto were given by the king on that occasion; and proceeds to relate some circumstances respecting a grant to a cottager and his wife in the vicinity of Closeburn Castle, which are certainly authentic, and strongly vouch for the truth of the other report.—‘The steep hill,’ (says he,) ‘called the Dune of Tynron, of a considerable height, upon the top of which there hath been some habitation or fort. There have been in ancient times, on all hands of it, very thick woods, and great about that place, which made it the more inaccessible, into which K. Ro. Bruce is said to have been conducted by Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, after they had killed the Cumin at Dumfriess, which is nine miles from this place, whereabout it is probable that he did abide for some time thereafter; and it is reported, that during his abode there, he did often divert to a poor man’s cottage, named Brownrig, situate in a small parcel of stoney ground, incompassed with thick woods, where he was content sometimes with such mean accommodation as the place could afford. The poor man’s wife being advised to petition the king for somewhat, was so modest in her desires, that she sought no more but security for the croft in her husband’s possession, and a liberty of pasturage for a very few cattle of different kinds on the hill, and the rest of the bounds. Of which priviledge that ancient family, by the injury of time, hath a long time been, and is, deprived: but the croft continues in the possession of the heirs and successours lineally

descended of this Browurig and his wife ; so that this family, being more ancient than rich, doth yet continue in the name, and, as they say, retains the old charter.”
 —*MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh.*

NOTE H.

*Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye,
 And valiant Seton—where are they?
 Where Somerville, the kind and free?
 And Fraser, flower of chivalry?—P. 83.*

When these lines were written, the author was remote from the means of correcting his indistinct recollection concerning the individual fate of Bruce's followers, after the battle of Methven. Hugh de la Haye, and Thomas Somerville of Lintoun and Cowdally, ancestor of Lord Somerville, were both made prisoners at that defeat, but neither was executed.

Sir Nigel Bruce was the younger brother of Robert, to whom he committed the charge of his wife and daughter, Marjorie, and the defence of his strong castle of Kildrummie, near the head of the Don, in Aberdeenshire. Kildrummie long resisted the arms of the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, until the magazine was treacherously burnt. The garrison was then compelled to surrender at discretion, and Nigel Bruce, a youth remarkable for personal beauty, as well as for gallantry, fell into the hands of the unrelenting Edward. He was tried by a special commission at Berwick, was condemned, and executed.

Christopher Seatoun shared the same unfortunate fate. He also was distinguished by personal valour, and signalized himself in the fatal battle of Methven. Robert Bruce adventured his person in that battle like a knight of romance. He dismounted Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but was in his turn dismounted by Sir Philip Mowbray. In this emergence Seatoun came to his aid, and remounted him. Langtoft mentions, that in this battle the Scottish wore white surplices, or shirts, over their armour, that those of rank might not be known. In this manner both Bruce and Seatoun escaped. But the latter was afterwards betrayed to the English, through means, according to Barbour, of one MacNab, "a disciple of Judas," in whom the unfortunate knight reposed entire confidence. There was some peculiarity respecting his punishment; because, according to Matthew of Westminster, he was considered not as a Scottish subject, but an Englishman. He was therefore taken to Dumfries, where he was tried, condemned, and executed, for the murder of a soldier slain by him. His brother, John de Seton, had the same fate at Newcastle; both were considered as accomplices in the slaughter of Comyn; but in what manner they were particularly accessory to that deed does not appear.

The fate of Sir Simon Fraser, or Frizel, ancestor of the family of Lovat, is dwelt upon at great length, and with savage exultation, by the English historians. This knight, who was renowned for personal gallantry, and high deeds of chivalry, was also made prisoner, after a gallant defence, in the battle of Methven. Some stanzas of a ballad of the times, which, for the

“ He rideth through the city, as I tell may,
 With gamen and with solace that was their play,
 To London-bridge he took the way,
 Mony was the wives child that thereon lacketh a day,¹
 And said, alas!

That he was y-born
 And so vilely forlorn,
 So fair man he was.²

“ Now standeth the heved above the tu-brigge,
 Fast by Wallace sooth for to segge;
 After succour of Scotland long may he pry,
 And after help of France what halt it to lie,
 I ween,
 Better him were in Scotland,
 With his axe in his hand,
 To play on the green,” &c.

The preceding stanzas contain probably as minute an account as can be found of the trial and execution of state criminals of the period. Superstition mingled its horrors with those of a ferocious state policy, as appears from the following singular narrative.

“ The Friday next, before the assumption of Our Lady, King Edward met Robert the Bruce at Saint Johnstoune, in Scotland, and with his company, of which company King Edward quelde seven thousand. When Robert the Bruce saw this mischief and gan to flee, and hov’d him that men might not him find; but S. Simond Frisell pursued was so sore, so that he turned again and abode bataille, for he was a worthy knight and a bolde of bodye, and the Englishmen

¹ viz. Saith Lack-a-day.—² The gallant knight, like others in the same situation, was pitied by the female spectators as “ a proper young man.”

pursued him sore on every side, and quelde the steed that Sir Simon Frisell rode upon, and then toke him and led him to the host. And S. Symond began for to flatter and speke fair, and saide, Lordys, I shall give you four thousand markes of silver, and myne horse and harness, and all my armoure and income. Tho' answered Thobaude of Pevenes, that was the kinge's archer, Now, God me so helpe, it is for nought that thou speakest, for all the gold of England I would not let thee go without commandment of King Edward. And tho' he was led to the King, and the King would not see him, but commanded to lead him away to his doom in London, on Our Lady's even nativity. And he was hung and drawn, and his head smitten off, and hanged again with chains of iron upon the gallows, and his head was set at London-bridge upon a spear, and against Christmas the body was burnt, for encheson (*reason*) that the men that kepted the body saw many devils ramping with iron crooks, running upon the gallows, and horribly tormenting the body. And many that them saw, anon thereafter, died for dread, or waxen mad, or sore sickness they had."—*MS. Chronicle in the British Museum, quoted by Ritson.*

NOTE I.

I feel within mine aged breast

A power that will not be repress'd.—P. 90.

Bruce, like other heroes, observed omens, and one is recorded by tradition. After he had retreated to one of the miserable places of shelter, in which he

could venture to take some repose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned himself to his melancholy meditations. He had now been defeated four times, and was upon the point of resolving to abandon all hopes of further opposition to his fate, and to go to the Holy Land. It chanced his eye, while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, endeavoured to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntarily he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would decide his own course according to the success or failure of the spider. At the seventh effort the insect gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own. Hence it has been held unlucky or ungrateful, or both, in one of the name of Bruce to kill a spider.

The archdeacon of Aberdeen, instead of the abbot of this tale, introduces an Irish Pythoness, who not only predicted his good fortune as he left the island of Rachrin, but sent her two sons along with him, to ensure her own family a share in it.

“ Then in schort time men mycht thaim se
 Schute all their galayis to the se,
 And ber to see baith ayr and ster'
 And othyr thingis that mystir ¹ wer.
 And as the king apon the sand
 Wes gangand wp and doun, bidand ²
 Till that his menye redy war,

¹ Need.

² Abiding.

His ost come rycht till him thar.
And quhen that scho him halyst had,
And priwé spek till him scho made;
And said, 'Takis gud kep till my saw:
For or ye pass I sall yow schaw,
Off your fortoun a gret party.
Bot our all speceally
A wyttring her I sail yow ma,
Quhat end that your purposss sall ta.
For in this land is nane trew
Wate thingis to cum sa weill as I.
Ye pass now furth on your wiage,
To wenge the harme, and the owtrag,
That Ingliss men has to yow done;
Bot ye wat nocht quhatkyne forton
Ye mon drey in your werraying.
Bot wyt ye weill, with outyn lesing,
That fra ye now haiff takyn land,
Nane sa mychty, na sa strenth thi of hand,
Sall ger yow pass owt of your countré
Till all to yow abandownyt be.
With in schort tyme ye sall be king,
And haiff the land at your liking,
And ourcum your fayis all.
Bot fele anoyis thole ye sall,
Or that your purposss end haiff tane:
Bot ye sall thaim ourdryve ilkane.
And, that ye trow this sekyrly,
My twa sonnys with yow sall I
Send to tak part of your trawaill;
For I wate weill thai sall nocht faill
To be rewardyt weill at rycht,
Quher ye ar heyt to yowr mycht.''

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book iii., v. 556.

NOTE K.

*A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled.—P. 90.*

This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually

——— “ring

With the bloodhounds that bayed for her fugitive king.”

A very curious and romantic tale is told by Barbour upon this subject, which may be abridged as follows:—

When Bruce had again got footing in Scotland in the spring of 1306, he continued to be in a very weak and precarious condition, gaining, indeed, occasional advantages, but obliged to fly before his enemies whenever they assembled in force. Upon one occasion, while he was lying with a small party in the wilds of Cumnock, in Ayrshire, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, with his inveterate foe John of Lorn, came against him suddenly with eight hundred Highlanders, besides a large body of men-at-arms. They brought with them a slough-dog, or bloodhound, which, some say, had been once a favourite with the Bruce himself, and therefore was least likely to lose the trace.

Bruce, whose force was under four hundred men, continued to make head against the cavalry, till the men of Lorn had nearly cut off his retreat. Perceiving the danger of his situation, he acted as the celebrated and ill-requited Mina is said to have done

in similar circumstances. He divided his force into three parts, appointed a place of rendezvous, and commanded them to retreat by different routes. But when John of Lorn arrived at the spot where they divided, he caused the hound to be put upon the trace, which immediately directed him to the pursuit of that party which Bruce headed. This, therefore, Lorn pursued with his whole force, paying no attention to the others. The king again subdivided his small body into three parts, and with the same result, for the pursuers attached themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then caused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself and his attendants to pursuit of the king. Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers. "What aid wilt thou make?" said Bruce to his single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on him. "The best I can," replied his foster-brother. "Then," said Bruce, "here I make my stand." The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who encountered him; but observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprung to his assistance, and despatched one of his assailants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy, which in the whole work marks

Bruce's character, he thanked his foster-brother for his aid. "It likes you to say so," answered his follower; "but you yourself slew four of the five."—"True," said the king, "but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to return equally unexpectedly upon my own opponents."

In the meanwhile Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster-brother betook themselves to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near, that his foster-brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. "I have heard," answered the king, "that whosoever will wade a bow-shot length down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent.—Let us try the experiment, for were yon devilish hound silenced, I should care little for the rest."

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his moan, and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the side of the brook, down which the king had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relinquished the pursuit.

"Others," says Barbour, "affirm, that upon this occasion the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who, perceiving they would be finally taken by means of the bloodhound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot him with an arrow.

In which way," adds the metrical biographer, "this escape happened, I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his pursuers."

"Quhen the chasseris relyit war,
And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thar,
He tauld Schyr Aymer all the cass
How that the king eschapyt wass:
And how that he his five men slew,
And syne to the wode him drew.
Quhen Schyr Aymer herd this, in hy
He sanyt him for the ferly:
And said: 'He is gretly to pryss;
For I knaw nane that liffand is,
That at myscheyff gan help him swa.
I trow he suld be hard to sla,
And he war bodyn ¹ ewynly.'
On this wiss spak Schyr Aymery."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book v., v. 391.

The English historians agree with Barbour as to the mode in which the English pursued Bruce and his followers, and the dexterity with which he evaded them. The following is the testimony of Harding, a great enemy to the Scottish nation:—

"The King Edward with hoost hym sought full sore,
But ay he fled into woodes and strayte forest,
And slewe his men at staytes and daungers thore,
And at marreys and mires was ay full prest
Englyshmen to kyll withoutyn any rest;
In the mountaynes and cragges he slew ay where,
And in the nyght his foes he frayed full sere:

"The King Edward with hornes and houndes him soght,
With menne on fote, through marris, mosse, and myre,

¹ Matched.

Through wodes also, and mountens (wher thei fought,)
 And euer the Kyng Edward hight men greate hyre,
 Hym for to take and by myght conquere;
 But thei might hym not gette by force ne by train,
 He satte by the fyre when thei went in the rain."

HARDYNG'S *Chronicle*, pp. 303 -4.

Peter Langtoft has also a passage concerning the extremities to which King Robert was reduced, which he entitles

De Roberto Brus et fuga circum circa fit.

" And wele I understode that the Kyng Robyn
 Has drunken of that blode the drink of Dan Waryn.
 Dan Waryn he les tounes that he held,
 With wrong he mad a res, and misberyng of scheld,
 Sithen into the forest he yede naked and wode,
 Als a wild beast, ete of the gres that stode,
 Thus of Dan Waryn in his boke men rede,
 God gyf the King Robyn, that alle his kynde so spede,
 Sir Robynet the Brus he durst noure abide,
 That thei mad him restus, both in more and wod-side,
 To while he mad this train, and did umwhile outrage," &c.

PETER LANGTOFT'S *Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 335,
 8vo, London, 1810.

NOTE L.

*These are the savage wilds that lie
 North of Strathnardill and Dunsbye.—P. 108.*

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe, is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the

Laird of MacLeod's country, which is thereabouts divided from the estate of Mr. Maccallister of Strath-Aird, called Strathnardill by the Dean of the Isles. The following account of it is extracted from a journal¹ kept during a tour through the Scottish islands :—

“The western coast of Sky is highly romantic, and at the same time displays a richness of vegetation in the lower grounds to which we have hitherto been strangers. We passed three salt-water lochs, or deep embayments, called Loch Bracadale, Loch Einort, and Loch ———, and about 11 o'clock opened Loch Slavig. We were now under the western termination of the high ridge of mountains called Cuillen, or Quillin, or Coolin, whose weather-beaten and serrated peaks we had admired at a distance from Dunvegan. They sunk here upon the sea, but with the same bold and peremptory aspect which their distant appearance indicated. They appeared to consist of precipitous sheets of naked rock, down which the torrents were leaping in a hundred lines of foam. The tops of the ridge, apparently inaccessible to human foot, were rent and split into the most tremendous pinnacles. Towards the base of these bare and precipitous crags, the ground, enriched by the soil washed down from them, is comparatively verdant and productive. Where we passed within the small isle of Soa, we entered Loch Slavig, under the shoulder of one of these grisly mountains, and observed that the opposite side of the loch was of a milder character, the mountains being softened down into steep green

¹ [This is the Poet's own journal —ED.]

declivities. From the bottom of the bay advanced a headland of high rocks, which divided its depth into two recesses, from each of which a brook issued. Here it had been intimated to us we would find some romantic scenery; but we were uncertain up which inlet we should proceed in search of it. We chose, against our better judgment, the southerly dip of the bay, where we saw a house which might afford us information. We found, upon enquiry, that there is a lake adjoining to each branch of the bay; and walked a couple of miles to see that near the farm-house. merely because the honest highlander seemed jealous of the honour of his own loch, though we were speedily convinced it was not that which we were recommended to examine. It had no particular merit, excepting from its neighbourhood to a very high cliff, or precipitous mountain, otherwise the sheet of water had nothing differing from any ordinary low-country lake. We returned and reëmbarked in our boat, for our guide shook his head at our proposal to climb over the peninsula, or rocky headland which divided the two lakes. In rowing round the headland, we were surprised at the infinite number of sea-fowl, then busy apparently with a shoal of fish.

“ Arrived at the depth of the bay, we found that the discharge from this second lake forms a sort of waterfall, or rather a rapid stream, which rushes down to the sea with great fury and precipitation. Round this place were assembled hundreds of trouts and salmon, struggling to get up into the fresh water: with a net we might have had twenty salmon at a haul and a sailor, with no better hook than a crooked pin, caught a dish of trouts during our absence. Advancing

up this huddling and riotous brook, we found ourselves in a most extraordinary scene; we lost sight of the sea almost immediately after we had climbed over a low ridge of crags, and were surrounded by mountains of naked rock, of the boldest and most precipitous character. The ground on which we walked was the margin of a lake, which seemed to have sustained the constant ravage of torrents from these rude neighbours. The shores consisted of huge strata of naked granite, here and there intermixed with bogs, and heaps of gravel and sand piled in the empty watercourses. Vegetation there was little or none; and the mountains rose so perpendicularly from the water edge, that Borrowdale, or even Glencoe, is a jest to them. We proceeded a mile and a half up this deep, dark, and solitary lake, which was about two miles long, half a mile broad, and is, as we learned, of extreme depth. The murky vapours which enveloped the mountain ridges, obliged us by assuming a thousand varied shapes, changing their drapery into all sorts of forms, and sometimes clearing off all together. It is true, the mist made us pay the penalty by some heavy and downright showers, from the frequency of which a Highland boy, whom we brought from the farm, told us the lake was popularly called the Water-kettle. The proper name is Loch Corriakin, from the deep corrie, or hollow, in the mountains of Cuillen, which affords the basin for this wonderful sheet of water. It is as exquisite a savage scene as Loch Katrine is a scene of romantic beauty. After having penetrated so far as distinctly to observe the termination of the lake under an immense precipice, which rises abruptly from the water, we returned, and

often stopped to admire the ravages which storms must have made in these recesses, where all human witnesses were driven to places of more shelter and security. Stones, or rather large masses and fragments of rocks of a composite kind, perfectly different from the strata of the lake, were scattered upon the bare rocky beach, in the strangest and most precarious situations, as if abandoned by the torrents which had borne them down above. Some lay loose and tottering upon the ledges of the natural rock, with so little security, that the slightest push moved them, though their weight might exceed many tons. These detached rocks, or stones, were chiefly what is called plum-pudding stones. The bare rocks, which formed the shore of the lakes, were a species of granite. The opposite side of the lake seemed quite pathless and inaccessible, as a huge mountain, one of the detached ridges of the Cuillen hills, sinks in a profound and perpendicular precipice down to the water. On the left-hand side, which we traversed, rose a higher and equally inaccessible mountain, the top of which strongly resembled the shivered crater of an exhausted volcano. I never saw a spot in which there was less appearance of vegetation of any kind. The eye rested on nothing but barren and naked crags, and the rocks on which we walked by the side of the loch, were as bare as the pavements of Cheapside. There are one or two small islets in the loch, which seemed to bear juniper, or some such low bushy shrub. Upon the whole, though I have seen many scenes of more extensive desolation, I never witnessed any in which it pressed more deeply upon the eye and the heart than at Loch Corriskien; at the same time that its

grandeur elevated and redeemed it from the wild and dreary character of utter barrenness."

NOTE M.

*Men were they all of evil mien,
Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen.*—P. 115.

The story of Bruce's meeting the banditti is copied, with such alterations as the fictitious narrative rendered necessary, from a striking incident in the monarch's history, told by Barbour, and which I shall give in the words of the hero's biographer. It is the sequel to the adventure of the bloodhound, narrated in Note K. It will be remembered that the narrative broke off, leaving the Bruce escaped from his pursuers, but worn out with fatigue, and having no other attendant but his foster-brother.

" And the gud king held forth his way,
Betuix him and his man, quhill thai
Passyt owt throw the forest war;
Syne in the more thai entryt thar.
It wes bathe hey, and lang, and braid;
And or thai halff it passyt had,
Thai saw on syd three men cummand,
Lik to lycht men and wauerand.
Swerdis thai had, and axys als;
And ane off thaim, apon his hals,¹
A mekill boundyn wethir bar.
Thai met the king, and halist² him thar:
And the king thaim thar hailsing yauld;³
And askyt them quethir thai wauld.

¹ Neck.—² Saluted.—³ Returned their salute.

Thai said, Robert the Bruyss thai soucht;
 For mete with him giff that thai moucht,
 Thar duelling with him wauld thai ma.¹
 The king said, ' Giff that ye will swa,
 Haldys furth your way with me,
 And I sall ger yow sone him se.'

" Thai persawyt, be his speking,
 That he wes the selwyn Robert king.
 And chaungyt contenance and late;²
 And held nocht in the fyrst state.
 For thai war fayis to the king;
 And thought to cum in to sculking,
 And duell with him, quhill that thai saw
 Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw.³
 Thai grantyt till his spek forthi.⁴
 Bot the king, that wes witty,
 Persawyt weill, by thar hawing,
 That thai luffyt him na thing:
 And said, ' Falowis, ye mon, all thre,
 Forthir aqwent till that we be,
 All be your selwyn furth ga;
 And, on the samyn wyss, we twa
 Sall folow behind weill ner.'
 Quoth thai, ' Schyr, it is na myster⁵
 To trow in ws ony ill.'
 ' Nane do I,' said he; ' bot I will,
 That yhe ga fourth thus, quhill we
 Better with othyr knawin be.'
 ' We grant,' thai said, ' sen ye will swa: '
 And furth apon thair gate gan ga.

" Thus yeid thai till the nycht wes ner.
 And than the formast cummyn wer
 Till a waist housband houss;⁶ and thar
 Thai slew the wethir that thi bar:
 And slew fyr for to rost thar mete;
 And askyt the king giff he wald ete,

¹ Make.—² Gesture or manner.—³ Kill him.—⁴ Therefore.—
⁵ There is no need.—⁶ Husbandman's house, cottage.

And rest him till the mete war dycht.
 The king, that hungry was, Ik hycht,
 Assentyt till thair spek in hy.
 Bot he said, he wald anerly ¹
 At a fyr; and thai all thre
 On na wyss with thaim till gyddre be.
 In the end off the houss thai suld ma
 Ane othyr fyr: and thai did swa.
 Thai drew thaim in the houss end,
 And halff the wethir till him send.
 And thai rostyt in hy thair mete;
 And fell rycht freschly for till ete,
 For the king weill lang fastyt had;
 And had rycht mekill trawail mad:
 Tharfor he eyt full egrely.
 And quhen he had etyn hastily,
 He had to slep sa mekill will,
 That he moucht set na let thar till.
 For quhen the wanys ² fillyt ar,
 Men worthys ³ hewy euirmar;
 And to slepe drawys hewynes.
 The king, that all fortrawaillyt ⁴ wes,
 Saw that him worthyt slep nedwayis.
 Till his fostyr-brodyr he sayis;
 'May I traist in the, me to waik,
 Till Ik a litill sleping tak?'
 'Ya, Schyr,' he said, 'till I may drey.' ⁵
 The king then wynkyt a litill wey;
 And slepyt nocht full encrely;
 Bot gliffnyt wp oft sodanly.
 For he had dreid off thai thre men,
 That at the tothyr fyr war then.
 That thai his fais war he wyst;
 Tharfor he slepyt as foule on twyst. ⁶
 "The king slepyt bot a litill than;
 Quhen sic slep fell on his man,

¹ Alone.—² Bellies.—³ Becomes.—⁴ Fatigued.—⁵ Endure.—
 Bird on bough.

That he mycht nocht hald wp his ey,
 Bot fell in slep, and rowtyt hey.
 Now is the king in gret perile:
 For slep he swa a littil quhile,
 He sall be ded, for owtyn dreid.
 For the thre tratouris tuk gud heid,
 That he on slep wes, and his man.
 In full gret hy thai raiss wp than,
 And drew thair suerdis hastily:
 And went towart the king in hy,
 Quhen that thai saw him sleip swa,
 And slepand thought thai wald him sla.
 The king wp blenkit hastily,
 And saw his man slepand him by;
 And saw cummand the tothyr thre.
 Deliuerly on fute gat he;
 And drew his suerd owt, and thaim met e.
 And, as he yude, his fute he set
 Apon his man, weill hewyly.
 He waknyt, and raiss disily:
 For the slep maistryt hym sway,
 That or he gat wp, ane off thai,
 That com for to sla the king,
 Gaiff hym a strak in his rysing,
 Swa that he mycht help him no mar.
 The king sa straitly stad¹ wes thar,
 That he wes neuir yeyt sa stad.
 Ne war the armyng² that he had,
 He had been dede, for owtyn wer.
 But nocht for thi³ on sic maner
 He helpyt him, in that bargayne,⁴
 That thai thre tratowris he has slan,
 Throw Goddis grace, and his manheid.
 His fostyr-brothyr thar was dede.
 Then wes he wondre will of wayn,⁵
 Quhen he saw him left allane.

¹ So dangerously situated.—² Had it not been for the armour he wore.—³ Nevertheless.—⁴ Fray, or dispute.—⁵ Much afflicted.

His fostyr-brodyr menyt he
 And waryit¹ all the tothyr thre.
 And syne hys way tuk him allane,
 And rycht towart his tryst² is gane."

The Bruce, Book v., v. 405.

NOTE N.

*Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
 When vengeance clench'd his palsied hand,
 That pointed yet to Scotland's land.—P. 139.*

To establish his dominion in Scotland had been a favourite object of Edward's ambition, and nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which he pursued it, unless his inveterate resentment against the insurgents, who so frequently broke the English yoke when he deemed it most firmly riveted. After the battles of Falkirk and Methven, and the dreadful examples which he had made of Wallace and other champions of national independence, he probably concluded every chance of insurrection was completely annihilated. This was in 1306, when Bruce, as we have seen, was utterly expelled from Scotland: yet, in the conclusion of the same year, Bruce was again in arms and formidable; and in 1307, Edward, though exhausted by a long and wasting malady, put himself at the head of the army destined to destroy him utterly. This was, perhaps, partly in consequence of a vow which he had taken upon him, with all the pomp of

¹ Cursed.—² The place of rendezvous appointed for his soldiers.

chivalry, upon the day in which he dubbed his son a knight, for which see a subsequent note. But even his spirit of vengeance was unable to restore his exhausted strength. He reached Burgh-upon-Sands, a petty village of Cumberland, on the shores of the Solway Firth, and there, 6th July, 1307, expired in sight of the detested and devoted country of Scotland. His dying injunctions to his son required him to continue the Scottish war, and never to recall Gaveston. Edward II. disobeyed both charges. Yet more to mark his animosity, the dying monarch ordered his bones to be carried with the invading army. Froissart, who probably had the authority of eyewitnesses, has given us the following account of this remarkable charge:—

“In the said forest, the old King Robert of Scotland dyd kepe hymselfe, whan King Edward the Fyrst conquered nygh all Scotland; for he was so often chased, that none durst loge him in castell, nor fortesse, for feare of the said Kyng.

“And ever whan the King was returned into Ingland, than he would gather together agayn his people, and conquere townes, castells, and fortresses, iuste to Berwick, some by battle, and some by fair speech and love: and when the said King Edward heard thereof, than would he assemble his power, and wyn the realme of Scotland again; thus the chance went between these two foresaid Kings. It was shewed me, how that this King Robert wan and lost his realme v. times. So this continued till the said King Edward died at Berwick: and when he saw that he should die, he called before him his eldest son, who was King after him, and there, before all the barones, he caused him to swear, that as soon as he were dead.

that he should take his body, and boyle it in a cauldron, till the flesh departed clean from the bones, and than to bury the flesh, and keep still the bones; and that as often as the Scotts should rebell against him, he should assemble the people against them, and carry with him the bones of his father; for he believed verily, that if they had his bones with them, that the Scotts should never attain any victory against them. The which thing was not accomplished, for when the King died his son carried him to London.”—BERNERS’S FROISSART’S *Chronicle*, London, 1812, pp. 39, 40.

Edward’s commands were not obeyed, for he was interred in Westminster Abbey, with the appropriate inscription :

“EDWARDUS PRIMUS SCOTORUM MALLEUS HIC EST.
PACTUM SERVA.”

Yet some steps seem to have been taken towards rendering his body capable of occasional transportation, for it was exquisitely embalmed, as was ascertained when his tomb was opened some years ago. Edward II. judged wisely in not carrying the dead body of his father into Scotland, since he would not obey his living counsels.

It ought to be observed, that though the order of the incidents is reversed in the poem, yet, in point of historical accuracy, Bruce had landed in Scotland, and obtained some successes of consequence, before the death of Edward I.

NOTE O.

*On Scooreigg next a warning light
Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern Macleod
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode.—P. 146.*

These, and the following lines of the stanza, refer to a dreadful tale of feudal vengeance, of which unfortunately there are relics that still attest the truth. Scoor-Eigg is a high peak in the centre of the small Isle of Eigg, or Egg. It is well known to mineralogists, as affording many interesting specimens, and to others whom chance or curiosity may lead to the island, for the astonishing view of the mainland and neighbouring isles, which it commands. I shall again avail myself of the journal I have quoted.¹

“ 26th August, 1814.—At seven this morning we were in the Sound which divides the Isle of Rum from that of Egg. The latter, although hilly and rocky, and traversed by a remarkably high and barren ridge, called Scoor-Rigg, has, in point of soil, a much more promising appearance. Southward of both lies the Isle of Muich, or Muck, a low and fertile island, and though the least, yet probably the most valuable of the three. We manned the boat, and rowed along the shore of Egg in quest of a cavern, which had been the memorable scene of a horrid feudal vengeance. We had rounded more than half the island, admiring the entrance of many a bold natural cave,

¹ [See note to p. 323, *ante*.]

which its rocks exhibited, without finding that which we sought, until we procured a guide. Nor, indeed, was it surprising that it should have escaped the search of strangers, as there are no outward indications more than might distinguish the entrance of a fox-earth. This noted cave has a very narrow opening, through which one can hardly creep on his knees and hands. It rises steep and lofty within, and runs into the bowels of the rock to the depth of 255 measured feet; the height at the entrance may be about three feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewn with the bones of men, women, and children, the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, 200 in number, who were slain on the following occasion: The Mac-Donalds of the Isle of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-Ranald, had done some injury to the Laird of Mac-Leod. The tradition of the isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears, more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the Mac-Leods, who, landing upon Eigg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seized by the islanders, bound hand and foot and turned adrift in a boat, which the winds and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offence given, Mac-Leod sailed with such a body of men as rendered resistance hopeless. The natives, fearing his vengeance, concealed themselves in this cavern, and, after a strict search, the Mac-Leods went on board their galleys, after doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Island, or some of

Clan-Ranald's other possessions. But next morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately landing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. Mac-Leod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity, until all within were destroyed by suffocation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded. Before re-embarking we visited another cave, opening to the sea, but of a character entirely different, being a large open vault as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. The height and width of the opening gives ample light to the whole. Here, after 1745, when the Catholic priests were scarcely tolerated, the priest of Eigg used to perform the Roman Catholic service, most of the islanders being of that persuasion. A huge ledge of rocks rising about half-way up one side of the vault, served for altar and pulpit; and the appearance of a priest and Highland congregation in such an extraordinary place of worship, might have engaged the pencil of Salvator."

NOTE P.

*Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er.*—P. 151.

The peninsula of Cantire is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two saltwater lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

“It is not long,” says Pennant, “since vessels of nine or ten tons were drawn by horses out of the west loch into that of the east, to avoid the dangers of the Mull of Cantyre, so dreaded and so little known was the navigation round that promontory. It is the opinion of many, that these little isthmuses, so frequently styled Tarbat in North Britain, took their name from the above circumstance; Tarruing, signifying to draw, and Bata, a boat. This too might be called, by way of preëminence, the Tarbat, from a very singular circumstance related by Torfœus. When Magnus, the barefooted King of Norway, obtained from Donald-bane of Scotland the cession of the Western Isles, or all those places that could be surrounded in a boat, he added to them the peninsula of Cantyre by this fraud: he placed himself in the stern of a boat, held the rudder, was drawn over this narrow track, and by this species of navigation wrested the country from his brother monarch.”—PENNANT’S *Scotland*, London, 1790, p. 190.

But that Bruce also made this passage, although at

a period two or three years later than in the poem, appears from the evidence of Barbour, who mentions also the effect produced upon the minds of the Highlanders, from the prophecies current amongst them :—

“ Bot to King Robert will we gang,
That we haff left wnspokyn of lang.
Quhen he had conwoyt to the se
His brodyr Eduuard, and his menye,
And othyr men off gret noblay.
To Tarbart thai held thair way,
In galayis ordanyt for thair far.
Bot thaim worthy¹ draw their schippis thar :
And a myle wes betuix the seys;
Bot that wes lompnyt² all with treis.
The King his schippis thar gert³ draw.
And for the wynd couth⁴ stoutly blaw
Apon thair bak, as thai wald ga,
He gert men rapys and mastis ta,
And set thaim in the schippis hey,
And sayllis to the toppis tey;
And gert men gang thar by drawand.
The wynd thaim helpyt, that was blawand;
Swa that, in a litill space,
Thair flote all our drawin was.

“ And quhen thai, that in the Ilis war,
Hard tell how the gud King had thar
Gert hys schippis with saillis ga
Owt our betuix [the] Tarbart [is] twa,
Thai war abaysit⁵ sa wtrely.
For thai wyst, throw auld prophecy,
That he that suld ger⁶ schippis sua
Betuix thai seis with saillis ga,
Suld wyne the Ilis sua till hand,
That nane with strenth suld him withstand.

¹ Were obliged to.—² Laid with trees.—³ Caused.—⁴ Could
⁵ Confounded.—⁶ Make.

Tharfor thai come all to the King.
 Wes nane withstud his bidding,
 Owtakyn¹ Jhone of Lorne allayne.
 Bot weill sone eftre wes he tayne;
 And present rycht to the King.
 And thai that war of his leding.
 That till the King had brokyn fay,²
 War all dede, and destroyit away."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book x., v. 821.

NOTE Q.

*For, see ! the ruddy signal made,
 That Clifford, with his merry-men all,
 Guards carelessly our father's hall.—P. 187.*

The remarkable circumstances by which Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal-fire was lighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry—the disappointment which he met with, and the train of success which arose out of that very disappointment, are too curious to be passed over unnoticed. The following is the narrative of Barbour. The introduction is a favourable specimen of his style, which seems to be in some degree the model for that of Gawain Douglas:—

"This wes in ver,³ quhen wynter tid,
 With his blastis hidwyss to bid,
 Was our drywn: and byrdis smale,
 As turturis and the nyctyngale,
 Begouth⁴ rycht sariely⁵ to syng;
 And for to mak in thair singyng

¹ Excepting.—² Faith.—³ Spring.—⁴ Began.—⁵ Loftily.

Swete notis, and sownys ser,¹
 And melodys plesand to her.
 And the treis begouth to ma²
 Burgeans,³ and brycht blomys alsua,
 To wyn the helyng⁴ off thair hewid,
 That wykkyt wyntir had thaim rewid.⁵
 And all gressys beguth to spryng.
 In to that tyme the nobill king,
 With his flote, and a few menye,⁶
 Thre hundyr I trow thai mycht be,
 Is to the se, owte off Arane
 A litill forouth,⁷ ewyn gane.

“Thai rowit fast, with all thair mycht,
 Till that apoun thaim fell the nycht,
 That woux myrk⁸ apoun gret maner,
 Swa that thai wust nocht quhar thai wer.
 For thai na nedill had, na stane;
 Bot rowyt always in till ane,
 Sterand all tyme apoun the fyr,
 That thai saw brynnand lycht and schyr.⁹
 It wes bot auentur¹⁰ thaim led:
 And thai in schort tyme sa thaim sped,
 That at the fyr arywyt thai;
 And went to land bot mar delay.
 And Cuthbert, that has sene the fyr,
 Was full of angyr, and off ire:
 For he durst nocht do it away;
 And wes alsua downtand ay
 That his lord suld pass to se.
 Tharfor thair cummyn waytit he;
 And met thaim at thair arywing.
 He wes wele sone broucht to the King,
 That speryt at him how he had done.
 And he with sar hart tauld him sone,
 How that he fand nane weill luffand;
 Bot all war fayis, that he fand:

¹ Several.—² Make.—³ Buds.—⁴ Covering.—⁵ Bereaved.—
⁶ Men.—⁷ Before.—⁸ Dark.—⁹ Clear.—¹⁰ Adventure.

And that the lord the Persy.
 With ner thre hundre in cumpany,
 Was in the castell thar besid,
 Fullfillyt off dispyt and prid.
 Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt
 War herberyt in the toune without;
 ‘And dyspytyt yow mar, Schir King,
 Than men may dispyt ony thing.’
 Than said the King, in full gret ire;
 ‘Tratour, quhy maid thow than the fyr?’
 ‘A! Schyr,’ said he, ‘sa God me se!
 The fyr wes newyr maid for me.
 Na, or the nycht, I wyst it nocht;
 Bot fra I wyst it, weill I thocht
 That ye, and haly your menye,
 In hy¹ suld put yow to the se.
 For thi I cum to mete yow her,
 To tell perellys that may aper.’

“The King wes off his spek angry,
 And askyt his prywé men, in hy,
 Quhat at thaim thought wes best to do.
 Schyr Edward fryst answert thar to,
 Hys brodyr that wes swa hardy,
 And said: ‘I say yow sekyrly
 Thar sall na perell, that may be,
 Dryve me eftsonys² to the se.
 Myne auentur her tak will I,
 Quhethir it be esfull or angry.’
 ‘Brothyr,’ he said, ‘sen thou will sua,
 It is gud that we samyn ta
 Dissese or ese, or payne or play,
 Eftyr as God will ws purway.³
 And sen men sayis that the Persy
 Myn heretage will occupy;
 And his menye sa ner ws lyis,
 That ws dispytis mony wyss;

¹ Haste.—² Soon after.—³ Prepare.

Ga we and wenge¹ sum off the dispyte
 And that may we haiff done alss tite;²
 For thai ly traistly,³ but dreding
 Off ws, or off our her cummyng.
 And thought we slepand slew thaim all,
 Repruff tharof na man sall.
 For werrayour na forss suld ma,
 Quhethir he mycht ourcom his fa
 Throw strenth, or throw sutelté;
 Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.' "

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book iv., v. 1.

NOTE R.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall!—P. 213.

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, actually gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurate. The fact is, that he was only strong enough to alarm and drive in the outposts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this occasion, though he had several skirmishes with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the garrison, who were quartered without the walls of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself so strong, that the English were obliged to evacuate Turnberry, and at length the Castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his

¹ Avenge.—² Quickly.—³ Confidently.

attachment to the hereditary followers of his house, in this part of the country.

It is generally known that Bruce, in consequence of his distresses after the battle of Methven, was affected by a scorbutic disorder, which was then called a leprosy. It is said he experienced benefit from the use of a medicinal spring, about a mile north of the town of Ayr, called from that circumstance King's Ease.¹ The following is the tradition of the country, collected by Mr. Train: "After Robert ascended the throne, he founded the priory of Dominican monks, every one of whom was under the obligation of putting up to Heaven a prayer once every week-day, and twice in holidays, for the recovery of the king; and, after his death, these masses were continued for the saving of his soul. The ruins of this old monastery are now nearly level with the ground. Robert likewise caused houses to be built round the well of King's Ease, for eight lepers, and allowed eight bolls of oatmeal, and 28*l.* Scotch money, per annum, to each person. These donations were laid upon the lands of Fullarton, and are now payable by the Duke of Portland. The farm of Shiels, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, has to give, if required, a certain quantity of straw for the lepers' beds, and so much to thatch their houses annually. Each leprous person had a drinking-horn provided him by the king, which continued to be hereditary in the house to which it was first granted. One of those identical horns,

¹ [Sir Walter Scott had misread Mr. Train's MS., which gave not *King's Ease*, but *King's Case*, i. e. *Casa Regis*, the name of the royal foundation described below. Mr. Train's kindness enables the Editor to make this correction. 1833.]

of very curious workmanship, was in the possession of the late Colonel Fullarton of that Ilk."

My correspondent proceeds to mention some curious remnants of antiquity respecting this foundation. "In compliment to Sir William Wallace, the great deliverer of his country, King Robert Bruce invested the descendants of that hero with the right of placing all the lepers upon the establishment of King's Case. This patronage continued in the family of Craigie, till it was sold along with the lands of the late Sir Thomas Wallace. The burgh of Ayr then purchased the right of applying the donations of King's Case to the support of the poor-house of Ayr. The lepers' charter-stone was a basaltic block, exactly the shape of a sheep's kidney, and weighing an Ayrshire boll of meal. The surface of this stone being as smooth as glass, there was not any other way of lifting it than by turning the hollow to the ground, there extending the arms along each side of the stone, and clasping the hands in the cavity. Young lads were always considered as deserving to be ranked among men, when they could lift the blue stone of King's Case. It always lay beside the well, till a few years ago, when some English dragoons encamped at that place wantonly broke it, since which the fragments have been kept by the freemen of Prestwick in a place of security. There is one of these charter-stones at the village of Old Daily, in Carrick, which has become more celebrated by the following event, which happened only a very few years ago: The village of New Daily being now larger than the old place of the same name, the inhabitants insisted that the charter-stone should be removed from the old town to the

new, but the people of Old Daily were unwilling to part with their ancient right. Demands and remonstrances were made on each side without effect, till at last man, woman, and child, of both villages, marched out, and by one desperate engagement put an end to a war, the commencement of which no person then living remembered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the same party, the villagers of the old town of Daily now enjoy the pleasure of keeping the *blue-stane* unmolested. Ideal privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Girvan, if a man can set his back against one of the above description, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt; nor can cattle, it is imagined, be pointed as long as they are fastened to the same stone. That stones were often used as symbols to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of written documents became general in Scotland, is, I think, exceedingly probable. The charter-stone of Inverness is still kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at the market-place of that town. It is called by the inhabitants of that district Clack na Couddin. I think it is very likely that Carey has mentioned this stone in his poem of Craig Phaderick. This is only a conjecture, as I have never seen that work. While the famous marble chair was allowed to remain at Scoon, it was considered as the charter-stone of the kingdom of Scotland."

NOTE S.

*“Bring here,” he said, “the mazers four,
My noble fathers loved of yore.”—P. 214.*

These mazers were large drinking-cups, or goblets. Mention of them occurs in a curious inventory of the treasure and jewels of James III., which will be published, with other curious documents of antiquity, by my friend, Mr. Thomas Thomson, D. Register of Scotland, under the title of “A Collection of Inventories, and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe, Jewel-House,” &c. I copy the passage, in which mention is made of the mazers, and also of an habili-ment, called “King Robert Bruce’s serk,” i. e. *shirt*, meaning, perhaps, his shirt of mail; although no other arms are mentioned in the inventory. It might have been a relic of more sanctified description, a penance shirt perhaps.

Extract from “Inventare of ane Parte of the Gold and Silver conyeit and unconyeit, Jowellis, and uther Stuff perteining to Umquhile oure Soverane Lords Fader, that he had in Depois the Tyme of his Deceis, and that come to the Handis of oure Soverane Lord that now is, M.CCCC.LXXXVIII.”

“Memorandum fundin in a bandit kist like a garde-viant,¹ in the fyrst the grete chenye² of gold, contenand sevin score sex linkis.

¹ Gard-vin, or wine-cooler.—² Chain.

Item, thre platis of silver.

Item, tuelf saltatis.¹

Item, fyftene discheis² ouregilt.

Item, a grete gilt plate.

Item, twa grete bassingis³ ouregilt.

Item, FOUR MASARIS, CALLED KING ROBERT THE
BROCIS, with a cover.

Item, a grete cok maid of silver.

Item, the hede of silver of ane of the coveris of masar.

Item, a fare dialle.⁴

Item, twa kasis of knyffis.⁵

Item, a pare of auld kniffis.

Item, takin be the smyth that opinnit the lokkis, in
gold fourty demyis.

Item, in Inglys grotis⁶ - - - - - xxiiii. li. and the
said silver given again to the takaris of hym.

Item, ressavit in the cloissat of Davidis tour, ane haly
water-fat of silver, twa boxis, a cageat tume, a glas
with rois-water, a dosoune of torchis, KING ROBERT
BRUCIS SERK."

The real use of the antiquarian's studies, is to bring the minute information which he collects to bear upon points of history. For example, in the inventory I have just quoted, there is given the contents of the *black kist*, or chest, belonging to James III., which was his strong box, and contained a quantity of treasure, in money and jewels, surpassing what might have been at the period expected of "poor Scotland's gear." This illustrates and authenticates a striking

¹ Salt-cellars, anciently the object of much curious workmanship.—² Dishes.—³ Basins.—⁴ Dial.—⁵ Cases of knives.—⁶ English groats.

passage in the history of the house of Douglas, by Hume of Godscroft. The last Earl of Douglas (of the elder branch) had been reduced to monastic seclusion in the Abbey of Lindores, by James II. James III., in his distresses, would willingly have recalled him to public life, and made him his lieutenant. "But he," says Godscroft, "laden with years and old age, and weary of troubles, refused, saying, Sir, you have kept mee, and your *black coffer* in Sterling, too long, neither of us can doe you any good: I, because my friends have forsaken me, and my followers and dependers are fallen from me, betaking themselves to other masters; and your black trunk is too farre from you, and your enemies are between you and it: or (as others say) because there was in it a sort of black coyne, that the king had caused to be coyned by the advice of his courtiers; which moneyes (saith he) sir, if you had put out at the first, the people would have taken it; and if you had employed mee in due time I might have done you service. But now there is none that will take notice of me, nor meddle with your money."—HUME'S *History of the House of Douglas*, fol. Edin. 1644, p. 206.

NOTE T.

When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale.—P. 221.

The "good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications,

and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle, to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer-casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This pleasantry of "the good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the *Douglas's Larder*. A more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Godscroft. "By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jeopardy to keep this castle, which began to be called the *adventurous* (or hazardous) *Castle of Douglas*; whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thruswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having first dressed an ambuscade near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way to Lanark, the chief market town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken

this victual (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him; and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed, as it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to his castle, but there he also met with his enemies: between which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped: the captain afterwards being searched, they found (as it is reported) his mistress's letter about him."—HUME'S *History of the House of Douglas*, fol. pp. 29, 30.¹

NOTE U.

*And Connoght pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.*—P. 226.

There is in the *Fœdera* an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by him-

¹ [This is the foundation of the Author's last romance, *Castle Dangerous*.—ED.]

self in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster. Similar mandates were issued to the following Irish chiefs, whose names may astonish the unlearned, and amuse the antiquary.

“Eth O Donnuld, Duci Hibernicorum de Tyconil;
Demod O Kahan, Duci Hibernicorum de Fernetrew;
Doneval O Neel, Duci Hibernicorum de Tryowyn;
Neel Macbreen, Duci Hibernicorum de Kynallewan;
Eth. Offyn, Duci Hibernicorum de Turtery;

Admely Mac Anegus, Duci Hibernicorum de One-
hagh;

Neel O Hanlan, Duci Hibernicorum de Erthere;
Bien Mac Mahun, Duci Hibernicorum de Uriel;
Lauercagh Mac Wyr, Duci Hibernicorum de Loug-
herin;

Gillys O Raily, Duci Hibernicorum de Bresfeny;
Geffrey O Fergy, Duci Hibernicorum de Monti-
ragwil;

Felyn O Honughur, Duci Hibernicorum de Con-
nach;

Donethuth O Bien, Duci Hibernicorum de Toth-
mund;

Dermod Mac Arthy, Duci Hibernicorum de Desse-
mound;

Denenol Carbragh;

Maur. Kenenagh Mac Murgh;

Murghugh O Bryn;

David O Tothvill;

Dermod O Tonoghur, Doffaly;

Fyn O Dymsey;

Souethuth Mac Gillepatrick;

Leyssagh O Morth ;
 Gilbertus Ekelly, Duci Hibernicorum de Omany ;
 Mac Ethelau ;
 Omalan Helyn, Duci Hibernicorum Midie.”
 RYMER’S *Fædera*, vol. iii., pp. 476, 477.

NOTE V.

*In battles four beneath their eye,
 The forces of King Robert lie.*—P. 232.

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannockburn are given very distinctly by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tacticians. Yet, till commented upon by Lord Hailes, this important passage of history has been generally and strangely misunderstood by historians. I will here endeavour to detail it fully.

Two days before the battle, Bruce selected the field of action and took post there with his army, consisting of about 30,000 disciplined men, and about half the number of disorderly attendants upon the camp. The ground was called the New Park of Stirling; it was partly open, and partly broken by copses of wood and marshy ground. He divided his regular forces into four divisions. Three of these occupied a front line, separated from each other, yet sufficiently near for the purposes of communication. The fourth division formed a reserve. The line extended in a north-easterly direction from the brook of Bannock, which was so rugged and broken as to cover the right flank effectually to the village of Saint Ninian’s, probably in the line of the present road from Stirling to Kil-

syth. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing, which was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Keith, the Mareschal of Scotland, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers; Douglas, and the young Steward of Scotland, led the central wing; and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, the left wing. The King himself commanded the fourth division, which lay in reserve behind the others. The royal standard was pitched, according to tradition, in a stone, having a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Bore-stone. It is still shown on the top of a small eminence, called Brock's-brae, to the southwest of St. Ninian's. His main body thus disposed, King Robert sent the followers of the camp, fifteen thousand and upwards in number, to the eminence in rear of his army, called, from that circumstance, the *Gillies'* (*i. e.* the servants') *Hill*.

The military advantages of this position were obvious. The Scottish left flank, protected by the brook of Bannock, could not be turned; or, if that attempt were made, a movement by the reserve might have covered it. Again, the English could not pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to be attacked while in march.

If, on the other hand, the Scottish line had been drawn up east and west, and facing to the southward, as affirmed by Buchanan, and adopted by Mr. Nimmo, the author of the History of Stirlingshire, there appears nothing to have prevented the English approaching upon the carse, or level ground, from Falkirk, either from turning the Scottish left flank, or from passing their position, if they preferred it, without

coming to an action, and moving on to the relief of Stirling. And the Gillies' Hill, if this less probable hypothesis be adopted, would be situated, not in the rear, as allowed by all the historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. The only objection to the hypothesis above laid down, is that the left flank of Bruce's army was thereby exposed to a sally from the garrison of Stirling. But, 1st, The garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbray's treaty; and Barbour even seems to censure, as a breach of faith, some secret assistance which they rendered their countrymen upon the eve of battle, in placing temporary bridges of doors and spars over the pools of water in the carse, to enable them to advance to the charge.¹ 2dly, Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. 3dly, The adverse hypothesis leaves the rear of the Scottish army as much exposed to the Stirling garrison, as the left flank would be in the case supposed.

It only remains to notice the nature of the ground in front of Bruce's line of battle. Being part of a park, or chase, it was considerably interrupted with trees; and an extensive marsh, still visible, in some places rendered it inaccessible, and in all of difficult approach. More to the northward, where the natural impediments were fewer, Bruce fortified his position

¹ An assistance which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had not the English approached from the south-east; since, had their march been due north, the whole Scottish army must have been between them and the garrison.

against cavalry, by digging a number of pits so close together, says Barbour, as to resemble the cells in a honey-comb. They were a foot in breadth, and between two and three feet deep, many rows of them being placed one behind the other. They were slightly covered with brushwood and green sods, so as not to be obvious to an impetuous enemy.

All the Scottish army were on foot, excepting a select body of cavalry stationed with Edward Bruce on the right wing, under the immediate command of Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal of Scotland, who were destined for the important service of charging and dispersing the English archers.

Thus judiciously posted, in a situation fortified both by art and nature, Bruce awaited the attack of the English.

NOTE W.

*With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files.—P. 233.*

The men of Argyle, the islanders, and the Highlanders in general, were ranked in the rear. They must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains, excepting the obnoxious MacDougals of Lorn. The following deed, containing the submission of the potent Earl of Ross to the King, was never before published. It is dated in the third year of Robert's reign, that is, 1309.

“ OBLIGATIO COMITIS ROSSENSIS PER HOMAGIUM
FIDELITATEM ET SCRIPTUM.

“ Universis christi fidelibus ad quorum noticiam presentes litere peruenerint Willielmus Comes de Ross salutem in domino sempiternam. Quia magnificus princeps Dominus Robertus dei gracia Rex Scottorum Dominus meus ex innata sibi bonitate, inspirataque clemencia, et gracia speciali remisit michi pure rancorem animi sui, et relaxauit ac condonauit michi omnimodas transgressionem seu offensas contra ipsum et suos per me et meos vsque ad confeccionem literarum presencium perpetratas: Et terras meas et tenementa mea omnia graciose concessit. Et me nichilominus de terra de Dingwal et ferneroskry infra comitatum de Suthyrland de benigna liberalitate sua hereditarie infeodare curauit. Ego tantam principis beneuolenciam efficaciter attendens, et pro tot graciis michi factis, vicem sibi gratitudinis meis pro viribus de cetero digne ----- vite cupiens exhibere, subicio et obligo me et heredes meos et homines meos vniuersos dicto Domino meo Regi per omnia ----- erga suam regiam dignitatem, quod erimus de cetero fideles sibi et heredibus suis et fidele sibi seruicium auxilium et concilium ----- contra omnes homines et feminas qui vivere poterint aut mori, et super h --- Ego Willielmus pro me ----- hominibus meis vniuersis dicto domino meo Regi ----- manibus homagium sponte feci et super dei ewangelia sacramentum prestiti ----- In quorum omnium testimonium sigillum meum, et sigilla Hugonis filii et heredis et Johannis filii mei vna cum sigillis venerabi-

lium patrum Dominorum Daud et Thome Moravien-
sis et Rossensis dei gracia episcoporum presentibus
literis sunt appensa. Acta scripta et data apud Aldern
in Morauia vltimo die mensis Octobris, Anno Regni
dicti domini nostri Regis Roberti Tertio. Testibus
venerabilibus patribus supradictis, Domino Bernardo
Cancellario Regis, Dominis Willielmo de Haya, Johan-
ne de Striuelyn, Willielmo Wysman, Johanne de
Efenton, Daud de Berkeley, et Waltero de Berkeley
militibus, magistro Waltero Heroc, Decano ecclesie
Moraue, magistro Willielmo de Creswel eiusdem
ecclesie precentore et multis aliis nobilibus clericis et
laicis dictis die et loco congregatis."

The copy of this curious document was supplied by
my friend, Mr. Thomson, Deputy Register of Scotland,
whose researches into our ancient records are daily
throwing new and important light upon the history of
the country.

NOTE X.

The Monarch rode along the van.—P. 235.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of
Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish
army upon the evening of the 23d of June. Bruce
was then riding upon a little palfrey, in front of his
foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then
that the personal encounter took place betwixt him
and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight,
the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits
of both armies. It is thus recorded by BARBOUR:—

“And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd war
 With thair bataill, approchand ner,
 Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
 With helm on heid, and sper in hand
 Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthi,
 That wes a wycht knyght, and a hardy;
 And to the Erle off Herfurd cusyne:
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
 Come on a sted, a bow schote ner,
 Befor all othyr that thar wer:
 And knew the King, for that he saw
 Him swa rang his men on raw;
 And by the croune, that wes set
 Alsua apon his bassynet.
 And towart him he went in hy.
 And [quhen] the King sua apertly
 Saw him cum, forouth all his feris,¹
 In hy² till him the hors he steris.
 And quhen Schyr Henry saw the King
 Cum on, for owtyn abaysing,³
 Till him he raid in full gret hy.
 He thought that he suld weill lychtly
 Wyn him, and haf him at his will,
 Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.
 Sprent⁴ thai samyn in till a ling.⁵
 Schyr Henry myssit the noble king.
 And he, that in his sterapys stud,
 With the ax that wes hard and gud,
 With sa gret mayne⁶ raucht him a dynt,
 That nothyr hat, na helm, mycht stynt
 The hewy⁷ dusche⁸ that he him gave,
 That ner the heid till the harnys clave.
 The hand ax schaft fruscht⁹ in twa;
 And he doune to the erd gan ga

¹ Comrades.—² Haste.—³ Without shrinking.—⁴ Spurred.—
⁵ Line.—⁶ Strength, or force.—⁷ Heavy.—⁸ Clash.—⁹ Broke.—

All flatlynys,¹ for him faillyt mycht.

This wes the fryst strak off the fycht."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book viii., v. 684.

The Scottish leaders remonstrated with the King upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good battle-axe." The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat. Probably their generals did not think it advisable to hazard an attack, while its unfavourable issue remained upon their minds.

NOTE Y.

*What train of dust, with trumpet sound,
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
Our leftward flank? ——— P. 240.*

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Hailes gives the following account of this manœuvre and the result, which is accompanied by circumstances highly characteristic of the chivalrous manners of the age, and displays that generosity which reconciles us even to their ferocity upon other occasions.

Bruce had enjoined Randolph, who commanded the left wing of his army, to be vigilant in preventing any advanced parties of the English from throwing succours into the castle of Stirling.

"Eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Sir Robert Clifford, were detached from the English army;

they made a circuit by the low grounds to the east, and approached the castle. The king perceived their motions, and coming up to Randolph, angrily exclaimed, 'Thoughtless man! you have suffered the enemy to pass.' Randolph hasted to repair his fault, or perish. As he advanced, the English cavalry wheeled to attack him. Randolph drew up his troops in a circular form, with their spears resting on the ground, and protended on every side. At the first onset, Sir William Daynecourt, an English commander of distinguished note, was slain. The enemy, far superior in numbers to Randolph, environed him, and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the king's permission to go and succour him. 'You shall not move from your ground,' cried the king; 'let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position.'—'In truth,' replied Douglas, 'I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I must aid him.' The king unwillingly consented, and Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage. 'Halt,' cried Douglas, 'those brave men have repulsed the enemy; let us not diminish their glory by sharing it.'—DALRYMPLE'S *Annals of Scotland*, 4to. Edinburg, 1779, pp. 44, 45.

Two large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were

confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish line had Stirling on its left flank. It will be remembered, that Randolph commanded infantry, Daynecourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up, facing to the south, in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Milntown bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had already passed St. Ninians,¹ or, in other words, were already between them and the town. Whereas, supposing Randolph's left to have approached St. Ninian's, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the English in the manner described.

NOTE Z.

*Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe !
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose !—P. 248.*

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force, whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small but select body of cavalry were detached from the right, under

¹ Barbour says expressly, they avoided the New Park, (where Bruce's army lay,) and held "well neath the Kirk," which can only mean St. Ninian's.

command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Milntown bog, and, keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears, nor long weapons, fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and spread through the whole English army a confusion, from which they never fairly recovered.

“ The Inglis archeris schot sa fast,
 That mycht thair schot haff ony last,
 It had bene hard to Scottis men.
 Bot King Robert, that wele gan ken ¹
 That thair archeris war peralouss,
 And thair schot rycht hard and grewouss.
 Ordanyt, forouth ² the assemblé,
 Hys marschell with a gret menye,
 Fyve hundre armyt in to stele,
 That on lycht horss war horsyt welle,
 For to pryk ³ amang the archeris;
 And swa assaile thaim with thair speris,
 That thai na layser haiff to schute.
 This marschell that Ik of mute, ⁴
 That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld,
 As Ik befor her has yow tauld,
 Quhen he saw the bataillis sua
 Assemblill, and to gidder ga,
 And saw the archeris schoyt stoutly;
 With all thaim off his cumpany,
 In hy apon thaim gan he rid;
 And our tuk thaim at a sid; ⁵
 And ruschyt amang thaim sa rudly,
 Stekand thaim sa dispitously,
 And in sic fusoun ⁶ berand doun,
 And slayand thaim, for owtyn ransoun; ⁷

¹ Know.—² Disjoined from the main body.—³ Spur.—⁴ That I speak of.—⁵ Set upon their flank.—⁶ Numbers.—⁷ Ransom.

That thai thaim scalyt¹ euirilkane.²
 And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane
 That assemblyt schot to ma.³
 Quhen Scottis archeris saw that thai sua
 War rebutyt,⁴ thai woux hardy,
 And with all thair mycht schot egrely
 Amang the horss men, that thar raid;
 And woundis wid to thaim thai maid;
 And slew of thaim a full gret dele."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book ix., v. 228.

Although the success of this manœuvre was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England, was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting mark. The bloody battle of Halidoun-hill, fought scarce twenty years afterwards, was so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said to have lost only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot-soldiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where David II. was defeated and made prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his command. "*But, to confess the truth,*" says Fordun. "he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed." Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by habit or prejudice.

¹ Dispersed.—² Every one.—³ Make.—⁴ Driven back.

NOTE A 2.

*To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear.—P. 259.*

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle

“ Yomen and swanys,¹ and pitaill,²
That in the Park yemyt wictaill,³
War left; quhen thai wyst but lesing,⁴
That thair lordis, with fell fechtynge,
On thair fayis assemblyt wer;
Ane off thaim selwyn⁵ that war thar
Capitane of thaim all thai maid.
And schetis, that war sumedele⁶ brad,
Thai festnyt in steid off baneris,
Apon lang treys and speris:
And said that thai wald se the fycht;
And help thair lordis at thair mycht.
Quhen her till all assentyt wer,
In a rout assemblit er;⁷
Fyftene thowsand thai war, or ma.
And than in gret hy gan thai ga,
With thair baneris, all in a rout,
As thai had men bene styth⁸ and stout.

¹ Swains.—² Rabble.—³ Kept the provisions.—⁴ Lying.—
⁵ Selves.—⁶ Somewhat.—⁷ Are.—⁸ Stiff.

Thai come, with all that assemblé,
Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill se;
Than all at anys thai gave a cry,
'Sla! Sla! Apon thaim hastily!''

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*, Book ix., v. 410.

The unexpected apparition, of what seemed a new army, completed the confusion which already prevailed among the English, who fled in every direction, and were pursued with immense slaughter. The brook of Bannock, according to Barbour, was so choked with the bodies of men and horses, that it might have been passed dry-shod. The followers of the Scottish camp fell upon the disheartened fugitives, and added to the confusion and slaughter. Many were driven into the Forth, and perished there, which, by the way, could hardly have happened, had the armies been drawn up east and west, since, in that case, to get at the river, the English fugitives must have fled through the victorious army. About a short mile from the field of battle is a place called the Bloody Folds. Here the Earl of Gloucester is said to have made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own military tenants and vassals. He was much regretted by both sides; and it is said the Scottish would gladly have saved his life, but, neglecting to wear his surcoat with armorial bearings over his armour, he fell unknown, after his horse had been stabbed with spears.

Sir Marmaduke Twenge, an English knight, contrived to conceal himself during the fury of the pursuit, and when it was somewhat slackened, approached King Robert. "Whose prisoner are you, Sir Marmaduke?" said Bruce, to whom he was per-

sonally known. "Yours, sir," answered the knight. "I receive you," answered the king, and, treating him with the utmost courtesy, loaded him with gifts, and dismissed him without ransom. The other prisoners were all well treated. There might be policy in this, as Bruce would naturally wish to acquire the good opinion of the English barons, who were at this time at great variance with their king. But it also well accords with his high chivalrous character.

NOTE B 2.

O! give their hapless prince his due.—P. 259.

Edward II., according to the best authorities, showed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance; but the governor, remonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by Sir Lawrence Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat

so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain, or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, "received him full gently." From thence, the monarch of so great an empire, and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army, escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

Bruce, as will appear from the following document, lost no time in directing the thunders of parliamentary censure against such part of his subjects as did not return to their natural allegiance after the battle of Bannockburn.

APUD MONASTERIUM DE CAMBUSKENNETH,

VI DIE NOVEMBRIS, M, CCC, XIV.

*Judicium Reditum apud Kambuskinet contra omnes illos
qui tunc fuerunt contra fidem et pacem Domini Regis.*

Anno gracie millesimo tricentisimo quarto decimo sexto die Novembris tenente parliamentum suum Excellentissimo principe Domino Roberto Dei gracia Rege Scottorum Illustri in monasterio de Cambuskyneth concordatum fuit finaliter Judicatum [ac super] hoc statutum de Concilio et Assensu Episcoporum et ceterorum Prelatorum Comitum Baronum et aliorum nobilium regni Scocie nec non et totius communitatis regni predicti quod omnes qui contra fidem et pacem dicti domini regis in bello seu alibi mortui sunt [vel qui dic] to die ad pacem ejus et fidem non venerant licet sepius vocati et legitime expectati fuissent de terris et tenementis et omni alio statu infra

regnum Scocie perpetuo sint exheredati et habeantur de cetero tanquam inimici Regis et Regni ab omni vendicatione juris hereditarii vel juris alterius cujuscunque in posterum pro se et heredibus suis in perpetuum privati Ad perpetuam igitur rei memoriam et evidentem probacionem hujus Judicii et Statuti sigilla Episcoporum et aliorum Prelatorum nec non et comitum Baronum ac ceterorum nobilium dicti Regni presenti ordinacioni Judicio et statuto sunt appensa.

Sigillum Domini Regis

Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Sancti Andree

Sigillum Roberti Episcopi Glascuensis

Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Dunkeldensis

. . . Episcopi

. . . Episcopi

. . . Episcopi

Sigillum Alani Episcopi Sodorensis

Sigillum Johannis Episcopi Brechynensis

Sigillum Andree Episcopi Ergadiensis

Sigillum Frechardi Episcopi Cathanensis

Sigillum Abbatis de Scona

Sigillum Abbatis de Calco

Sigillum Abbatis de Abirbrothok

Sigillum Abbatis de Sancta Cruce

Sigillum Abbatis de Londoris

Sigillum Abbatis de Newbotill

Sigillum Abbatis de Cupro

Sigillum Abbatis de Paslet

Sigillum Abbatis de Dunfermelyn

Sigillum Abbatis de Lincluden

Sigillum Abbatis de Insula Missarum

Sigillum Abbatis de Sancto Columba

Sigillum Abbatis de Deer

Sigillum Abbatis de Dulce Corde
 Sigillum Prioris de Coldinghame
 Sigillum Prioris de Rostynot
 Sigillum Prioris Sancte Andree
 Sigillum Prioris de Pettinwem
 Sigillum Prioris de Insula de Lochlevin
 Sigillum Senescalli Scocie
 Sigillum Willelmi Comitis de Ros

 Sigillum Gilberti de la Haya Constabularii Scocie
 Sigillum Roberti de Keth Mariscalli Scocie
 Sigillum Hugonis de Ros
 Sigillum Jacobi de Duglas
 Sigillum Johannis de Sancto Claro
 Sigillum Thome de Ros
 Sigillum Alexandri de Settone
 Sigillum Walteri Haliburtone
 Sigillum Davidis de Balfour
 Sigillum Duncani de Wallays
 Sigillum Thome de Dischingtonne
 Sigillum Andree de Moravia
 Sigillum Archibaldi de Betun
 Sigillum Ranulphi de Lyill,
 Sigillum Malcomi de Balfour
 Sigillum Normanni de Lesley
 Sigillum Nigelli de Campo bello
 Sigillum Morni de Musco Campo

NOTE C 2.

*Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.—P. 263.*

The remarkable circumstances attending the death of De Argentine have been already noticed, (p. 57.) Besides this renowned warrior, there fell many representatives of the noblest houses in England, which never sustained a more bloody and disastrous defeat. Barbour says that two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle; and that some were left the author can bear witness, who has in his possession a curious antique spur, dug up in the morass, not long since.

“It wes forsuth a gret ferly,
To se samyn ¹ sa fele dede lie.
Twa hundre payr of spuris reid,²
War tane of knichtis that war deid.”

I am now to take my leave of Barbour, not without a sincere wish that the public may encourage the undertaking of my friend Dr. Jamieson, who has issued proposals for publishing an accurate edition of his poem and of Blind Harry's Wallace.* The

¹ Together.—² Red, or gilded.

* [The extracts from Barbour in this edition of Sir Walter Scott's poems have been uniformly corrected by the text of Dr. Jamieson's Bruce, published, along with Blind Harry's Wallace, Edin. 1820, 2 vols. 4to.—ED.]

only good edition of the Bruce was published by Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols., in 1790 ; and, the learned editor having had no personal access to consult the manuscript, it is not without errors ; and it has besides become scarce. Of Wallace there is no tolerable edition ; yet these two poems do no small honour to the early state of Scottish poetry, and The Bruce is justly regarded as containing authentic historical facts.

The following list of the slain at Bannockburn, extracted from the continuator of Trivet's Annals, will show the extent of the national calamity.

LIST OF THE SLAIN.

<i>Barons and Knights Bannockburn.</i>	Robert de Felton, Michael Poyning, Edmund Maulley,
Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester,	
Robert de Clifford,	<i>Knights.</i>
Payan Tybetot,	Henry de Boun,
William Le Mareschal,	Thomas de Ufford,
John Comyn,	John de Elsingfelde,
William de Vescey,	John de Harcourt,
John de Montfort,	Walter de Hakelut,
Nicolas de Hasteleigh,	Philip de Courtenay,
William Dayncourt,	Hugo de Scales,
Ægidius de Argenteyne,	Radulph de Beauchamp,
Edmond Comyn,	John de Penbrigge,
John Lovel, (the rich,)	With thirty-three others
Edmund de Hastynges,	of the same rank, not
Milo de Stapleton,	named.
Simon Ward,	

PRISONERS.

<i>Barons and Baronets.</i>	Giles de Beauchamp,
Henry de Boun, Earl of Hereford,	John de Cyfrewast,
Lord John Giffard,	John Bluwet,
William de Latimer,	Roger Corbet,
Maurice de Berkley,	Gilbert de Boun,
Ingelram de Umfraville,	Bartholomew de Enefeld,
Marmaduke de Twenge,	Thomas de Ferrers,
John de Wyletone,	Radulph and Thomas Bot-
Robert de Maulee,	tetort,
Henry Fitz-Hugh,	John and Nicholas de King-
Thomas de Gray,	stone, (brothers,)
Walter de Beauchamp,	William Lovel,
Richard de Charon,	Henry de Wileton,
John de Wevelmton,	Baldwin de Frevill,
Robert de Nevil,	John de Clivedon, ¹
John de Segrave,	Adomar la Zouche,
Gilbert Peeche,	John de Merewode,
John de Clavering,	John Maufe, ²
Antony de Lucy,	Thomas and Odo Lele
Radulph de Camys,	Ercedekene,
John de Evere,	Robert Beaupel, (the son,)
Andrew de Abremhyn.	John Mautravers, (the
	son,)

Knights.

Thomas de Berkeley,	William and William Giff-
The son of Roger Tyrrel,	ard, and thirty-four oth-
Anselm de Mareschal,	er knights, not named
	by the historian.

And in sum there were there slain, along with the

¹ Supposed Clinton.

² Maule

Earl of Gloucester, forty-two barons and bannerets. The number of earls, barons, and bannerets made captive, was twenty-two, and sixty-eight knights. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburge, keeper of the king's signet, (*Custos Targiæ Domini Regis*) was made prisoner with his two clerks, Roger de Wakenfelde and Thomas de Switon, upon which the king caused a seal to be made, and entitled it his *privy seal*, to distinguish the same from the signet so lost. The Earl of Hereford was exchanged against Bruce's queen, who had been detained in captivity ever since the year 1306. The *Targia*, or signet, was restored to England through the intercession of Ralph de Monthermer, ancestor of Lord Moira, who is said to have found favour in the eyes of the Scottish king.—*Continuation of TRIVET'S Annals, Hall's edit. Oxford, 1712, vol. ii. p. 14.*

Such were the immediate consequences of the field of Bannockburn. Its more remote effects in completely establishing the national independence of Scotland, afford a boundless field for speculation.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOL. II.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. BENTLEY, 1825.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT
—♦—
VOLUME VI.

IMITATIONS
OF THE
ANCIENT BALLAD.

FROM MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

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1892

CHRISTIE'S WILL.

IN the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction's sake, *Christie's Will*, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion ; and upon some marauding party, he was seized, and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, inquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters) ; but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawsuit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to

be decided in the Court of Session ; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote, in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair ; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Christie's Will ; who, at once, offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air, on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off, with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle, in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham.¹ The judge's horse being found, it was concluded

¹ It stands upon the water of Dryfe, not far from Moffat.

he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog, by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and, using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court, to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty*—the only notes which had solaced his

long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story ; but, in those disorderly times, it was only laughed at, as a fair *ruse de guerre*.

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law, under the title of *Durie's Decisions*. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July 1621, and died, at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened ; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

“ We may frame,” says Forbes, “ a rational conjecture of his great learning and parts, not only from his Collection of the Decisions of the Session, from July 1621, till July 1642, but also from the following circumstances :—1. In a tract of more as twenty years, he was frequently chosen vice-president, and no other lord in that time. 2. 'Tis commonly reported, that some party, in a considerable action before the Session, finding that the Lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem to prevent the influence and weight which his lordship might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men kidnap him, in the Links of Leith, at his diversion on a Saturday afternoon and trans-

port him to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive, without the benefit of daylight, a matter of three months (though otherwise civilly and well entertained); during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him as dead. But after the cause aforesaid was decided, the Lord Durie was carried back by incognitos, and dropt in the same place where he had been taken up."—FORBES'S *Journal of the Session*, Edinb. 1714. *Preface*, p. 28.

Tradition ascribes to Christie's Will another memorable feat, which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known, that, during the troubles of Charles I. the Earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the King's service, that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the Parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the King and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the services of Christie's Will; who undertook the commission, conveyed the papers safely to his majesty, and received an answer, to be delivered to Lord Traquair. But, in the mean time, his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had despatched orders to intercept him

at Carlisle. Christie's Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursued his journey. But, as soon as he began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of Parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The Borderer disdained to resign his enterprise, even in these desperate circumstances; and at once forming his resolution, spurred his horse over the parapet. The river was in high flood. Will sunk—the soldiers shouted—he emerged again, and guiding his horse to a steep bank, called the Stan-ners, or Stanhouse, endeavoured to land, but ineffectually, owing to his heavy horseman's cloak, now drenched in water. Will cut the loop, and the horse, feeling himself disembarrassed, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in gaining the bank. Our hero set off, at full speed, pursued by the troopers, who had for a time stood motionless in astonishment at his temerity. Will, however, was well mounted; and, having got the start, he kept it, menacing, with his pistols, any pursuer who seemed likely to gain on him,—an artifice which succeeded, although the arms were wet and useless. He was chased to the River Eske, which he swam without hesitation; and, finding himself on Scottish ground, and in the neighbourhood of friends, he turned on the northern bank, and, in the true spirit of a Border rider, invited his fol-

lowers to come through, and drink with him. After this taunt, he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last Border freebooter of any note.

The reader is not to regard the ballad as of genuine and unmixed antiquity, though some stanzas are current upon the Border, in a corrupted state. They have been eked and joined together, in the rude and ludicrous manner of the original; but as it must be considered as, on the whole, a modern ballad, it is transferred to this department of the work.

CHRISTIE'S WILL.

TRAQUAIR has ridden up Chapelhope,
 And sae has he down by the Grey Mare's Tail :¹
 He never stinted the light gallop,
 Until he speer'd for Christie's Will.

Now Christie's Will peep'd frae the tower,
 And out at the shot-hole keeked he ;
 "And ever unlucky," quo' he, "is the hour,
 That the Warden comes to speer for me !"—

"Good Christie's Will, now, have nae fear !
 Nae harm, good Will, shall hap to thee :
 I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,
 At the Jeddart air frae the justice tree.

¹ *Grey Mare's Tail*—A cataract above Moffat, so called
 [See the Introduction to the Second Canto of *Marmion*:—

———"deep, deep down, and far within,
 Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;
 Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
 And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
 White as the snowy charger's tail,
 Drives down the pass of Moffatdale," &c.—Ed.]

“Bethink how ye sware, by the salt and the bread,¹
By the lightning, the wind, and the rain,
That if ever of Christie’s Will I had need,
He would pay me my service again.”—

“Gramercy, my lord,” quo’ Christie’s Will,
“Gramercy, my lord, for your grace to me!
When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
I think of Traquair and the Jeddart tree.”

And he has open’d the fair tower yate,
To Traquair and a’ his companie;
The spule o’ the deer on the board he has set,
The fattest that ran on the Hutton Lee.

“Now, wherefore sit ye sad, my lord?
And wherefore sit ye mournfullie?
And why eat ye not of the venison I shot,
At the dead of night on Hutton Lee?”—

“O weel may I stint of feast and sport,
And in my mind be vexed sair!
A vote of the canker’d Session Court,
Of land and living will make me bare

“But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,

¹“He took bread and salt, by this light, that he would never open his lips.”—*The Honest Whore*, Act v. Scene 2.

Or . . . if he could be but ten days stoun

My bonny braid lands would still be my ain."—

"O, mony a time, my lord," he said,

"I've stown the horse frae the sleeping loon ;

But for you I'll steal a beast as braid,

For I'll steal Lord Durie frae Edinburgh toun.

"O, mony a time, my lord," he said,

"I've stown a kiss frae a sleeping wench ;

But for you I'll do as kittle a deed,

For I'll steal an auld lurdane aff the bench."—

And Christie's Will is to Edinburgh gane ;

At the Borough Muir then enter'd he ;

And as he pass'd the gallow-stane,

He cross'd his brow, and he bent his knee.

He lighted at Lord Durie's door,

And there he knock'd most manfullie ;

And up and spake Lord Durie sae stour,

"What tidings, thou stalward groom, to me ?"

"The fairest lady in Teviotdale

Has sent, maist reverent sir, for thee ;

She pleas at the Session for her land, a' haill,

And fain she wad plead her cause to thee."—

"But how can I to that lady ride,

With saving of my dignitie ?"—

“O a curch and mantle ye may wear,
And in my cloak ye sall muffled be.”

Wi’ curch on head, and cloak ower face,
He mounted the judge on a palfrey fyne;
He rode away, a right round pace,
And Christie’s Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o’er,
When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,¹
They met, I ween, our noble King.

When Willie look’d upon our King,
I wot a frightened man was he!
But ever auld Durie was startled mair,
For tyning of his dignitie.

The King he cross’d himself, I wis,
When as the pair came riding bye—
“An uglier crone, and a sturdier loon,
I think, were never seen with eye!”—

Willie has hied to the tower of Græme,
He took auld Durie on his back,
He shot him down to the dungeon deep,
Which garr’d his auld banes gie mony a crack.

¹ Middleton Moor is about fifteen miles from Edinburgh on the way to the Border.

For nineteen days, and nineteen nights,
 Of sun, or moon, or midnight stern,
 Auld Durie never saw a blink,
 The lodging was sae dark and dern.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross,¹
 Had fang'd him in their nets sae fast ;
 Or that the gipsies' glamour'd gang ²
 Had lair'd ³ his learning at the last.

“ Hey ! Batty, lad ! far yaud ! far yaud ! ” ⁴
 These were the morning sounds heard he ;
 And ever “ Alack ! ” auld Durie cried,
 “ The deil is hounding his tykes on me ! ” —

And whiles a voice on *Baudrons* cried,
 With sound uncouth, and sharp, and hie ;
 “ I have tar-barrell'd mony a witch, ⁵
 But now, I think, they'll clear scores wi' me ! ” —

¹ See Note A, p. 17, *post*.

² See Note B, p. 18, *post*.

³ *Lair'd*—Bogged.

⁴ *Far yaud*—The signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance. From Yoden, to go. *Ang. Sax.*

⁵ Human nature shrinks from the brutal scenes produced by the belief in witchcraft. Under the idea that the devil imprinted upon the body of his miserable vassals a mark, which was insensible to pain, persons were employed to run needles into the bodies of the old women who were suspected of witchcraft. In the dawning of common sense upon this subject, a complaint was made before the Privy Council of

The King has caused a bill be wrote,
 And he has set it on the Tron,—
 “He that will bring Lord Durie back,
 Shall have five hundred merks and one.”—

Traquair has written a privie letter,
 And he has seal'd it wi' his seal,—
 “Ye may let the auld brock ¹ out o' the poke;
 The land's my ain, and a's gane weel.”—

O Will has mounted his bonny black,
 And to the tower of Græme did trudge,

Scotland, 11th September, 1678, by Catherine Liddell, a poor woman, against the Baron-bailie of Preston Grange, and David Cowan (a professed pricker), for having imprisoned, and most cruelly tortured her. They answered, 1st, She was searched by her own consent, *et volenti non fit injuria*; 2d, The pricker had learned his trade from Kincaid, a famed pricker; 3d, He never acted, but when called upon by magistrates or clergymen, so what he did was *auctore prætore*; 4th, His trade was lawful; 5th, Perkins, Delrio, and all divines and lawyers, who treat of witchcraft, assert the existence of the marks, or *stigmata sagarum*; and, 6thly, Were it otherwise, *Error communis facit jus*.—Answered, 1st, Denies consent; 2d, Nobody can validly consent to their own torture; for *Nemo est dominus membrorum suorum*; 3d, The pricker was a common cheat. The last arguments prevailed; and it was found, that inferior “judges might not use any torture, by pricking, or by withholding them from sleep;” the council reserving all that to themselves, the justices, and those acting by commission from them. But Lord Durie, a Judge of the Court of Session, could have no share in such inflictions.

¹ Brock—Badger.

And once again, on his sturdy back,
Has he hente up the weary judge.

He brought him to the council stairs,
And there full loudly shouted he,
“Gie me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie!”——

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross.—P. 14, v. 2.

“As for the rencounter betwixt Mr. Williamson, schoolmaster at Cowper, (who has wrote a grammar,) and the Rosicrucians, I never trusted it, till I heard it from his own son, who is present minister of Kirkaldy. He tells, that a stranger came to Cowper and called for him: after they had drank a little, and the reckoning came to be paid, he whistled for spirits; one, in the shape of a boy, came, and gave him gold in abundance; no servant was seen riding with him to the town, nor enter with him into the inn. He caused his spirits, against next day, bring him noble Greek wine from the Pope's cellar, and tell the freshest news then at Rome; then trysted Mr. Williamson at London, who met the same man in a coach, near to London Bridge, and who called on him by his name; he marvelled to see any know him there; at last he found it was his Rosicrucian. He pointed to a tavern, and desired Mr. Williamson to do him the favour to dine with him at that house; whither he came at twelve o'clock, and

found him and many others of good fashion there, and a most splendid and magnificent table, furnished with all the varieties of delicate meats, where they are all served by spirits. At dinner, they debated upon the excellency of being attended by spirits; and, after dinner, they proposed to him to assume him into their society, and make him participant of their happy life; but among the other conditions and qualifications requisite, this was one, that they demanded his abstracting his spirit from all materiality, and renouncing his baptismal engagements. Being amazed at this proposal, he falls a-praying; whereat they all disappear, and leave him alone. Then he began to forethink what would become of him, if he were left to pay that vast reckoning; not having as much on him as would defray it. He calls the boy, and asks, what was become of these gentlemen, and what was to pay? He answered, there was nothing to pay, for they had done it, and were gone about their affairs in the city.”—FOUNTAINHALL’S *Decisions*, vol. i. p. 15. With great deference to the learned reporter, this story has all the appearance of a joke upon the poor schoolmaster, calculated at once to operate upon his credulity, and upon his fears of being left in pawn for the reckoning.

NOTE B.

Or that the gipsies’ glamour’d gang, &c.—P. 14, v. 2.

BESIDES the prophetic powers ascribed to the gipsies in most European countries, the Scottish peasants believe them possessed of the power of throwing upon bystanders a spell, to fascinate their eyes, and cause

them to see the thing that is not. Thus in the old ballad of Johnie Faa, the elopement of the Countess of Cassillis, with a gipsy leader, is imputed to fascination :—

“ As sune as they saw her weel-far’d face,
They cast the *glamour* ower her.”

Saxo Grammaticus mentions a particular sect of *mathematicians*, as he is pleased to call them, who, “*per summam ludificandorum oculorum peritiam, proprios alienosque vultus, variis rerum imaginibus, adumbrare callebant; illicibusque formis veros obscurare conspectus.*” Merlin, the son of Ambrose, was particularly skilled in this art, and displays it often in the old metrical romance of *Arthour and Merlin* :—

“ Tho’ thai com the Kinges neighe
Merlin hef his heued on heighe,
And kest on hem enchauntement
That he hem alle allmest blent
That none other sen no might
A gret while y you plight,” &c.

The *jongleurs* were also great professors of this mystery, which has in some degree descended, with their name, on the modern jugglers. But durst Breslaw, the Sieur Boaz, or Katterfelto himself, have encountered, in a magical sleight, the *tragetoures* of Father Chaucer, who

—— “ within a hall large
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and down;
Somtime hath seemed come a grim leoun,
And sometime flowres spring as in a mede,
Somtime a vine and grapes white and rede,
Somtime a castel al of lime and ston;

And when hem liketh voideth it anon.
Thus seemeth it to every mannes sight."

Frankeleene's Tale.

And again, the prodigies exhibited by the Clerk of Orleans to Aurelius:—

"He shewd him, or they went to soupere,
Forestes, parkes ful of wilde dere.
Ther saw he hartes with hir hornes hie,
The gretest that were ever seen with eie:
He saw of hem an hundred slain with houndes,
And some with arwes blede of bitter woundes;
He saw, when voided were the wilde dere,
Thise fauconers upon a fair rivere,
That with hir haukes han the heron slain:
Tho saw he knightes justen in a plain;
And after this he did him swiche plesance,
That he him shewd his lady on a dance,
On which himselven danced, as him thought:
And whan this maister, that this magike wrought,
Saw it was time, he clapt his handes two,
And farewell! all the revel is ago.
And yet remued they never out of the house,
While they saw all thise sights merveillous:
But in his studie, ther his bookes be,
They saten still, and no wight but they three."

Ibidem.

Our modern professors of the *magic natural* would likewise have been sorely put down by the *Jogulours* and *Enchantours* of the *Grete Chan*; "for they maken to come in the air the sone and the mone, beseminge to every mannes sight; and aftre, they maken the nyght so dirke, that no man may se no thing; and aftre, they maken the day to come agen, fair and plesant, with bright sone to every mannes sight; and than, they bringen in daunces of the fairest

damyselles of the world, and richest arrayed; and aftre, they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringing coupes of gold, fulle of mylke of diverse bestes; and geven drinke to lordes and to ladyes; and than they maken knyghtes to justen in armes fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret randoun, and they frusschen togidre full fiercely, and they broken her speres so rudely, that the trenchouns flen in sprotis and pieces alle aboute the halle; and than they make to come in hunting for the hert and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe: and many other things they dow of her enchauntements, that it is marveyle for to see.”—SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE’S *Travels*, p. 285.

I question much, also, if the most artful *illuminatus* of Germany could have matched the prodigies exhibited by Pacolet and Adramain, “*Adonc Adramain leva une cappe par dessus une pillier, et en telle sort, qu’il sembla a ceux qui furent presens, que parmi la place couroit une riviere fort grande et terrible. Et en icelle riviere sembloit avoir poissons en grand abondance, grands et petits. Et quand ceux de palais virent l’eau si grande, ils commencerent tous a lever leur robes, et a crier fort, comme s’ils eussent eu peur d’estre noyés; et Pacolet, qui l’enchantement regarda, commença a chanter, et fit en sort si subtil en son chant qu’il sembla a tous ceux de lieu que parmy la riviere couroit un cerf grand et cornu, qui jettoit et abbatoit a terre tout ce que devant lui trouvoit, puis leur fut advis que voyoyent chasseurs et veneurs courir apris le Cerf, avec grande puissance de levriers et des chiens. Lors y eut plusieurs de la compagnie qui saillirent au devant pour le Cerf attraper et cuyder prendre; mais Pacolet fist tost le Cerf sailer.*

‘Bien avez joué,’ dit Orson, ‘et bien scavez vostre art user.’ ” L’Histoire des Valentin et Orson, a Rouen, 1631.

The receipt, to prevent the operation of these deceptions, was, to use a sprig of four-leaved clover. I remember to have heard, (certainly very long ago, for at that time I believed the legend,) that a gipsy exercised his glamour over a number of people at Haddington, to whom he exhibited a common dunghill cock, trailing, what appeared to the spectators, a massy oaken trunk. An old man passed with a cart of clover; he stopped, and picked out a four-leaved blade; the eyes of the spectators were opened, and the oaken trunk appeared to be a bulrush.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

FEW personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, neverthe-

less, some doubt upon the subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length,¹ the son of our poet designed himself "Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun," which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families was common, and indeed necessary among the Border clans. So early as

¹ *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra.*
Advocates' Library, W. 4. 14.

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno iudicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clameo quæ ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millesimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300, (*List of Scottish Poets*,) which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation¹ as early as 1306, when Bruce slew

¹ The lines alluded to are these:—

“I hope that Thomas's prophecie,
Of Erceldoun, shall truly be,
In him,” &c.

the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Chartulary of Melrose.*

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle*—

“Of this fycht quillum spak Thomas
Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,
There suld meit stalwartly, starke and sterne.
He sayd it in his prophecy;
But how he wist it was *ferly*.”

Book viii. chap. 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel) in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery. much to the taste of the Prior of Lochleven.¹

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal

¹ Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge:—

“ Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
 With the minister, which was a worthy man.
 He used oft to that religious place;
 The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
 And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
 In rule of war whether they tint or wan:
 Which happened sooth in many divers case;
 I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
 It may be deemed by division of grace,” &c.

History of Wallace, Book ii.

mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure.¹ Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village.² The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still “drees his weird” in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists ; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer’s supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont’s tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist ; who, by dint of some

¹ See the Dissertation on Fairies, prefixed to *Tamlane*. [Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 254.]

² There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find on p. 57.

knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faëry. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the Editor has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

TRADITIONAL VERSION.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, (iv. 117.) Given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS.

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank ;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee ;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne ;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

“O no, O no, Thomas,” she said,
“That name does not belong to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

“Harp and carp, Thomas,” she said;
“Harp and carp along wi’ me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be.”—

“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt me.”—¹
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

“Now, ye maun go wi’ me,” she said;
“True Thomas, ye maun go wi’ me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro’ weal or woe as may chance to be.’

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She’s ta’en true Thomas up behind:
And aye, whene’er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach’d a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

¹ *That weird, &c.*—That destiny shall never frighten me.

“ Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee ;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

“ O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers ?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

“ And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven ?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

“ And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae ?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

“ But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see ;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye’ll ne’er get back to your ain countrie.”

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the
knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern
light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—¹
“Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.”—

“My tongue is mine ain,” true Thomas said;
“A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

“I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.”—
“Now hold thy peace!” the lady said,
“For as I say, so must it be.”—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

¹ The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.—SCOTT.

A P P E N D I X.

THE reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the Queen of Faëry. It will afford great amusement to those who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophetia Thomæ de Erseldoun.

In a lande as I was lent,
In the gryking of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Huntle bankys me for to play;
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye mawes movyde of her song,
Ye wodwale sange notes gay,
That al the wod about range.
In that longyng as I lay,
Undir nethe a dern tre,

I was war of a lady gay,
 Come rydyng ouyr a fair le:
 Zogh I suld sitt to domysday,
 With my tong to wrabbe and wry,
 Certenly all hyr aray,
 It beth neuwer discryuyd for me.
 Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,
 Sycke on say neuer none;
 As the son in somers day,
 All abowte that lady schone.
 Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone,
 A semly syght it was to se,
 Bryht with mony a precyous stone,
 And compasyd all with crapste;
 Stones of oryens, gret plente,
 Her hair about her hede it hang,
 She rode ouer the farnyle,
 A while she blew, a while she sang,
 Her girths of nobil silke they were,
 Her boculs were of beryl stone,
 Sadyll and brydil war - - ;
 With sylk and sendel about bedone,
 Hyr patyrel was of a pall fyne,
 And hyr croper of the arase,
 Her brydil was of gold fyne,
 On euery syde forsothe hang bells thre,
 Her brydil reynes - - -
 A semly syzt - - - -
 Crop and patyrel - - -
 In every joynt - - - -
 She led thre grew houndes in a leash,
 And ratches cowpled by her ran;
 She bar an horn about her halse,
 And undir her gyrdil mene flene.
 Thomas lay and sa - -
 In the bankes of - - - -
 He sayd Yonder is Mary of Might,
 That bar the child that died for me,
 Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,

Myd my hert will breke in three;
I schal me hye with all my might,
Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tre.
Thomas rathly up her rase,
And ran ouer mountayn hye,
If it be sothe the story says,
He met her euyn at Eldyn Tre.
Thomas knelyd down on his kne
Undir nethe the grenewood spray,
And sayd, Lovely lady, thou rue on me,
Queen of Heaven as you may well be.
But I am a lady of another countrie,
If I be pareld most of prise,
I ride after the wild fee,
My ratches rinnen at my devys.
If thou be pareld most of prise,
And rides a lady in strang foly.
Lovely lady, as thou art wise,
Giue you me leue to lige ye by.
Do way, Thomas, that were foly,
I pray ye, Thomas, late me be,
That sin will fordo all my bewtie.
Lovely ladye, rewe on me,
And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
Here my trowth I plyght to thee,
Where you belieues in heuin or hell.
Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
Thou would tell full hastely,
That thou had layn by a lady gay.
Lady, mote I lyge by the,
Undir nethe the grene wode tre,
For all the gold in chrystenty,
Suld you neuer be wryede for me.
Man on molde you will me marre,
And yet bot you may haf your will,
Trow you well, Thomas, you cheuyst ye warre;
For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
Down lyghtyd that lady bryzt,

Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
Seuyn tymes by her he lay.
She sayd, Man, you lyst thi play,
What berde in bouyr may dele with thee,
That maries me all this long day;
I pray ye, Thomas, let me be.
Thomas stode up in the stede,
And behelde the lady gay,
Her heyre hang down about hyr hede,
The tane was blak, the other gray,
Her eyn semyt onte before was gray,
Her gay clethyng was all away,
That he before had sene in that stede
Hyr body as blow as ony bede.
Thomas sighede, and sayd, Allas,
Me thynke this a dullfull syght,
That thou art fadyd in the face,
Before you shone as son so bryzt.
Tak thy leue, Thomas, at son and mone,
At gresse, and at euery tre,
This twelmonth sall you with me gone,
Medyl erth you sall not se.
Alas, he seyde, ful wo is me,
I trow my dedes will werke me care,
Jesu, my sole tak to ye,
Whedir so euyr my body sal fare.
She rode furth with all her myzt,
Undir nethe the derne lee,
It was as derke as at midnizt,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but swowyng of a flode;
Thomas sayd, Ful wo is me,
Now I spyll for fawte of fode;
To a garden she lede him tyte,
There was fruyte in grete plente,
Peyres and appless ther were rype,
The date and the damese,

The figge and als fylbert tre;
The nyghtyngale bredyng in her neste,
The papigaye about gan fle,
The throstylcock sang wald hafe no rest.
He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand,
As man for faute that was faynt;
She seyde, Thomas, lat al stand,
Or els the deuyl wil the ataynt.
Sche seyde, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To lay thi hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayrer syght,
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fayr way,
That lyggs ouyr yone fayr playn?
Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,
Whan synful sawles haf derayed their payne.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon secund way,
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
Streight is the way, sothly to say,
To the joyes of paradyce.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon thyrd way,
That lygges ouyr yone how?
Wide is the way, sothly to say,
To the brynyng fyres of helle.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
That standes ouyr yone fair hill?
Of town and tower it beereth the belle,
In middell erth is none like theretill.
Whan thou comyst in yone castell gaye,
I pray thee curteis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Loke thu answer none but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxx kniztes feir and fre;
I shall say syttyng on the dese,
I toke thy speche beyond the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And behelde that ladye gaye;
Than was sche fayr, and ryche anone,

And also ryal on hir palfreye.
The grewhoundes had fylde thaim on the dere,
The raches coupled, by my fay,
She blewe her horne Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way.
The ladye into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept her mony a lady gent,
With curtasy and lawe.
Harp and fedyl both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lut and rybid ther gon gan,
Thair was al maner of mynstralsy,
The most fertly that Thomas thocht,
When he com emyddes the flore,
Fourty hertes to quarry were broght,
That had ben befor both long and store.
Lymors lay lappyng blode,
And kokes standyng with dressyng knyfe,
And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,
And rewell was thair wonder.
Knyghtes dansyd by two and thre,
All that leue long day.
Ladyes that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of rych aray.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descryve,
Til on a day, alas, alas,
My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
Busk ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answer'd with heuy
And said, Lowely ladye, lat me be,
For I say ye certenly here
Haf I be bot the space of dayes three.
Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,
You hath ben here thre yeres,

And here you may no longer be;
 And I sal tele ye a skele,
 To-morowe of helle ye foule fende
 Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
 For you art a larg man and an hende,
 Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
 Fore all the golde that may be,
 Fro hens unto the worldes ende,
 Sall you not be betrayed by me,
 And thairfor sall you hens wende.
 She broght hym euyne to Eldyn Tre,
 Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
 In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
 Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.
 Ferre ouyr yon montayns gray,
 There hathe my facon;
 Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

* * * * *

The Elfin Queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the Museum of the Cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection in Peterborough, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr. Jamieson, in his curious Collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacunæ* of the former editions have been supplied from his copy.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

THE prophecies ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance “amongst the sons of his people.” The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, “Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of *Schir Gawain*,” if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintoun, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer’s

vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr. Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes* of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:—

“La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d’Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl l’a repoundy et dyt,

When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
 When man is levere other mones thyng than his owen;
 When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;
 When hares kendles o’ the her’stane;
 When Wyt and Wille werres togedere;
 When mon makes stables of kyrkes, and steles castels with
 stye;
 When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyl-
 eye;
 When Bambourne is donged with dede men;
 When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen;
 When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten
 markes;
 When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun:
 When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme that the
 English ne shall hym fynde;

When rycht ant wronge astente the togedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes flen so faste, that, for faute of shep, hy
drowneth hemselfe;
When shal this be?
Nouthur in thine tyme ne in mine;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

PINKERTON'S *Poems*, from MAITLAND'S *MSS.* quoting
from *Harl. Lib.* 2253. F. 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr. Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age) to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299, (see the charter, by his son, in the introduction to the foregoing ballad.) It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas she is described as a young, or

a middle-aged woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the Editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoune, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the Countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, that there shall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning which the question was proposed) till a final conquest of the country by England, attended by all the usual severities of war. "When the cultivated country shall become forest," says the prophecy;—"when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men;—when Scots shall not be able to escape the English, should they crouch as hares in their form"—all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III., upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten marks, and a quarter of "whaty [indifferent] wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland, was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition,

as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight, “for faute of ships,”—thank God for that too.—The prophecy, quoted page 120, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose.

A minute search of the records of the time would probably throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family :

“The hare sall kittle [litter] on my hearth stane,
And there will never be a Laird Learmont again.”

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library.—“When hares kendles o’ the her’sane”—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613 :

“This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
The hare shall hirple on the hard [hearth] stane.”

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian,

seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoune. "The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called *Thomas the Rhymmer*, may justly be admired; having foretold, so many ages before, the union of England and Scotland, in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and other divers particulars, which the event hath ratified and made good. Boethius, in his story, relateth his prediction of King Alexander's death, and that he did foretel the same to the Earl of March, the day before it fell out; saying, 'That before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland had not felt for many years before.' The next morning, the day being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an impostor. He replied, that noon was not yet passed. About which time a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. 'Then,' said Thomas, 'this is the tempest I foretold; and so it shall prove to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come."—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, Master Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the

prophecy of King Alexander's death. That historian calls our bard "*ruralis ille vates*."—FORDUN, lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls "the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," are the metrical productions ascribed to the seer of Ercildoune, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. Nisbet the herald (who claims the prophet of Ercildoune as a brother-professor of his art, founding upon the various allegorical and emblematical allusions to heraldry) intimates the existence of some earlier copy of his prophecies than that of Andro Hart, which, however, he does not pretend to have seen.¹ The late excellent

¹ "The *muscle* is a square figure like a *lozenge*, but it is always voided of the *field*. They are carried as principal figures by the name of Learmont. Learmont of Earlstoun, in the Merss, carried *or* on a bend azure three muscles; of which family was Sir Thomas Learmont, who is well known by the name of Thomas the Rhymer, because he wrote his prophecies in rhyme. This prophetick herauld lived in the days of King Alexander the Third, and prophesied of his death, and of many other remarkable occurrences; particularly of the union of Scotland with England, which was not accomplished until the reign of James the Sixth, some hundred years after it was foretold by this gentleman, whose prophecies are much esteemed by many of the vulgar even at this day. I was promised by a friend a sight of his prophecies, of which there is everywhere to be had an epitome, which, I suppose, is erroneous, and differs in many things

Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the*

from the original, it having been oft reprinted by some unskilful persons. Thus many things are amissing in the small book which are to be met with in the original, particularly these two lines concerning his neighbour, Bemerside:—

‘Tyde what may betide,
Haig shall be laird of Bemerside.’

And indeed his prophecies concerning that ancient family have hitherto been true; for since that time to this day, the Haigs have been lairds of that place. They carrie, Azure a saltier cantoned with two stars in chief and in base argent, as many crescents in the flanks or; and for crest a rock proper, with this motto, taken from the above-written rhyme—‘Tide what may.’ ”—NISBET *on Marks of Cadency*, p. 158. He adds, “that Thomas’ meaning may be understood by heralds when he speaks of kingdoms whose insignia seldom vary, but that individual families cannot be discovered, either because they have altered their bearings, or because they are pointed out by their crests and exterior ornaments, which are changed at the pleasure of the bearer.” Mr. Nisbet, however, comforts himself for this obscurity, by reflecting, that “we may certainly conclude, from his writings, that herauldry was in good esteem in his days, and well known to the vulgar.”—*Ibid.* p. 160. It may be added, that the publication of predictions, either printed or hieroglyphical, in which noble families were pointed out by their armorial bearings, was, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, extremely common; and the influence of such predictions on the minds of the common people was so great as to occasion a prohibition, by statute, of prophecy by reference to heraldic emblems. Lord Henry Howard also (afterwards Earl of Northampton) directs against this practice, much of the reasoning in his learned treatise, entitled, “A Defensation against the Poyson of pretended Prophecies.”

History of Scotland. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a King, son of a French Queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The groundwork of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:—

“ Of Bruce’s left side shall spring out a leafe,
 As neere as the ninth degree;
 And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
 In France farre beyond the sea.
 And then shall come again ryding,
 With eyes that many men may see.
 At Aberladie he shall light,
 With hempen helteres and horse of tre.

— — — — —
 However it happen for to fall,
 The lyon shall be lord of all;
 The French Quen shall bearre the sonne,
 Shall rule all Britainne to the sea;
 Ane from the Bruce’s blood shal come also,
 As neere as the ninth degree.

— — — — —
 Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
 A keene man of courage and bold man of armes;
 A duke’s son dowbled [*i. e.* dubbed], a born man in
 France,
 That shall our mirths augment, and mend all our harmes ;

After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself.
Between 13 and thrice three the threip shall be ended,
The Saxons shall never recover after."

There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The Regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—"fleemit of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer *upon a land beside a lee*, who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days,

which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:—

“ Our Scottish King sal come ful keene,
The red lyon beareth he;
A feddered arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him winke and warre to see.
Out of the field he shall be led,
When he is bludie and woe for blood;
Yet to his men shall he say,
‘ For God’s love turn you againe,
And give yon sutherne folk a frey!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My date is not to die this day.’ ”

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:—

“ The sternes three that day shall die,
That bears the harte in silver sheen.”

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:

“ At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt
Much gentle blood that day;
There shall the bear lose the guilt,
And the eagill bear it away.”

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured, so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who showed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:—

“ Then to the Beirne could I say,
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,
From the north to the south sey?
A French queene shall bear the sonne,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree:
I frained fast what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country.]
In Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men cals me.”

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, enclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other

predictions, in Hart's Collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses :

“ Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the lyon,
Four crescents under one crowne,
With Saint Andrew's croce thrise,
Then threescore and thrise three:
Take tent to Merling truely,
Then shall the wars ended be,
And never again rise.

In that yere there shall a king,
A duke, and no crowned king:
Becaus the prince shall be yong,
And tender of yeares.”

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish Regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the “ Moldwarte [England] by the fained hart,” (the Earl of Angus.) The Regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of

it. The Regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:—

“ True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,
In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills.”

The Prophecy of Gildas.

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

“ Marvellous Merlin, that many men of tells,
And Thomas’s sayings comes all at once.”

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwynn Wyllt, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued? That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scotichronicon*, lib. 3, cap.

31, is an account of an interview betwixt St. Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken*, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the River Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:—

*“Sude perfossus, lapide percussus, et unda,
Hæc tria Merlinum fertur inire necem.
Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque prehensus,
Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum.”*

But in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welsh bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page, whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, inquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand, Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that

he should die by a tree ; and to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the French authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur ; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelzier, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the churchyard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed ; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union :—

“ When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin’s grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch have.”

On the day of the coronation of James VI. the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet’s grave.—PENNYCUICK’S *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the southwest of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate ; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to choose for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,¹ under

¹ I do not know whether the person here meant be Wald-

whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law ; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence ; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes¹ pursued over the mountain by a savage

have, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

¹ The strange occupation, in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating that the prophet had fled to the forest in a state of distraction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one clear evening, he discerned from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift, (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight,) he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood ; and having seated himself upon a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:—

*“Dixerat : et silvas et saltus circuit omnes,
Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum,
Et damas, capreasque simul ; cervoque resedit,
Et, veniente die, compellens agmina præ se,
Festinans vadit quo nubit Guendolæna.
Postquam venit eo, pacienter ipse coegit
Cervos ante fores, proclamans, ‘Guendolæna,
Guendolæna, veni, te talia munera spectant.’
Ocius ergo venit subridens Guendolæna,
Gestarique virum cerro miratur, et illum*

figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance :—

"He was formed like a freike [man] all his four quarters;
And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
With haire growing so grime, fearful to see."

He answers briefly to Waldhave's inquiry concerning his name and nature, that he "drees his

*Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
Uniri numerum quas præ se solus agebat,
Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere suerit ad herbas.
Stabat ab excelsa sponsus spectando fenestra,
In solio mirans equitem, risumque movebat.
Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset
Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua cerro
Quo gestabatur; vibrataque jecit in illum,
Et caput illius penitus contrivit, eumque
Reddidit exanimem, vitamque fugavit in auras;
Ocius inde suum, talorum verberare, cervum
Diffugiens egit, silvasque redire paravit."*

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton Library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr. Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Specimens of Early English Romances*, published by Mr. Ellis.

weird," *i. e.* does penance in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,

"Go musing upon Merlin if thou wilt:
For I mean no more, man, at this time."

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V.; for, among the amusements with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are,

"The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin."
Sir DAVID LINDSAY'S Epistle to the King.

And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar:—

"This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields."

The original stands thus:

"When laddes weddeth love dies."

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the Regent Morton's execution. When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode

says, that he asked, “ ‘ Who was Earl of Arran? and being answered that Captain James was the man, after a short pause, he said, ‘ And is it so? I know then what I may look for!’ meaning, as was thought, that the old prophecy of the ‘ Falling of the heart¹ by the mouth of Arran,’ should then be fulfilled. Whether this was his mind or not, it is not known; but some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say, that he stood in fear of that prediction, and went that course only to disappoint it. But if so it was, he did find himself now deluded; for he fell by the mouth of another Arran than he imagined.”—SPOTTISWOODE, 313. The fatal words alluded to seem to be these in the prophecy of Merlin:—

“In the mouthe of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
And derfly dung down without any dome.”

To return from these desultory remarks, into which I have been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*; a circumstance which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway*, and

¹ The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

Gawaine and Golograss, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and revamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy, as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sibyl: "Here followeth a prophecie, pronounced by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four bookes, at the instance of the said King Sol, and others divers: and the fourth book was directed to a noble king, called Baldwine, King of the broad isle of Britain; in the which she maketh mention of two noble princes and emperours, the which is called Leones. How these two shall subdue and overcome all earthlie princes to their diademe and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus; that was Leprosus, the son of Saint

Helena, that found the croce. The second is the sixt king of the name of Steward of Scotland, the which is our most noble king." With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the Editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Ercildoune, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming.¹ For example:—

"But then the lilye shal be loused when they least think;
Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;
For churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.

¹ [The Rev. R. Fleming, pastor of a Scotch congregation in London, published in 1701, "Discourses on the Rise and Fall of Papacy," in which he expressed his belief, founded on a text in the Apocalypse, that the French Monarchy would undergo some remarkable humiliation about 1794.—ED]

Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shal arise;
The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken;
Seculars shal sit in spiritual seats,
Occupying offices anointed as they were."

Taking the lily for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the Editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Hart's collection of prophecies was frequently reprinted during the last century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see *Fordun*, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite sooth-

sayer. The late Mr. Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the Abbey, should "fall when at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they, who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:—

"At Eldon Tree if you shall be,
A brigg ower Tweed you there may see."

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick, (Comes Patrick,) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Ercildoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the Editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart's publication.¹

¹ [An exact reprint of Hart's volume, from the copy in the Library at Abbotsford, is about to appear under the care of the learned antiquary, Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh.—ED. 1833.]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream ;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong ;
Of giant make he 'pear'd to be :
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—" Well met, well met, true Thomas !
Some uncouth ferlies show to me."—
Says—" Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave !
Thrice welcume, good Dunbar, to me !

“ Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave !
And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

“ A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross’s Hills to Solway sea.”—
“ Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar !
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea.”—

He put his hand on the Earlie’s head ;
He show’d him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,¹
And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

“ The neist curse lights on Branxton hills :
By Flodden’s high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi’ meikle pride.

“ A Scottish King shall come full keen,
The ruddy lion beareth he ;
A feather’d arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

“ When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
‘ For God’s sake, turn ye back again,

¹ King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

And give yon southern folk a fray !
 Why should I lose the right is mine ?
 My doom is not to die this day.' ¹

" Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
 And woe and wonder ye sall see ;
 How forty thousand spearmen stand,
 Where yon rank river meets the sea.

" There shall the lion lose the gylte,
 And the libbards bear it clean away ;
 At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
 Much gentil bluid that day."—

" Enough, enough, of curse and ban ;
 Some blessings show thou now to me,
 Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
 " Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me !"—

" The first of blessings I shall thee show,
 Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread ; ²
 Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
 And find their arrows lack the head.

¹ The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV. is well known.

² One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:—

" The burn of breid
 Shall run fow reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

“ Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

“ Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree ;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be.”—

“ But tell me now,” said brave Dunbar,
“ True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea ? ”

“ A French Queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea ;
He of the Bruce’s blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

“ The waters worship shall his race ;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea ;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.”

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.—MODERN.

BY W. SCOTT.

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once-admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The Editor, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work ; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the Bard of Ercildoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr. ELLIS's *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. 165, iii. p. 410 ; a work to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged ; the former, for the preservation of the best-selected examples of their poetical taste ; and the latter, for a history of the English lan-

guage, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist:—

“I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale,
Now thame says as they thame wroght,
And in thare saying it semes nocht.
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steme,
Over all that is or was;
If men it said as made Thomas,” &c.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr. Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Ercildoune:—

“*Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,
Co que del naim dire se solent,
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
Li naim redut Tristram narrer,
E entusché par grant engin,*

*Quant il afole Kaherdin ;
 Pur cest plai e pur cest mal,
 Enveiad Tristram Guvernal,
 En Engleterre pur Ysolt :
 THOMAS ico granter ne volt,
 Et si volt par raisun mostrer,
 Qu' ico ne put pas esteer," &c.*

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puisse, and analyzed by M. de Tressan ; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer's poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with greater propriety among the class of Modern Ballads, had it not been for its immediate connexion with the first and second parts of the same story.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

WHEN seven years more were come and
gone,

Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show'd high Dunyon¹
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,²
Pitch'd palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a-rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

¹ Ruberslaw and Dunyon, are two hills near Jedburgh.

² An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:—

“Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!”

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows*.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie;¹
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.²

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall:
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs³ of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done:
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and
tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

¹ *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

² Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire; both the property of Mr. Pringle of Torwoodlee.

³ *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along ;
No after bard might e'er avail ¹
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.²

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake ;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,³
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell ;
Was none excell'd in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.⁴

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore ;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

¹ See Introduction to this ballad.

² [This stanza was quoted by the Edinburgh Reviewer, of 1804, as a noble *contrast* to the ordinary humility of the genuine ballad diction.—ED.]

³ See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword*. [Vol. ii. p. 3.]

⁴ [See Sir Tristrem.]

No art the poison might withstand ;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part ;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween !
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard,
In fairy tissue wove ;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High rear'd its glittering head ;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye ;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he ?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung :
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue ?

She comes ! she comes !—like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly :
She comes ! she comes !—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die ; her latest sigh
Join'd in a kiss his parting breath ;
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paus'd the harp : its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear ;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak :
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh ;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
 The mists of evening close ;
 In camp, in castle, or in bower,
 Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
 Dream'd o'er the woeful tale ;
 When footsteps light, across the bent,
 The warrior's ear assail.

He starts, he wakes ;—" What, Richard, ho !
 Arise, my page, arise !
 What venturous wight, at dead of night,
 Dare step where Douglas lies !"—

Then forth they rush'd : by Leader's tide,
 A selcouth¹ sight they see—
 A hart and hind pace side by side,
 As white as snow on Fairnalie.²

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
 They stately move and slow ;

¹ *Selcouth*—Wondrous.

² An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the Fairy Queen thus addresses him:—

“ Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
 Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie.”

[Fairnilee is now one of the seats of Mr. Pringle of Clifton, M. P. for Selkirkshire. 1833.]

Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run ;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red ;
Never a word he spake but three ;—
“My sand is run ; my thread is spun ;
This sign regardeth me.”

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung ;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went ; yet turn'd him oft
To view his ancient hall :
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall ;

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray ;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

“Farewell, my father's ancient tower !
A long farewell,” said he :

“ The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

“ To Learmont’s name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And, on thy hospitable hearth,
The hare shall leave her young.

“ Adieu ! adieu ! ” again he cried,
All as he turned him roun’—
“ Farewell to Leader’s silver tide !
Farewell to Ercildoune ! ”

The hart and hind approach’d the place,
As lingering yet he stood ;
And there, before Lord Douglas’ face,
With them he cross’d the flood.

Lord Douglas leap’d on his berry-brown steed,
And spurr’d him the Leader o’er ;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been ;
But ne’er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

GLENFINLAS;

OR,

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.¹

BY WALTER SCOTT.

THE simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy*, (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp,

¹ *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The River Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the *Tales of Wonder*.¹

¹ [The scenery of this, the author's first serious attempt in poetry, reappears in the *Lady of the Lake*, in *Waverley*, and in *Rob Roy*.—ED.]

GLENFINLAS;
OR,
LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

“For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare.”

COLLINS.

“O HONE a rie' ! O hone a rie' !¹
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree ;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !”—

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore.
How deadly thine unerring bow !

¹ *O hone a rie' !* signifies—“Alas for the prince or chief.”

Well can the Saxon widows tell,¹
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,²
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell.
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columbia's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,³
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

¹ The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-Country neighbours.

² The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *The Beltane-Tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

³ I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances thus presented, usually presage misfortune: that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown ;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their silvan fare the Chiefs enjoy ;
And pleasure laughs in Roland's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

“ What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high ?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye ?

“ To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

“ Long have I sought sweet Mary’s heart,
And dropp’d the tear, and heaved the sigh :
But vain the lover’s wily art,
Beneath a sister’s watchful eye.

“ But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

“ Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, ’twixt tear and smile.

“ Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran’s rule prevail,¹
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow ? ”—

¹ St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Relig Ouran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

“ Since Enrick’s fight, since Morna’s death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

“ E’en then, when o’er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp’s wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer’s sad spirit came.

“ The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

“ The bark thou saw’st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban’s bay,
My eye beheld her dash’d and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

“ Thy Fergus too—thy sister’s son,
Thou saw’st, with pride, the gallant’s power,
As marching ’gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

“ Thou only saw’st their tartans¹ wave,
As down Benvoirlich’s side they wound,
Heard’st but the pibroch,² answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

¹ *Tartans*—The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

² *Pibroch*—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe

“ I heard the groans, I mark’d the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour’d his clan’s resistless roar

“ And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Roland, bleeds for thee !

“ I see the death-damps chill thy brow ;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry ;
The corpse-lights dance—they’re gone, now . . .
No more is given to gifted eye ! ”——

“ Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour !
Say, should we scorn joy’s transient beams,
Because to-morrow’s storm may lour ?

“ Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian’s Chieftain ne’er shall fear ;
His blood shall bound at rapture’s glow,
Though doom’d to stain the Saxon spear.

“ E’en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary’s buskins brush the dew.”
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But call’d his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound ;
In rush'd the rousers of the deer ;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch'd beside the seer.

No Roland yet ; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl ;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door ;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem ;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
“O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas’ moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green :

“With her a Chief in Highland pride ;
His shoulders bear the hunter’s bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow ?”—

“And who art thou ? and who are they ? ”
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied :
“And why, beneath the moon’s pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas’ side ?”—

“Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father’s towers o’erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

“To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

“O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost ;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.”—

“ Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there ,
Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.”—

“ O first, for pity’s gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way !
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father’s towers ere day.”—

“ First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say ;
Then kiss with me the holy rede ;
So shall we safely wend our way.”—

“ O shame to knighthood, strange and foul !
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

“ Not so, by high Dunlathmon’s fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna’s melting eye.”

Wild stared the minstrel’s eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

“ And thou ! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign’d,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail’d ye on the midnight wind !

“ Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle’s pretended line ;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.”

He mutter’d thrice St. Oran’s rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan’s powerful prayer ;¹
Then turn’d him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

¹ St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenween, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A.D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan’s miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king’s chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
 His wildest witch-notes on the wind ;
 And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
 As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
 Till to the roof her stature grew ;
 Then, mingling with the rising storm,
 With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear :
 The slender hut in fragments flew ;

shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of *Lesley*. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of *St. Fillan* should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the *Scots Magazine* for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown-grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms, to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of *St. Fillan*, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the *Quegrich*, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the *Quegrich* was used to cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, farther observes, that additional particulars, concerning *St. Fillan*, are to be found in *BELLENDEN'S Boece*, Book 4, folio ccxiii. and in *PENNANT'S Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp 11, 15.

[See a note on the lines in the first canto of *Marmion*. . .

“ Thence to *St. Fillan's* blessed well,
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
 And the crazed brain restore,” &c.—ED.]

But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise ;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell ;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm ;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade :
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore ;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills !
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen !
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen !

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,

Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie' ! O hone a rie' !
The pride of Albin's line is o'er !
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree ;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow¹-Crag, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in

¹ This place * is rendered interesting to poetical readers, by its having been the residence, in early life, of Mr Walter Scott, who has celebrated it in his 'Eve of St. John.' To it he probably alludes in the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion*.

'Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.' "

Scots Mag. March, 1809.

* The farm-house in the immediate vicinity of Smallholm.

a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr LEWIS'S *Tales of Wonder*. It is here published, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the battle of Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.¹ This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy,

¹ The following passage, in Dr HENRY MORE'S *Appendix to the Antidote against Atheism*, relates to a similar phenomenon:—"I confess, that the bodies of devils may not be only warm, but sindgingly hot, as it was in him that took one of Melancthon's relations by the hand, and so scorched her, that she bare the mark of it to her dying day. But the examples of cold are more frequent; as in that famous story of Cuntius, when he touched the arm of a certain woman of Pentoch, as she lay in her bed, he felt as cold as ice; and so did the spirit's claw to Anne Styles."—*Ed.* 1662, p.135.

and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.¹

¹ [See the Introduction to the third canto of Marmion. . . .

“It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of softest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew,” &c.—ED.]

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear ;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack¹ was braced, and his helmet was
laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore ;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days space,
And his looks were sad and sour ;

¹ The plate-jack is coat-armour; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe

And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor¹
Ran red with English blood ;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buc-
cleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still ;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

“ Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee ;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

“ Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true !
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do ? ”—

¹ See Appendix, p. 111.

“ My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold ;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

“ The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill ;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

“ I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone ;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

“ The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might ! an Armed Knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

“ And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there ;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

“ The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

“ And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve ;
And say, ‘ Come this night to thy lady’s bower ;
Ask no bold Baron’s leave.

“ ‘ He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch ;
His lady is all alone ;
The door she’ll undo, to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.’—

“ ‘ I cannot come ; I must not come ;
I dare not come to thee ;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone :
In thy bower I may not be.’—

“ ‘ Now, out on thee, fainthearted knight !
Thou shouldst not say me nay ;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer’s day.

“ ‘ And I’ll chain the blood-hound, and the warder
shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew’d on the stair ;
So, by the black rood-stone,¹ and by holy St.
John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there !’—

¹ The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

“ ‘ Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush
 beneath my foot,
 And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the
 east,
And my footstep he would know.’—

“ ‘ O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
 For to Dryburgh¹ the way he has ta’en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
 For the soul of a knight that is slayne.’—

“ He turn’d him around, and grimly he frown’d;
 Then he laugh’d right scornfully—
‘ He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that
 knight,
May as well say mass for me :

“ ‘ At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits
 have power,
 In thy chamber will I be.’—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see.”

¹ Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Haliburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.—[The ancient Barons of Newmains were ultimately represented by Sir Walter Scott, whose remains now repose in their cemetery at Dryburgh.—ED.]

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high,
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast
seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red
light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould
All under the Eildon-tree."¹—

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—

¹ Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies. See p. 28.

“ The grave is deep and dark—the corpse is stiff
and stark—

So I may not trust thy tale.

“ Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

“ The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name ;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks
do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame ! ”

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower-
gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat, where, with maids that on
her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood ;
Look'd over hill and vale ;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's¹ wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

¹ Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden.

“Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!”—

“Now hail, thou Baron true!

What news, what news, from Ancram fight?

What news from the bold Buccleuch?”—

“The Ancram Moor is red with gore,

For many a southern fell;

And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,

To watch our beacons well.”—

The lady blush’d red, but nothing she said:

Nor added the Baron a word:

Then she stepp’d down the stair to her chamber
fair,

And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn’d, and the Baron toss’d
and turn’d,

And oft to himself he said,—

“The worms around him creep, and his bloody
grave is deep

It cannot give up the dead!”—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,

The night was wellnigh done,

When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,

On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look’d through the chamber fair,

By the light of a dying flame;

And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

“Alas! away, away!” she cried,
“For the holy Virgin’s sake!”—
“Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

“By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

“By the Baron’s brand, near Tweed’s fair
strand,
Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon’s height.
For a space is doom’d to dwell.

“At our trysting-place,¹ for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Had’st thou not conjured me so.”—

Love master’d fear—her brow she cross’d;
“How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?”—
The vision shook his head!

¹ *Trysting-place*—Place of rendezvous.

“ Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life ;
So bid thy lord believe :
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.”

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam ;
His right upon her hand ;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd ;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun ;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,¹
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

¹ The circumstance of the nun, “ who never saw the day,” is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmains, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr.

Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.—1803.

APPENDIX.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

LORD EVERS, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers:—

Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bastill	
houses, burned and destroyed,	192
Scots slain,	403
Prisoners taken,	816
Nolt (cattle),	10,386
Shepe,	12,492
Nags and geldings,	1,296
Gayt,	200
Bolls of corn,	850
Insight gear, &c. (furniture), an incalculable quantity.	

MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 51.

For these services Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament. See a strain of exulting congratulation upon his promotion, poured forth by some contemporary minstrel, in vol. i. p. 417.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose.—*Godscroft*. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3,000 mercenaries, 1,500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish-men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady, (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley,) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1,000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot, while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott,¹ of Buccleuch,

¹ The Editor, has found no instance upon record, of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence, they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544, (the year preceding the battle,) the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the outworks, or barmkin, of the tower of Branxholm burned; eight Scotts slain, thirty made prisoners, and an im-

came up at full speed, with a small, but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior, (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement,) Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Paniel-heugh. The spare horses being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed, than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—*Godscroft*. The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless

mense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kale Water belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered and much spoil obtained; thirty Scots slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford) *smoked very sore*. Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor.—MURDIN'S *State Papers*, pp. 45, 46.

slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"

—LESLEY, p. 478.

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—REDPATH'S *Border History*, p. 563.

Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas: "Is our brother-in-law offended,"¹ said he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable:² I can keep myself there against all his English host."—GODSCROFT.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The

¹ Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.

² Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale. [See Notes to *Castle Dangerous*, Waverley Novels, vol. xlvii.]

spot, on which it was fought, is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington.¹ The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:—

“Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her
stumps.”

Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers, held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. “I have seen,” says the historian, “under the broad-seale of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Ketnes, in the county of Forfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Ure and his heires, ancestor to the Lord Ure, that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market, &c. dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34.”—STOWE'S *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

¹ [See *Chevy Chase*.]

C A D Y O W C A S T L E .

BY WALTER SCOTT.

THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the River Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure

twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago.¹ Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.²

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

“Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the Regent’s clemency. But part of

¹ [The breed had not been entirely extirpated. There remained certainly a magnificent herd of these cattle in Cad-yow Forest within these few years. 1833.—ED.]

² They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes

his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites,¹ who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass, in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery,² which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this

¹ This was Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—SPOTTISWOODE.

² This projecting gallery is still shown. The house, to which it was attached, was the property of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, a natural brother to the Duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house, whence the blow had come: but they found the door strongly barricadoed, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse,¹ which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound."—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity

¹ The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commendator of Arbroath.

of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The Regent's death happened 23d January 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St Andrews of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*JEBB*, vol. ii. p. 263.

With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwell-haugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."—MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 197.

CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.¹

BY WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

¹ [Eldest daughter of Archibald, 9th Duke of Hamilton.—
ED.]

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rock's wood cover'd side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between :

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;¹
His shouting merry-men throng behind:
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetier than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain.
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
 Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
 What sullen roar comes down the gale,
 And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
 That roam in woody Caledon,
 Crashing the forest in his race,
 The mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,
 He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
 Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
 And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;
 Struggling in blood the savage lies;
 His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
 Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse*!¹

¹ *Pryse*—The note blown at the death of the game.—*In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui, colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferox ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectârint, vel halitu perflaverint, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinuerunt. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum laccessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus ac ungulis peteret; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Ejus carnes cartilagosæ, sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii, Cum-*

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
 The hunters rest the idle spear;
 Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
 Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
 On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
 Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
 That bore the name of Hamilton.

“Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
 Still wont our weal and woe to share?
 Why comes he not our sport to grace?
 Why shares he not our hunter's fare?”—

Stern Claud replied,¹ with darkening face,
 (Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he.)
 “At merry feast, or buxom chase,
 No more the warrior wilt thou see.

bernaldis, et Kincarnie.—LESLÆUS, *Scotiæ Descriptio*, p. 13.
 —[See a note on *Castle Dangerous*, *Waverley Novels*, vol. xlvii.
 —ED.]

¹ Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

“ Few suns have set since Woodhouselee¹
Saw Bothwellhaugh’s bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn’d him home.

“ There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

“ O change accursed ! past are those days ;
False Murray’s ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth’s domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction’s volumed flame.

¹ This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

“What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

“The wilder’d traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
Revenge,’ she cries, ‘on Murray’s pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!’”

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief,
And half unsheath’d his Arran brand.

But who, o’er bush, o’er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard’s frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;¹

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some vision’d sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
’Tis he! ’tis he! ’tis Bothwellhaugh.

¹ Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, “after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [*i. e.* ditch], by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses.”—BIRREL’S *Diary*, p. 18.

From gory selle,¹ and reeling steed,
 Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
 And, reeking from the recent deed,
 He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
 In good greenwood the bugle blown,
 But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
 To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode,
 At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
 But prouder base-born Murray rode
 Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,²
 In haughty triumph, marched he,

¹ *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.

² Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his *Elegy*:—

"So having stablischt all thing in this sort,
 To Liddisdail agane he did resort,
 Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the dails rode he,
 And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
 Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before.
 Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir sa sair;
 And, that thay suld na mair thair thift allege,
 Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
 Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour;
 Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Border."

Scottish Poems, 16th century, p 232.

While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

“ But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

“ With hackbut bent,¹ my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

“ Dark Morton,² girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.³

¹ *Hackbut bent*—Gun cock'd. The carbine, with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

² Of this noted person, it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

³ This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, “ In this batayle the valiancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people,

“Glencairn and stout Parkhead¹ were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.²

“Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high,

that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtaining pardon through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle.” Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that “Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the Regent's battle, said, ‘Let them go, I shall fill their place better:’ and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avaunt-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight.”—CALDERWOOD'S *MS. apud* KEITH, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

¹ The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

² Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochleven Castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.¹

“From the raised vizor’s shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem’d marshalling the iron throng.

“But yet his sadden’d brow confess’d
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast;
‘Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!’

“The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult’s startling roar!
And Murray’s plummy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

“What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

¹ Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 233. BUCHANAN.

“ But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll ;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

“ My Margaret’s spectre glided near ;
With pride her bleeding victim saw ;
And shriek’d in his death-deafen’d ear,
‘ Remember injured Bothwellhaugh ! ’

“ Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault !
Spread to the wind thy banner’d tree !¹
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—
Murray is fall’n, and Scotland free.”

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
“ Murray is fall’n, and Scotland freed !
Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear of flame ! ”

But, see ! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more ;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan’s lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,

¹ An oak, half-sawn, with the motto *through*, is an ancient cognizance of the family of Hamilton.

And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo ! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale ;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale !

THE GRAY BROTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally

named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.¹

The scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the *Life of Alexander Peden*, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the

¹ This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics*, who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts ; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

“ About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand’s house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered ; when he lifted up his head, he said, ‘ They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto ; ’ he halted a little again, saying, ‘ This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work ! ’ Then there was a woman went out, ill-looking upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* [partition of the cottage] : immediately he halted and said, ‘ There is some unhappy body just now come into

this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!’ The person went out, and he *insisted*, [went on,] yet he saw him neither come in nor go out.”—*The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway*, part ii. § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, “that the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr Alexander Peden.”—*Vide Hygini Fabulas*, cap. 26. “*Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Ægeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium, eique nupsit.*

——“*Postea sacerdos Dianæ Medeam exagitare cæpit, regique negabat sacra caste facere posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et scelerata: tunc exulatur.*”

THE GRAY BROTHER.

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in
heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While, through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,
And falter'd in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it to the ground.

“ The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day ;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

“ A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring ;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr’d,
Recoils each holy thing.

“ Up, up, unhappy ! haste, arise !
My adjuration fear !
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here ! ”—

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel’d,
In gown of sackcloth gray ;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne’er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem’d none more bent to pray ,
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,

To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Ay, even when on the banks of Till
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,¹

¹ The barony of Pennycuick, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor be-

To Auchendinny's hazel glade,¹
And haunted Woodhouselee.²

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,³
And Roslin's rocky glen,⁴
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,⁵
And classic Hawthornden?⁶

ing bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast*. The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

¹ Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the *Man of Feeling*, &c.—Edition 1803.

² For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see Ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 127.

³ Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Melville, to whom it gives the title of Viscount, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Lasswade.

⁴ The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St. Clair. The Gothic Chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former Lords of Roslin.

⁵ The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream, of the same name.

⁶ Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house, of more modern date, is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire ;
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the gray with red ;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,

caves, which, in former times, were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

“ Where Jonson sat in Drummond's social shade.”

COLLINS.

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery. 1803.
.—The beautiful scenery of Hawthornden has, since the above note was written, recovered all its proper ornament of wood. 1831.

And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray
Brother;

"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the
divine,
Or St. John of Beverly?"—

“I come not from the shrine of St. James the
divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea ;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me.”—

“Now, woful pilgrim, say not so !
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be.”—

“And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When He, to whom are given the keys of earth
and heaven,
Has no power to pardon me ? ”—

“O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* ’twixt night and day.”

The pilgrim kneel’d him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye.¹

* * * * *

¹ [The contemporary criticism on this noble ballad was all feeble, but laudatory, with the exception of the following remark:—“The painter is justly blamed, whose figures do not

correspond with his landscape—who assembles banditti in an Elysium, or bathing loves in a lake of storm. The same adaptation of parts is expedient in the poet. The stanzas—

‘ Sweet are thy paths, O passing sweet!’

to

‘ And classic Hawthornden,’

disagreeably contrast with the mysterious gloomy character of the ballad. Were these omitted, it would merit high rank for the terrific expectation it excites by the majestic introduction, and the awful close.”—*Critical Review*, November, 1803.--ED.]

WAR-SONG
OF THE
ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

“ *Nennius*. Is not peace the end of arms?

Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
And, with those, swords that know no end of battle—
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,
And, where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome——
It must not be—No! as they are our foes,
Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing;

But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes."——

Bonduca.

THE following War-Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion.¹ The corps of volunteers to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expense. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid-Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant Colonel Dundas.² The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was nowhere more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3,000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Proinde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros cogitate.*" 1812.

¹ [The song originally appeared in the Scots Magazine for 1802.—ED.]

² Now Viscount Melville.—1831.

WAR-SONG
OF THE
ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
We boast the red and blue.¹

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;

¹ The royal colours.

Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn ;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

Oh ! had they mark'd the avenging call¹
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

¹ The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.—1812.

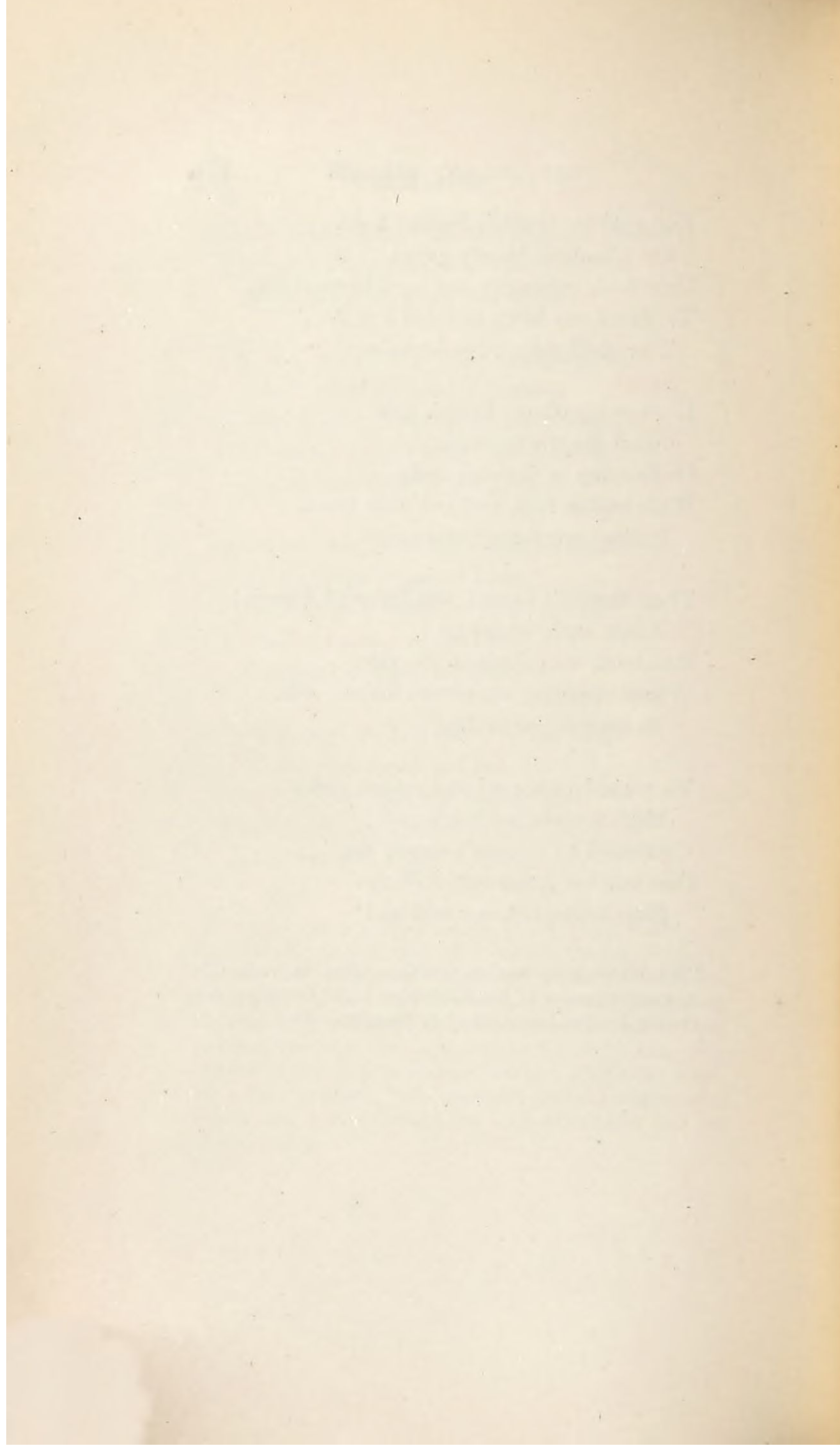
For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain ;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home ! and farewell friends !
Adieu each tender tie !
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ,
High sounds our bugle call ;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty* !
March forward, one and all !¹

¹ [Sir Walter Scott was, at the time when he wrote this song, Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry. See one of the Epistles Introductory to *Marmion*.—ED.]



BALLADS,

TRANSLATED, OR IMITATED,

FROM THE GERMAN, &c.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

[1796.¹]

IMITATED FROM THE “LENORÉ” OF BURGER.

THE Author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known Poem, in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the Author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, and that of Mr. Spencer.

¹ [THE CHASE, and WILLIAM AND HELEN. Two Ballads from the German of Gottfried Augustus Bürger. Edinburgh: Printed by Mundell and Son, Royal Bank Close, for Manners and Miller, Parliament Square; and sold by T. Cadell, junr., and W. Davies, in the Strand, London. 1796. 4to.—See “Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad,” in *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv. pp. 55-62.]

The following Translation was written long before the Author saw any other, and originated in the following circumstances: A lady of high rank in the literary world read this romantic tale, translated by Mr. Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The Author was not present, nor, indeed, in Edinburgh, at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus—

“Tramp! tramp! across the land they speede,
Splash! splash! across the sea;
Hurrah! The dead can ride apace!
Dost fear to ride with me!”

In attempting a translation then intended only to circulate among friends, the present Author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

I.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red :
“ Alas, my love, thou tarriest long !
O art thou false or dead ? ”—

II.

With gallant Fred'rick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade ;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

III.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And ev'ry knight return'd to dry
The tears his love had shed.

IV.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy ;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

V.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

VI.

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobb'd in his embrace,
And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles
Array'd full many a face.

VII.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad ;
She sought the host in vain ;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless, or if slain.

VIII.

The martial band is past and gone ;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

IX.

“O rise, my child,” her mother said,
“Nor sorrow thus in vain ;
A perjured lover’s fleeting heart
No tears recall again.”—

X.

“O mother, what is gone, is gone,
What’s lost for ever lorn :
Death, death alone can comfort me ;
O had I ne’er been born !

XI.

“O break, my heart, O break at once !
Drink my life-blood, Despair !
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share.”—

XII.

“O enter not in judgment, Lord !”
The pious mother prays ;
“Impute not guilt to thy frail child !
She knows not what she says.

XIII.

“O say thy pater noster, child !
O turn to God and grace !
His will, that turn’d thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss.”—

XIV.

“O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
My William’s love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is hell.

XV.

“Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William’s slain?
I only pray’d for William’s sake,
And all my prayers were vain.”—

XVI.

“O take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation’s humble prayer,
O hallow’d be thy woe!”—

XVII.

“No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

XVIII.

“O break, my heart, O break at once!
Be thou my god, Despair!
Heaven’s heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer.”—

XIX.

“ O enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay !
She knows not what her tongue hath spoke ;
Impute it not, I pray !

XX.

“ Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace ;
Well can devotion’s heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss.”

XXI.

“ O mother, mother, what is bliss ?
O mother, what is bale ?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell ? ”—

XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o’er,
And through the glimmering lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

XXIV.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

XXVI.

And hark! and hark! a knock—Tap! tap!
A rustling stifled noise;—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring;—
At length a whispering voice.

XXVII.

“Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or
weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fair?”—

XXVIII.

“My love! my love!—so late by night!—
I waked, I wept for thee:
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, could'st thou be?”—

XXIX.

“ We saddle late—from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell ;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin bell.”—

XXX.

“ O rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold !
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind :
My love is deadly cold.”

XXXI.

“ Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush !
This night we must away ;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright ;
I cannot stay till day.

XXXII.

“ Busk, busk, and boune ! Thou mount'st behind
Upon my black barb steed :
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed.”—

XXXIII.

“ To-night—to-night a hundred miles !—
O dearest William, stay !
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour !
O wait, my love, till day !”—

XXXIV.

“Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—
Full fast I ween we ride ;
Mount and away ! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

XXXV.

“The black barb snorts, the bridle rings ;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee !
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee.”—

XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd : She busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

XXXVII.

And, hurry ! hurry ! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be ;
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot, and castle, flew.

XXXIX.

“ Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold !
Fear’st thou? ”—“ O no ! ” she faintly said ;
“ But why so stern and cold ?

XL.

“ What yonder rings ? what yonder sings ?
Why shrieks the owlet gray ? ”—
“ ’Tis death-bells’ clang, ’tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

XLI.

“ With song and clang, at morrow’s dawn,
Ye may inter the dead :
To-night I ride, with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

XLII.

“ Come with thy choir, thou coffin’d guest,
To swell our nuptial song !
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast !
Come all, come all along ! ”—

XLIII.

Ceased clang and song ; down sunk the bier ;
The shrouded corpse arose :
And, hurry ! hurry ! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

XLIV.

And, forward ! forward ! on they go ;
High snorts the straining steed ;
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

XLV.

“ O William, why this savage haste ?
And where thy bridal bed ? ”—
“ 'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid. ”—

XLVI.

“ No room for me ? ”—“ Enough for both ;—
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course ! ”—
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,
He drove the furious horse.

XLVII.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,
Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower !
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower !

✱

XLIX.

“Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines
clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?—
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!”—
“O William, let them be!—

L.

“See there, see there! What yonder swings
And creaks ’mid whistling rain?”—
“Gibbet and steel, th’ accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain.—

LI.

“Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride.”—

LII.

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

LIII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd !
How fled what darkness hid !
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their head !

LV.

“Dost fear ? dost fear ? The moon shines clear,
And well the dead can ride ;
Does faithful Helen fear for them ? ”—
“O leave in peace the dead ! ”—

LVI.

“Barb ! Barb ! methinks I hear the cock ;
The sand will soon be run :
Barb ! Barb ! I smell the morning air ;
The race is wellnigh done.”—

LVII.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,
Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIII.

“Hurrah ! hurrah ! well ride the dead ;
The bride, the bride is come ;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home.”—

LIX.

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.

LX.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight, scared ;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

LXI.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
He spurr'd the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He check'd the wondrous course.

LXII.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

LXIII.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mould'ring flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,
And, with a fearful bound,
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

LXV.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song;

LXVI.

“E’en when the heart’s with anguish cleft,
Revere the doom of Heaven.
Her soul is from her body reft;
Her spirit be forgiven!”

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Faulkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds ; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horses' feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated ; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever,

visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, *Glück zu, Falkenburgh!* [Good sport to ye, Falkenburgh!] “Dost thou wish me good sport?” answered a hoarse voice; “thou shalt share the game;” and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aërial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in “Sulley’s Memoirs,” who says he was called *Le Grand Veneur*. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sulley himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chase, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire.

“ Ere since, of old, the haughty thanes of Ross,—
So to the simple swain tradition tells,—
Were wont with clans, and ready vassals throng’d,
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen:—
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and ruder din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman’s ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
The mountain’s height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,
Nor knows, o’erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.”

Albania—reprinted in *Scottish Descriptive Poems*,
pp. 167, 168.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesley, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted relics had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

[1796.¹]

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

¹ [Published (1796) with William and Helen, and entitled
"THE CHACE."]

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"—

"Cease thy loud bugle's changing knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

"To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."—

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin-song.
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?"

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray:—
"Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left, and on the right,
Each Stranger Horseman follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;
He gasps, the thundering hoofs below;—
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crown'd;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embrown'd:

“O mercy, mercy, noble lord !
Spare the poor’s pittance,” was his cry,
“Earn’d by the sweat these brows have pour’d,
In scorching hour of fierce July.”—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey ;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

“Away, thou hound ! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge’s echoing blow !”—
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
“Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho !”

So said, so done :—A single bound
Clears the poor labourer’s humble pale ;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December’s stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along ;
While, joying o’er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill ;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd ;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd ;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady bloodhounds trace ;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall ;—
“ O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all ;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care ! ”—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey ;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

“ Unmanner'd dog ! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine ! ”—

Again he winds his bugle horn,
“ Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho ! ”
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near ;
The murderous cries the stag appall,—
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go ;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, “ Hark away ! and, holla, ho ! ”

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer :
“ Forbear with blood God's house to stain ;
Revere his altar, and forbear !

“ The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head :—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside.”—

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads ;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey :
Alas ! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

“Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn ;
Not sainted martyrs’ sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn !”

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
“Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho !”
But off, on whirlwind’s pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamour of the chase, was gone ;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reign’d alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around ;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call : for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
No distant baying reach’d his ears :
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave ;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke :
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

“ Oppressor of creation fair !
Apostate Spirits' harden'd tool !
Scorner of God ! Scourge of the poor !
The measure of thy cup is full.

“ Be chased for ever through the wood ;
For ever roam the affrighted wild ;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his child.”

'Twas hush'd : One flash, of sombre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown ;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill ;
A rising wind began to sing ;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call ;—Her entrails rend ;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs, and eager cry ;
In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end :
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears ;
Appall'd he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of, "Holla, ho!"

THE FIRE KING.

"The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."
Eastern Tale.

[1801.]

This ballad was written at the request of MR. LEWIS, to be inserted in his "Tales of Wonder."¹ It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an
ear,

Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?

¹ Published in 1801.

And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand ?

“ Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy
Countrie ?

And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand ?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land ?”

“ O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have ;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians
have won.”

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung ;
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she
flung :

“ Oh palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy
Countrie.

“ And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave ?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross
rush'd on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon ?”—

“ O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows ;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows ;

Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on
high ;
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

“The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt
falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls ;
The pure stream runs muddy ; the gay hope is
gone ;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.”

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed ;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her
need ;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had
he ;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

“O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst
thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee ;
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take ;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

“And, next, in the cavern, where burns, evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdman's adore,

Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

“And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and
hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll
take,
When all this is accomplish'd for Zulema's sake.”

He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled
sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watch'd until daybreak, but sight saw he
none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They search'd all his garments, and, under his
weeds,
They found, and took from him, his Rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled
round;

Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burn'd unmoved, and nought else did
he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and amaz'd was the
King,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they
sing;
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat,
And he turn'd him five steps, half resolved to
retreat;
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was
gone,
When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce
trode,
When the winds from the four points of heaven
were abroad,
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire
King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew
nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high ;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguish'd in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm ;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmered
through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he
spoke :
" With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long,
and no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon ; and
see !
The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his
knee :
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the
fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was
strong ;

And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and the Crescent
came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave;
Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights of
Saint John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clatter'd, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couch'd, and they closed on each
side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin
unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert
did wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross
shield;
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low
Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddlebow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his
head,—

“*Bonne grace, Notre Dame!*” he unwittingly
said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was
o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen
more ;
But true men have said, that the lightning's red
wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand ;
He stretch'd, with one buffet, that Page on the
strand ;
As back from the stripling the broken casque
roll'd,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of
gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-
clotted hair ;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in
flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield :
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd 'mid the slain ?

And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!

The lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and hound:
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquer'd, the Crescent it
 fell:
And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd, 'mid their
 glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

[1801.]

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina Von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend MR. LEWIS, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure,
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the tear of anguish flows!—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd;
Seven long days and nights are o'er:
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking, blithe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Désperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides ;
From himself in vain he flies ;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wander'd, woe the while !
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends ;
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide ?
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound :
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie !
Glimmering lights are seen to glide !—
“Blessed Mary, hear my cry !
Deign a sinner's steps to guide !”

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose ;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close !

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed ; —
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice loved. —

Hark ! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke ;
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,
Slowly opes the iron door !
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore !

Coffins for the seats extend ;
All with black the board was spread ;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since number'd with the dead !

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat ;
All arose, with thundering sound ;
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell ; —
“ Welcome, traitor, to the grave !
Perjured, bid the light farewell ! ”

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

[1818.]

THESE verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the Battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence; the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-Singer*, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Æschylus, that —

“—— Not alone he nursed the poet's flame.
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot steel.”

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest

which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and therefore some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelreid, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon

foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the middle ages. Leopold III., Archduke of Austria, called "The handsome man-at-arms," was slain in the Battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.¹

'Twas when among our linden-trees
The bees had housed in swarms,
(And grey-hair'd peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms,)

Then look'd we down to Willisow ;
The land was all in flame,
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,
"On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud,
From Zurich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array,
Their onward march they make.

[¹ This translation first appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for February, 1818.—ED.]

“ Now list, ye lowland nobles all—
Ye seek the mountain strand,
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

“ I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins,
Before ye farther go;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe.”—

“ But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear ? ”—
“ The Switzer priest¹ has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

“ Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty partisan
Your absolution deal.”—

’Twas on a Monday morning then,
The corn was steep'd in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
Together have they join'd;

¹ All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in this patriotic war.

The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said,
“Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismay’d.”—

“O Hare-castle,¹ thou heart of hare!”
Fierce Oxenstern replied.—
“Shalt see then how the game will fare,”
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain;
The peaks they hew’d from their boot-points
Might wellnigh load a wain.²

And thus they to each other said,
“Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few.”—

¹ In the original, *Haasenstein*, or *Hare-stone*.

² This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the middle ages, of wearing boots with the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks that they might move with the necessary activity.

The gallant Swiss Confederates there
They pray'd to God aloud,
And he display'd his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throb'd more and more
With courage firm and high,
And down the good Confed'rates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion ¹ 'gan to growl,
And toss his mane and tail;
And ball, and shaft, and crossbow bolt,
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert, mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The boughs of many a stately tree
Lay shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelreid,
Who to his comrades said—

“I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;

¹ A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.

“These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way.”

He rush'd against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,
Six shiver'd in his side ;
Still on the serried files he press'd—
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed
First tamed the Lion's mood,
And the four forest cantons freed
From thraldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane,
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword, and axe, and partisan,
And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,
And granted ground amain,

The mountain Bull¹ he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
At Sempach in the fight,
The cloister vaults at Konig'sfield
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
“And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

“One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has gall'd the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne
To range our glens no more.”

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

¹ A pun on the URUS, or wild-bull, which gives name to the Canton of Uri.

He and his squire a fisher call'd,
 (His name was Hans Von Rot,)
"For love, or meed, or charity,
 Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
 And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steer'd,
 And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
 Hans stoutly row'd his way,
The noble to his follower sign'd
 He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd.
 The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
 The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove,
 He stunn'd them with his oar,
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
 You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
 This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
 Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land :
“ Ah ! gracious lady, evil news !
My lord lies on the strand.

“ At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there.”—
“ Ah, gracious God ! ” the lady cried,
“ What tidings of despair ! ”

Now would you know the minstrel wight,
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot,
Where God had judged the day.

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

[1819.¹]

THE original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled, *Sammlung Deutscher Volkslieder*, Berlin, 1807, published by Messrs. Busching and Von der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German Editor's notice of the ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date

¹ [The translation of the Noble Moringer appeared originally in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1816, (*published in 1819.*) It was composed during Sir Walter Scott's severe and alarming illness of April, 1819, and dictated, in the intervals of exquisite pain, to his daughter Sophia, and his friend William Laidlaw.—ED.]

1533 ; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quoted by the German Editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tombstones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and discovers that there actually died, on the 11th May, 1349, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was, by birth, of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer's daughter, mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen, in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith, of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the 15th century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which, perhaps, was not unlikely to happen, in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh-hall, in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras ; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor-house.¹

¹ [See Introduction to "The Betrothed," Waverly Novels.]

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

I.

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian
day,
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay ;
He halsed and kiss'd his dearest dame, that was
as sweet as May,
And said, " Now, lady of my heart, attend the
words I say.

II.

" 'Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage unto a distant
shrine,
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave
the land that's mine ;
Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou
wilt pledge thy fay,
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelve-
months and a day."

III.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore troubled
in her cheer,
“Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order
takest thou here ;
And who shall lead thy vassal band, and hold thy
lordly sway,
And be thy lady’s guardian true when thou art far
away ?”

IV.

Out spoke the noble Moringer, “Of that have thou
no care,
There’s many a valiant gentleman of me holds
living fair ;
The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals and
my state,
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my
lovely mate.

V.

“As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow
which I have plight,
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy
true knight ;
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain
were sorrow now,
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God
hath heard his vow.”

VI.

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him
 boune,
And met him there his Chamberlain, with ewer
 and with gown:
He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas furr'd with
 miniver,
He dipp'd his hand in water cold, and bathed his
 forehead fair.

VII.

“Now hear,” he said, “Sir Chamberlain, true
 vassal art thou mine,
And such the trust that I repose in that proved
 worth of thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and
 lead my vassal train,
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I return
 again.”

VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily
 said he,
“Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take
 this rede from me;
That woman's faith's a brittle trust—Seven twelve-
 months didst thou say?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the
 seventh fair day.”

IX.

The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was
full of care,
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was Mars-
tetten's heir,
To whom he spoke right anxiously, "Thou trusty
squire to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am
o'er the sea?"

X.

"To watch and ward my castle strong, and to
protect my land,
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal
band;
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith, till seven
long years are gone,
And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded
by Saint John."

XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot,
and young,
And readily he answer made with too presump-
tuous tongue;
"My noble lord, cast care away, and on your
journey wend,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage
have end.

XII.

“ Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly
tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and
with your vassals ride ;
And for your lovely Lady’s faith, so virtuous and
so dear,
I’ll gage my head it knows no change, be absent
thirty year.”

XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he
heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow
left his cheek ;
A long adieu he bids to all—hoists topsails, and
away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelve
months and a day.

XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard
slept,
When on the Baron’s slumbering sense a boding
vision crept ;
And whisper’d in his ear a voice, “ Tis time, Sir
Knight, to wake,
Thy lady and thy heritage another master
take.

XV.

“Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds
another rein,
And stoop them to another’s will thy gallant vassal
train ;
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once
and fair,
This night within thy father’s hall she weds Mars-
tetten’s heir.”

XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his
beard,
“Oh would that I had ne’er been born ! what
tidings have I heard !
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would
be my care,
But, God ! that e’er a squire untrue should wed
my Lady fair.

XVII.

“O good Saint Thomas, hear,” he pray’d, “my
patron Saint art thou,
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay
my vow !
My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of
name,
And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the
shame.”

XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who heard
his pilgrim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'er-
powr'd his care ;
He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd
beside a rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a
mill.

XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell
unbound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all
around ;
"I know my father's ancient towers, the mill, the
stream I know,
Now blessed be my patron Saint who cheer'd his
pilgrim's woe !"

XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he
drew,
So alter'd was his goodly form that none their
master knew ;
The Baron to the miller said, " Good friend, for
charity,
Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may
there be ?"

XXI.

The miller answer'd him again, "He knew of
little news,
Save that the Lady of the land did a new bride-
groom choose ;
Her husband died in distant land, such is the con-
stant word,
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy
Lord.

XXII.

"Of him I held the little mill which wins me
living free,
God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind
to me !
And when Saint Martin's tide comes round, and
millers take their toll,
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have
both cope and stole."

XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill
began,
And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary
man ;
"Now help me, every saint in heaven that can
compassion take,
To gain the entrance of my hall this woful match
to break."

XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad
and slow,
For heart and head, and voice and hand, were
heavy all with woe ;
And to the warder thus he spoke : “ F’riend, to
thy Lady say,
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves har-
bour for a day.

XXV.

“ I’ve wander’d many a weary step, my strength
is wellnigh done,
And if she turn me from her gate I’ll see no mor-
row’s sun ;
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas’ sake, a pilgrim’s
bed and dole,
And for the sake of Moringer’s, her once-loved
husband’s soul.”

XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame
before,
“ A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil’d stands at the
castle-door ;
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas’ sake, for har-
bour and for dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband’s
soul.”

XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was moved, "Do up the
gate," she said,
"And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet
and to bed ;
And since he names my husband's name, so that
he lists to stay,
These towers shall be his harbourage a twelve-
month and a day."

XXVIII.

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal
broad,
It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold
strode ;
"And have thou thanks, kind heaven," he said,
"though from a man of sin,
That the true lord stands here once more his cas-
tle gate within."

XXIX.

Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was
sad and slow ;
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd their
Lord to know ;
He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress'd with woe
and wrong,
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seem'd little
space so long.

XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come
was evening hour,
The time was nigh when new-made brides retire
to nuptial bower ;
“ Our castle's wont,” a brides-man said, “ hath
been both firm and long,
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant
a song.”

XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he
sat by the bride,
“ My merry minstrel folk,” quoth he, “ lay shalm
and harp aside ;
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule
to hold,
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment
and with gold.”—

XXXII.

“ Chill flows the lay of frozen age,” 'twas thus
the pilgrim sung,
“ Nor golden meed, nor garment gay, unlocks his
heavy tongue ;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as
rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her charms
was mine.

XXXIII.

“ But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew
 silver-hair’d,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she left
 this brow and beard ;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life’s
 latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of
 frozen age.”

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woful lay that
 hears,
And for the aged pilgrim’s grief her eye was
 dimm’d with tears ;
She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden beaker
 take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her
 sake.

XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that dropp’d amid the
 wine
A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so fine :
Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you but
 the sooth,
’Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged his
 bridal truth.

XXXVI.

Then to the cupbearer he said, "Do me one kindly
deed,
And should my better days return, full rich shall
be thy meed ;
Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride
so gay,
And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the
palmer gray."

XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor was the boon
denied,
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to the
bride ;
"Lady," he said, "your reverend guest sends this,
and bids me pray,
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the
palmer gray."

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it
close and near,
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, "'The
Moringer is here !"
Then might you see her start from seat, while
tears in torrents fell,
But whether 'twas for joy or woe, the ladies best
can tell.

XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and every
saintly power,
That had return'd the Moringer before the mid-
night hour ;
And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was
there bride,
That had like her preserved her troth, or been so
sorely tried.

XL.

“ Yes, here I claim the praise,” she said, “ to con-
stant matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plight, so stead-
fastly and true ;
For count the term howe'er you will, so that you
count aright,
Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells
toll twelve to-night.”

XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there
he drew,
He kneel'd before the Moringer, and down his
weapon threw ;
“ My oath and knightly faith are broke,” these
were the words he said,
“ Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take
thy vassal's head.”

XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud
did say,

“He gathers wisdom that hath roam’d seven
twelvemonths and a day ;

My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks
her sweet and fair,

I give her for the bride you lose, and name her
for my heir.

XLIII.

“The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the
old bridegroom the old,

Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punct-
ually were told ;

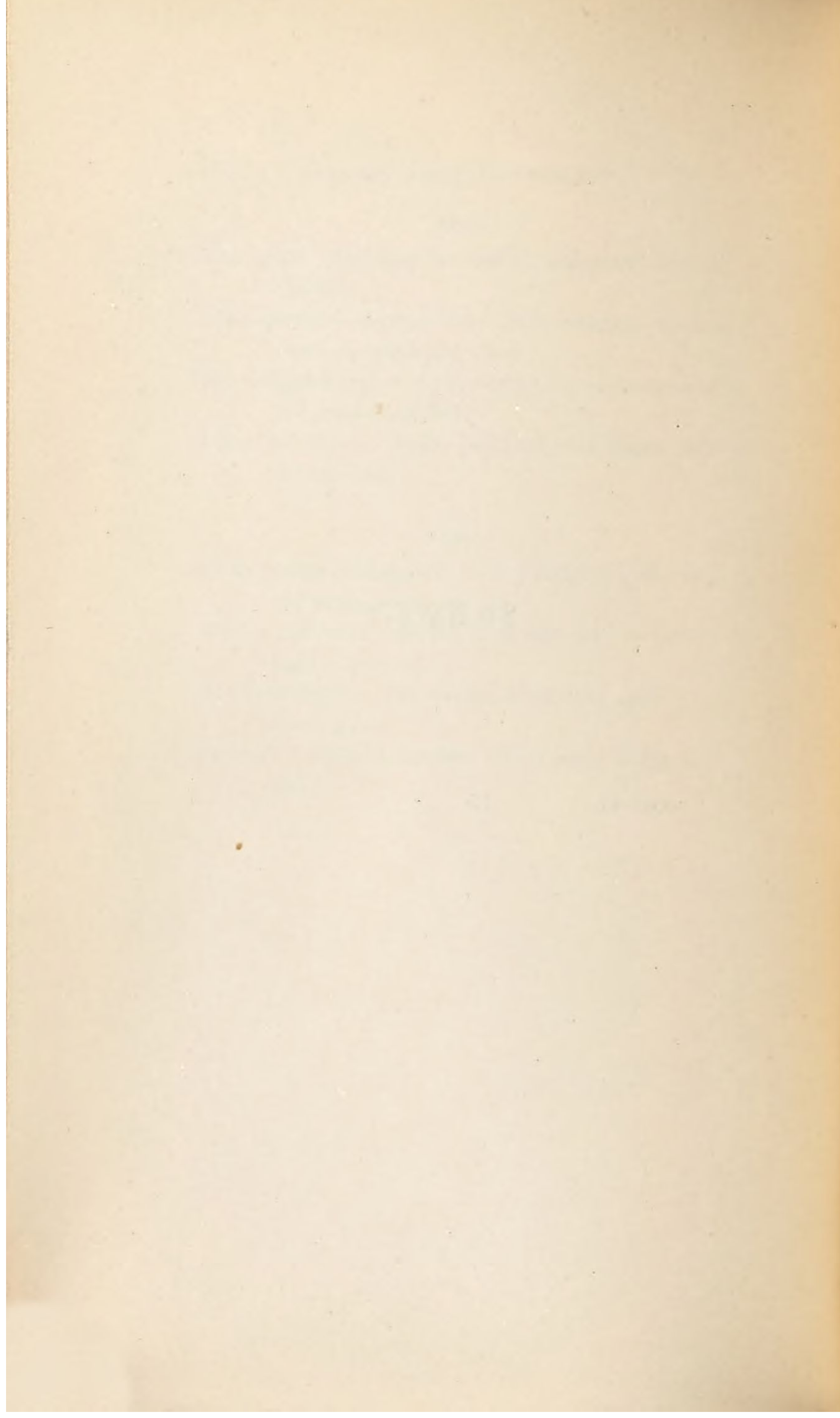
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my
castle gate,

For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too
late.”

S O N G S.

VOL. VI.

15



THE NORMAN HORSESHOE.

AIR—*The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.*

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.

Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

III.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vow'd—the trampled green
Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.

No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE DYING BARD.

AIR—*Daffydz Gangwen.*

The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall
die:

No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that
sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their
name?

And where is the bard shall give heroes their
fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark
hair;

What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall
die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy
shades,

Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy
maids!

And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can
tell,

Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure,
farewell!

THE MAID OF TORO.

O, LOW shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the
dark wood,

All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the
flood.

“O, saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly
bending;

Sweet virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!”

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes
they fail,

Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's
dread rattle,

And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the
gale.

Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary ;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen ;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.
" O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying !
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low !
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the
foe."

Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with
despair :
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
For ever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty
and wide ;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yell-
ing,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascend-
ing,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wander-
er had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,

The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh, was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,—

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—

Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches
are gleaming ;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beam-
ing ;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is stream-
ing,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain
lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake
lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

S O N G .

OH, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the
vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine,
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a
fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at
gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstasy move ;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

THE PALMER.¹

“O, OPEN the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

“No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

“A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O, open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

“I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea,—
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

¹ [This, and the two following, were first published in
Hudyn's Collection of Scottish Airs, vol. ii. Edin 1806.]

“The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

“You hear the Ettrick’s sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o’er,
Unless you pity me.

“The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner’s heart is closer barr’d,
Who hears me thus complain.

“Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That’s now denied to me.”

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December’s storm,
He’ll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter’d there.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

(1806.)

THERE is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence the lady fell into a consumption ; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the

change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Fleur d'Epine."

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing;

Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him :
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing ;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE.

(1806.)

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea ;
O weary betide it ! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of
Spain ;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they
were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was
sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on
me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,

Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er, o'er Inch Keith drove the dark ocean
faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they
did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may
glisten;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance
'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart
thro' the ee;
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the
sea.

Till, at times—could I help it?—I pined and I
ponder'd,
If love could change notes like the bird on the
tree—
Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wander'd,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through
channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame !

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland,
and Spain ;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou
leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

HUNTING SONG.¹

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green:
Now we come to chant our lay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

¹ [First published in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1808,—and set to a Welsh air in “THOMSON’S *Select Melodies*,” vol. iii. 1817.]

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE RETURN TO ULSTER.¹

ONCE again,—but how changed since my wand'rings began—

I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,

And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar,
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.

Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!

With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?

Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,

High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;

¹ [First published in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection of Irish
Airs, 1816.]

The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their
lyre:

To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the
hall:

And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on
high;

Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.¹
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore—
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst
thou burn?

They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid who stood
by,
And listed my lay, while she turn'd from mine
eye?

Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to
dew?

¹ In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

Oh ! would it had been so,—O would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the
sky,

And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr, that sigh'd and was still !

Oh ! would it had been so,—not then this poor
heart

Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part ;

To bear, unassisted, its burden of care,

While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.

Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,

And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding
on,

“ Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your
train,

And restore me the dream of my spring-tide
again.”

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE,

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

FROM THE GAELIC.

(1815.)

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorums, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the
North,
'The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth ;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who
began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a
swan.

For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail :
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail !

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean
 should boil ;
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,¹
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kin-
 tail !

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale !
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his
 sail ;
Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals most know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe :
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of
 Kintail !

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas, and to study the skies :
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer to deck,
But O ! crowd it higher when wafting him back—
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail !

¹ Bonail, or Bonallez, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

I M I T A T I O N
OF THE PRECEDING SONG.¹

So sung the old Bard, in the grief of his heart,
When he saw his loved Lord from his people
depart.

Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are heard
Nor the voice of the song, nor the harp of the
bard;

Or its strings are but waked by the stern winter
gale,

As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of
Kintail.

From the far Southland Border a Minstrel came
forth,

And he waited the hour that some Bard of the
north

¹ [These verses were written shortly after the death of Lord Seaforth, the last male representative of his illustrious house. He was a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by the painful natural infirmities alluded to in the fourth stanza.]

His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the blast;
But no bard was there left in the land of the
Gael,

To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

And shalt thou then sleep, did the Minstrel
exclaim,

Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?
No, son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe,
The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,
And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail,
That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprisoned thy
tongue;

For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell,—
In the spring-time of youth and of promise they
fell!

Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy
grief,

For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have
left,

Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail,
That salutes thee the Heir of the line of Kintail ! ¹

¹ [The Honourable Lady Hood, daughter of the last Lord Seaforth, widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, now Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaford and Glasserton, 1833.]

WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN

HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.

FROM THE GAELIC.

This song appears to be imperfect, or, at least, like many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition, from one subject to another; from the situation, namely, of one of the daughters of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the Chieftain. The translator has endeavoured to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

A WEARY month has wandered o'er
Since last we parted on the shore;
Heaven! that I saw thee, Love, once more,
Safe on that shore again!—
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word:
Lachlan, of many a galley lord:
He call'd his kindred bands on board,
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian¹ is to ocean gone ;
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known ;
Rejoicing in the glory won
 In many a bloody broil :
For wide is heard the thundering fray,
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,
When from the twilight glens away
 Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

Woe to the hills that shall rebound
Our banner'd bag-pipes' maddening sound !
Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round,
 Shall shake their inmost cell.
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze,
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays !
The fools might face the lightning's blaze
 As wisely and as well !

¹ *i. e.* The clan of Maclean,—literally, the race of Gillian

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.¹

FROM THE FRENCH.

[*The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection, of French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the Field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and with blood, as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in France, and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. The translation is strictly literal.*]²

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound
for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before St. Mary's
shrine :

¹ [This ballad appeared in 1815, in Paul's Letters, and in the Edinburgh Annual Register. It has since been set to music by G. F. Graham, Esq., in Mr. Thomson's Select Melodies, &c.]

² [The original romance,

“Partant pour la Syrie,

Le jeune et brave Dunois,” &c.

was written, and set to music also, by Hortense Beauharnois, Duchesse de St. Leu, Ex-Queen of Holland.

“And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven,” was
still the Soldier’s prayer,
“That I may prove the bravest knight, and love
the fairest fair.”

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it
with his sword,
And follow’d to the Holy Land the banner of his
Lord ;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill’d
the air,
“Be honoured aye the bravest knight, beloved the
fairest fair.”

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his
Liege-Lord said,
“The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must
be repaid.—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of
the fair.”

• And then they bound the holy knot before Saint
Mary’s shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and
hands combine ;
And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel
there,
Cried, “Honour’d be the bravest knight, beloved
the fairest fair !”

THE TROUBADOUR.¹

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his Lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow :
" My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower ;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel burden still he sung :
" My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower ;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

¹ [The original of this ballad also was written and composed by the Duchesse de St. Leu. The translation has been set to music by Mr. Thomson. See his Collection of Scottish Songs. 1826.]

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay ;
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower ;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas ! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave :—
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower ;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

S O N G ,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF
SCOTLAND.

[1814.]

O, DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the
 omen,
 When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in
 vain,
And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her
 foemen,
 PITT closed in his anguish the map of her
 reign !
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave
 spirit
 To take for his country the safety of shame ;
O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
 And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the
 furrow,
 The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,

He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain ;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their
gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his
claim ;
And their jubilee shout shall be soften'd with sad-
ness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his
name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations
ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair ;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in affliction,
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his SON ;
By his firmness unmoved in success and disaster
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim !
With our tribute to PITT join the praise of his
Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his
name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad
measure,

The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright
treasure,

The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that
obey'd !

Fill WELLINGTON'S cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave DALHOUSIE and
GRÆME ;

A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their
story,

And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

SONG,
ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE
HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON
CARTERHAUGH.¹

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons
extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame ;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain de-
scending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more ;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

¹[This song appears with music in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection—1826. The foot-ball match on which it was written took place on December 5, 1815, and was also celebrated by the Ettrick Shepherd.]

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,

At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,

For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,

The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of BUCCLEUCH.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

A Stripling's weak hand¹ to our revel has borne her,

No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround ;

But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,

A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,

And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS,
and CAR :

And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,

As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,

¹ [The bearer of the standard was the Author's eldest son.]

And if, by mischance, you should happen to
fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on
heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
To each Laird and each Lady that witness'd
our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our
pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that
have won.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and
Landward,
From the hall of the Peer to the Herd's ingle-
nook ;
And huzza ! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH
and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and
the Duke !

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her
With heart and with hand, like our fathers
before.*

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

AIR—"A Border Melody."

The first stanza of this Ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

[1816.]

I.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;

Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

" A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
The ladie was not seen !
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

AIR—" *Cadul gu lo.*" ¹

I.

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which
we see,

They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would
be red,

Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

¹ "Sleep on till day." These words, adapted to a melody somewhat different from the original, are sung in my friend Mr. Terry's drama of "Guy Mannering." [The "Lullaby" was first printed in Mr Terry's drama: it was afterwards set to music in Thomson's collection, 1822.]

III.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
drum ;

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you
may,

For strife comes with manhood, and waking with
day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

AIR—" *Piobair of Donuil Dhuidh.*"¹

This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan Mac Donald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:—

Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochi.
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-place at
Inverlochy.²

¹ "The pibroch of Donald the Black." [This song was written for Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816. It may also be seen, set to music, in Thomson's *Collection*, 1830.]

² [Compare this with the gathering-song in the third cants of the *Lady of the Lake*.]

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.
Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when

Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.
Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

NORA'S VOW.

AIR—" *Cha teid mis a chaoidh.*"¹

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY, [1816.]²

In the original Gaelic, the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestation.

I.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."—

¹"I will never go with him."

²[See also Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, 1822.]

II.

“A maiden's vows,” old Callum spoke,
“Are lightly made, and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.”

III.

“The swan,” she said, “the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.”

IV.

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

AIR—" *Thain' a Grigalach.*"¹

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY, [1816.]

*These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this Clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded to in the Ballad.*²

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, &c.

¹ "The MacGregor is come."

² [For the history of the clan, see Introduction to *Rob Roy—Waverley Novels*, vol. vii.]

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her
towers,

Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours ;
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach !
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword !
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach !
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the
eagles !

Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grig-
alach !

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the
river,

MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever !
Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach,
Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed
shall career,

O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston ¹ like icicles melt,

¹ ["Rob Roy MacGregor's own designation was of *Inners*
naid; but he appears to have acquired a right of *some kind*

Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

or other to the property or possession of Craig Royston, a domain of rock and forest, lying on the east side of Loch Lomond, where that beautiful lake stretches into the dusky mountains of Glenfalloch."—*Introduction to Rob Roy, Waverley Novels*, vol. vii. p. 81.]

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.¹

AIR—" *Malcolm Caird's come again.*"²

CHORUS.

DONALD CAIRD'S *come again!*
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Hieland fling,
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglin, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;

¹ [Written for Albyn's Anthology, vol. ii. 1818, and set to music in Mr. Thomson's Collection, in 1822.]

² Caird signifies Tinker.

Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin,
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Gar the bagpipes hum amain,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle of the cawsey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie room to Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;
Dunts of kebbuck, taitis of woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!

*Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again! ¹*

¹ [Mr. D. Thomson, of Galashiels, produced a parody on this song at an annual dinner of the manufacturers there, which Sir Walter Scott usually attended; and the Poet was highly amused with a sly allusion to his twofold character of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and *author-suspect* of "Rob Roy," in the chorus,—

*"Think ye does the Shirra ken
Rob M'Gregor's come again?"*]

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.¹

AIR—" *Cha till mi tuille.*"²

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, "Cha till mi tuille; ged thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon," "I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!" The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and
quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan
forever!"

¹ [Written for Albyn's Anthology, vol. ii. 1818.]

² "We return no more."

Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are
foaming;
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red-deer are
roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and
river;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

“Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are
sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are
weeping;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for
ever—
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!
The *Banshee*’s wild voice sings the death-dirge be-
fore me,¹
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o’er me;
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall
not shiver,
Though devoted I go—to return again never!

“Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon’s bewail-
ing
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing,
Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we
sever,

¹ [See a note on *Banshee*, Lady of the Lake, *ante*, vol. iii.
p. 120.]

Return—return—return shall we never!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,

Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!"

ON ETTRICK FOREST'S

MOUNTAINS DUN.¹

ON Ettrick Forest's mountains dun,
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noonday solitude ;
By many a cairn and trenched mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs, where grey-hair'd shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings ;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

¹ Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the Poet had been engaged with some friends. [The reader may see these verses set to music in Mr Thomson's Scottish Melodies for 1822.]

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
 With stalwart arm the boat to guide ;
 On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
 And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
 Rock, wood, and scaur, emerging bright,
 Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
 And from the bank our band appears
 Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.¹

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
 How we succeed, and how we fail,
 Whether at Alwyn's² lordly meal,
 Or lowlier board of Ashestiel;³
 While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
 Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—
 Days free from thought, and nights from care,
 My blessing on the Forest fair!

¹ [See the famous salmon-spearing scene in Guy Manner-
 ing.—*Waverley Novels*, vol. iii. pp. 259–63.]

² *Alwyn*, the seat of the Lord Somerville; now, alas!
 untenanted, by the lamented death of that kind and hospitable
 nobleman, the author's nearest neighbour and intimate friend.
 [Lord S. died in February, 1819.]

³ *Ashestiel*, the Poet's residence at that time.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

AIR—" *Rimkin aluin 'stu mo run.*"

The air, composed by the Editor of Albyn's Anthology.¹ The words written for Mr George Thomson's Scottish Melodies, [1822.]

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide.

¹ ["Nathaniel Gow told me that he got the air from an old gentleman, a Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, (he thinks,) who had it from a friend in the Western Isles, as an old Highland air." GEORGE THOMSON.]

And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,---
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply!
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

THE MAID OF ISLA.

AIR—" *The Maid of Isla.*"

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S SCOTTISH MELODIES

[1822.]

O, MAID OF ISLA, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff,
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?—
O, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

O, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and
spray
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away;—
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?—
O, maid of Isla, 'tis her home.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing,
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come ;
For in thy love, or in his grave.
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

THE FORAY.¹

SET TO MUSIC BY JOHN WHITEFIELD, MUS. DOC. CAM.

THE last of our steers on the board has been
spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red ;
Up ! up, my brave kinsmen ! belt swords and be-
gone,
There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be
won.

The eyes, that so lately mix'd glances with ours,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the
towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and
gloom,
The prance of the steed, and the toss of the
plume.

The rain is descending ; the wind rises loud ;
And the moon her red beacon has veil'd with a
cloud ;

¹[Set to music in Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, 1830.]

'Tis the better, my mates ! for the warder's dull
eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are
nigh.

Our steeds are impatient ! I hear my blithe Gray !
There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his
neigh ;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness
and rain.

The drawbridge has dropp'd, the bugle has blown ;
One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and
begone !—
To their honour and peace, that shall rest with the
slain ;
To their health and their glee, that see Teviot
again !

THE
MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

AIR—"Ymdaith Mionge."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S WELSH MELODIES

[1817.]

ETHELFRID, or OLFRID, *King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and BROCKMAEL, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted, is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.*

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar gray
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye;

High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the Divine decree,
O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, O miserere, Domine!

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shatter'd towers and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:¹
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine!

¹ William of Malmsbury says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre;—"tot semirutæ parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta turba rudærum quantum vix alibi cernas."

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.¹

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands
to roam,

Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for
home.

Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild
speaking

The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh ! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are
breaking,

The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came
sorrow,

Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-
morrow,

Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day !

¹[Written, during illness, for Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, and first published in 1822, united to an air composed by George Kinloch of Kinloch, Esq.]

But when friends drop around us in life's weary
waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not
assuage ;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remain-
ing,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewail-
ing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain ;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Num-
bers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell, then—Enchantress ;—I meet thee no
more.

THE BANNATYNE CLUB.¹

I.

ASSIST me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine,
To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,
Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore
As enables each age to print one volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one volume
more,

We'll ransack 'old Banny for one volume
more.

II.

And first, Allan Ramsay, was eager to glean
From Bannatyne's *Hortus* his bright Evergreen;
Two light little volumes (intended for four)
Still leave us the task to print one volume more.

One volume more, &c.

III.

His ways were not ours, for he cared not a pin
How much he left out, or how much he put in;
The truth of the reading he thought was a bore,
So this accurate age calls for one volume more.

One volume more, &c.

¹ [Sir Walter Scott was the first President of the Club, and wrote these verses for the anniversary dinner of March, 1823.]

IV.

Correct and sagacious, then came my Lord Hailes,
 And weigh'd every letter in critical scales,
 But left out some brief words, which the prudish
 abhor,

And castrated Banny in one volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one volume
 more ;

We'll restore Banny's manhood in one volume
 more.

V.

John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly concern'd
 I can't call that worthy so candid as learn'd ;
 He rail'd at the plaid and blasphemed the clay-
 more,

And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.

One volume more, my friends, one volume
 more,

Celt and Goth shall be pleased with one
 volume more.

VI.

As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,
 And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar ;¹
 His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
 Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more.²

¹ [In accordance with his own regimen, Mr. Ritson published a volume entitled, "An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food as a Moral Duty. 1802."]

² [See an account of the Metrical Antiquarian Researches

But one volume, my friends, one volume more,
We'll dine on roast-beef and print one volume
more.

VII.

The stout Gothic yeditur, next on the roll,¹
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal;
And honest Greysteel² that was true to the core,
Lent their hearts and their hands each to one
volume more.

One volume more, &c.

VIII.

Since by these single champions what wonders
were done,
What may not be achieved by our Thirty and One?
Law, Gospel, and Commerce, we count in our corps,
And the Trade and the Press join for one volume
more.

One volume more, &c.

of Pinkerton, Ritson, and Herd, &c., in the introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry prefixed to the first volume of the Border Minstrelsy.]

¹[James Sibbald, editor of Scottish Poetry, &c. "The Yeditur," was the name given him by the late Lord Eldin, then Mr. John Clerk, advocate. The description of him here is very accurate.]

²[David Herd, editor of Songs and Historical Ballads. 2 vols. He was called Greysteel by his intimates, from having been long in unsuccessful quest of the romance of that name.]

IX.

Ancient libels and contraband books, I assure ye,
We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury ;
Then hear your Committee and let them count o'er
The Chiels they intend in their three volumes more.
Three volumes more, &c.

X.

They'll produce you King Jamie, the sapient and
Sext,
And the Rob of Dunblane and her Bishops come
next ;
One tome miscellaneous they'll add to your store,
Resolving next year to print four volumes more.
Four volumes more, my friends, four volumes
more ;
Pay down your subscriptions for four volumes
more.

[This club was instituted in the year 1822, for the publication or reprint of rare and curious works connected with the history and antiquities of Scotland. It consisted, at first, of a very few members,—gradually extended to one hundred, at which number it has now made a final pause. They assume the name of the Bannatyne Club from George Bannatyne, of whom little is known beyond that prodigious effort which produced his present honours, and is, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of its kind which the literature of any country exhibits. His labours as an amanuensis were undertaken during the time of pestilence, in 1568. The dread of infection had induced him to retire into solitude, and under such circumstances he had the energy to form and execute the plan of saving the literature of the whole nation; and,

undisturbed by the general mourning for the dead, and general fears of the living, to devote himself to the task of collecting and recording the triumphs of human genius in the poetry of his age and country;—thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in preserving the lays by which immortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself. He informs us of some of the numerous difficulties he had to contend with in this self-imposed task. The volume containing his labours, deposited in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, is no less than eight hundred pages in length, and very neatly and closely written, containing nearly all the ancient poetry of Scotland now known to exist.

This Caledonian association, which boasts several names of distinction, both from rank and talent, has assumed rather a broader foundation than the parent society, the Roxburghe Club in London, which, in its plan, being restricted to the reprinting of single tracts, each executed at the expense of an individual member, it follows as almost a necessary consequence, that no volume of considerable size has emanated from it, and its range has been thus far limited in point of utility. The Bannatyne holding the same system with respect to the ordinary species of Club reprints, levies, moreover, a fund among its members of about 500*l.* a-year, expressly to be applied for the editing and printing of works of acknowledged importance, and likely to be attended with expense beyond the reasonable bounds of an individual's contribution. In this way either a member of the Club, or a competent person under its patronage, superintends a particular volume, or set of volumes. Upon these occasions, a very moderate number of copies are thrown off for general sale; and those belonging to the Club are only distinguished from the others by being printed on the paper, and ornamented with the decorations peculiar to the Society. In this way several useful and eminently valuable works have recently been given to the public for the first time, or at least with a degree of accuracy and authenticity which they had never before attained.—*Abridged from the Quarterly Review*—ART. *Pitcairn's Ancient Criminal Trials*. February, 1831.]

THE BOLD DRAGOON;¹

OR,

THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS.

'TWAS a Maréchal of France, and he fain would
honour gain,
And he long'd to take a passing glance at Por-
tugal from Spain;
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée—
O he fear'd not our dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat
down,
Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd
the town,

¹ [This song was written shortly after the battle of Badajoz, (April, 1812,) for a Yeomanry Cavalry dinner. It was first printed in Mr. George Thomson's Collection of Select Melodies, and stands in vol. vi. of the last edition of that work.]

When, 'twas peste ! morbleu ! mon General,
Hear the English bugle call !
And behold the light dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and
all,
And as the devil leaves a house they tumbled
through the wall ;¹
They took no time to seek the door,
But best foot set before—
O they ran from our dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely
fled a mile,
When on their flank there sous'd at once the
British rank and file ;
For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then
Ne'er minded one to ten,
But came on like light dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Three hundred British lads they made three
thousand reel,

¹ In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French pulled down a part of the rampart, and marched out over the glacis.

Their hearts were made of English oak, their
swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led ;
So huzza for brave dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beres-
ford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close
my song :
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the bold dragoons, with their
long swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT.¹

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

THOUGH right be aft put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,
The true and leilfu' cause at length
Shall bear the grie for a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
Guns, guillotines, and a' that,
The Fleur-de-lis, that lost her right,
Is queen again for a' that!

We'll twine her in a friendly knot
With England's Rose, and a' that;
The Shamrock shall not be forgot,
For Wellington made bra' that.
The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we'll no misca' that,

¹ [Sung at the first meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland;
and published in the Scots Magazine for July, 1814.]

She shelter'd in her solitude
The Fleur-de-lis, for a' that.

'The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine
(For Blucher's sake, hurra that,)
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join,
And bloom in peace for a' that.
Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely twined
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-yat!

Or, if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity scorn to thraw that,
The Devil's elbo' be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags and a' that,
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day and a' that!

There's ae bit spot I had forgot,
America they ca' that!
A coward plot her rats had got
Their father's flag to gnaw that:
Now see it fly top-gallant high,
Atlantic winds shall blaw that,
And Yankee loon, beware your croun,
There's kames in hand to claw that!

For on the land, or on the sea,
Where'er the breezes blaw that,
The British Flag shall bear the grie,
And win the day for a' that!

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.¹

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING.

THE news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for ance has bang'd the South;
The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,
Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!
Carle, now the King's come!
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;
But Scotland's turn is come at last—
Carle, now the King's come:

¹ [This imitation of an old Jacobite ditty was written on the appearance, in the Frith of Forth, of the fleet which conveyed his Majesty King George the Fourth to Scotland, in August, 1822, and was published as a broadside.]

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay gray,
Thought never to have seen the day;
He's been a weary time away—
But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;
The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill,
Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill—
Carle, now the King's come!

“Up, bairns!” she cries, “baith grit and sma,’
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!—
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a’—
Carle, now the King's come!

“Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the mettle of your sires—
Carle, now the King's come!

“You're welcome hame, my Montagu!
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;—
I'm missing some that I may rue—
Carle, now the King's come;¹

“Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You've graced my causeway mony a day;

¹ [Lord Montagu, uncle and guardian to the young Duke of Buccleuch, placed his Grace's residence of Dalkeith at his Majesty's disposal during his visit to Scotland.]

I'll weep the cause if you should stay—
 Carle, now the King's come!¹

“Come, premier Duke,² and carry doun
 Frae yonder craig³ his ancient croun;
 It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—
 But, Carle, now the King's come!

“Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
 Bring down your clansmen like a cloud;—
 Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood,—⁴
 Carle, now the King's come!

“Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;
 Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death;
 Come, Clerk,⁵ and give your bugle breath;
 Carle, now the King's come!

¹ [Charles, the tenth Earl of Haddington, died in 1828.]

² [The Duke of Hamilton, as Earl of Angus, carried the ancient royal crown of Scotland on horseback in King George's procession, from Holyrood to the Castle, Edinburgh, August, 1822.]

³ The Castle.

⁴ [MS.—“Come, Athole, from your hills and woods,
 Bring down your Hielandmen in cluds,
 With bannet, brogue, and tartan duds.”]

⁵ Sir George Clerk of Pennycuik, Bart. The Baron of Pennycuik is bound by his tenure, whenever the King comes to Edinburgh, to receive him at the Harestone, (in which the standard of James IV. was erected when his army encamped on the Boroughmuir, before his fatal expedition to England,) now built into the park-wall at the end of Tipperlin Lone,

“Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades;
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids;
Carle, now the King's come!

“Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;
We have o'er few such lairds as you—
Carle, now the King's come!

“King Arthur's grown a common crier,
He's heard in Fife and far Cantire,—
'Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!'¹
Carle, now the King's come!”

“Saint Abb roars out, 'I see him pass,
Between Tantallon and the Bass!'
Calton, get out your keeking-glass,
Carle, now the King's come!”

The Carline stopp'd; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dwam,

near the Boroughmuirhead; and, standing thereon, to give
three blasts on a horn.

[MS.—“Brave Arthur's Seat's a story higher;
Saint Abbe is shouting to Kintire,—
'You lion, light up a crest of fire.'”

As seen from the west, the ridge of Arthur's Seat bears a
marked resemblance to a lion couchant.]

But Oman ¹ help'd her to a dram.—
Cogie, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Cogie, now the King's come!
Cogie, now the King's come!
I'se be fou', and ye's be toom,²
Cogie, now the King's come!

¹ [Mr. Oman, landlord of the Waterloo Hotel.]

² Empty.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.

PART SECOND.

A HAWICK gill of mountain dew,
Heised up Auld Reekie's heart, I trow,
It minded her of Waterloo—

Carle, now the King's come !

Again I heard her summons swell,
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,
It drown'd Saint Giles's jowing bell—

Carle, now the King's come !

“ My trusty Provost, tried and tight,
Stand forward for the Good Town's right,
There's waur than you been made a knight—¹

Carle, now the King's come !

¹ [The Lord Provost had the agreeable surprise to hear his health proposed, at the civic banquet given to George IV. in the Parliament-House as “ Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart.”]

“ My reverend Clergy, look ye say
The best of thanksgivings ye ha’e,
And warstle for a sunny day—
Carle, now the King’s come !

“ My Doctors, look that you agree,
Cure a’ the town without a fee ;
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea—
Carle, now the King’s come !

“ Come forth each sturdy Burgher’s bairn,
“ That dints on wood or clanks on airn,
That fires the o’en, or winds the pirn—
Carle, now the King’s come !

“ Come forward with the Blanket Blue,¹
Your sires were loyal men and true,
As Scotland’s foemen oft might rue—
Carle, now the King’s come !

¹ [The Blue Blanket is the standard of the incorporated trades of Edinburgh, and is kept by their convener, “at whose appearance therewith,” observes Maitland, “’tis said, that not only the artificers of Edinburgh are obliged to repair to it, but all the artificers or craftsmen within Scotland are bound to follow it, and fight under the convener of Edinburgh, as aforesaid.” According to an old tradition, this standard was used in the Holy Wars by a body of crusading citizens of Edinburgh, and was the first that was planted on the walls of Jerusalem, when that city was stormed by the Christian army under the famous Godfrey. But the real history of it seems to be this: James III., a prince who had virtues which the rude age in which he lived could not ap-

" Scots downa loup, and rin and rave,
We're steady folks and something grave,
We'll keep the causeway firm and brave—
Carle, now the King's come !

" Sir Thomas,¹ thunder from your rock,²
Till Pentland dinnles wi' the shock,
And lace wi' fire my snood o' smoke—
Carle, now the King's come !

" Melville, bring out your bands of blue,
A' Louden lads, baith stout and true,
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too—³
Carle, now the King's come !

" And you, who on yon bluidy braes
Compell'd the vanquish'd Despot's praise,

preciate, having been detained for nine months in the Castle of Edinburgh by his factious nobles, was relieved by the citizens of Edinburgh, who assaulted the castle and took it by surprise; on which occasion, James presented the citizens with this banner, "with a power to display the same in defence of their King, country, and their own rights."—*Note to this stanza in the "Account of the King's Visit,"* &c. 8vo. 1822.]

¹ [Sir Thomas Bradford, then Commander of the Forces in Scotland.]

² Edinburgh Castle.

³ [Lord Melville was Colonel of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry; Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart., Major; and Robert Cockburn, Esq., and Lord Elcho, were Captains in the same corps, to which Sir Walter Scott had formerly belonged.]

Rank out—rank out—my gallant Greys—¹
Carle, now the King's come !

“ Cock of the North, my Huntly bra',
Where are you with the Forty-twa? ²
Ah ! waes my heart that ye're awa'—
Carle, now the King's come !

“ But yonder come my canty Celts,
With durk and pistols at their belts,
Thank God, we've still some plaids and kilts—
Carle, now the King's come !

“ Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!
Macdonell's ³ ta'en the field himsell,
Macleod comes branking o'er the fell—
Carle, now the King's come !

“ Bend up your bow each Archer spark,
For you're to guard him light and dark ;
Faith, lads, for ance ye've hit the mark—
Carle, now the King's come !

¹ [The Scots Greys, headed by their gallant Colonel, General Sir James Steuart of Coltness, Bart., were on duty at Edinburgh during the King's visit. Bonaparte's exclamation at Waterloo is well known: “ Ces beaux chevaux gris, comme ils travaillent! ”]

² Marquis of Huntly, now Duke of Gordon, Colonel of the 42d regiment.

³ [The late Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry—who died in January, 1828.]

“ Young Errol,¹ take the sword of state,
The Sceptre, Panie-Morarchate ;²
Knight Mareschal,³ see ye clear the gate—
Carle, now the King's come !

“ Kind cummer, Leith, ye've been mis-set,
But dinna be upon the fret—
Ye'se hae the handsel of him yet,
Carle, now the King's come !

“ My daughters, come with een sae blue,
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew ;

¹ [The Earl of Errol is hereditary Lord High-Constable of Scotland.]

² [In more correct Gaelic orthography, *Banamhorar-Chat*, or the Great Lady, (literally *Female Lord*) of the *Chatte*; the Celtic title of the Countess of Sutherland. “Evin unto this day, the countrey of Southerland is yet called Cattey, the inhabitants Catteigh, and the Erle of Southerland, Morweir Cattey, in old Scottish or Irish; which language the inhabitants of this countrey doe still use.”—GORDON'S *Genealogical History of the Earls of Sutherland*, p. 18.

It was determined by his Majesty, that the right of carrying the sceptre lay with this noble family; and Lord Francis Leveson Gower, second son of the Countess (now Duchess) of Sutherland, was permitted to act as deputy for his mother in that honourable office. After obtaining his Majesty's permission to depart for Dunrobin Castle, his place was supplied by the Honourable John M. Stuart, second son of the Earl of Moray.]

³ [The Author's friend and relation, the late Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunottar and Ravelstone.]

He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you—
Carle, now the King's come!

“What shall we do for the propine——
We used to offer something fine,
But ne'er a groat's in pouch of mine—
Carle, now the King's come!

“Deil care—for that I'se never start,
We'll welcome him with Highland heart;
Whate'er we have he's get a part—
Carle, now the King's come!

“I'll show him mason-work this day—
Nane of your bricks of Babel clay,
But towers shall stand till Time's away—
Carle, now the King's come!

“I'll show him wit, I'll show him lair,
And gallant lads and lasses fair,
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?—
Carle, now the King's come!

“Step out, Sir John,¹ of projects rife,
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,

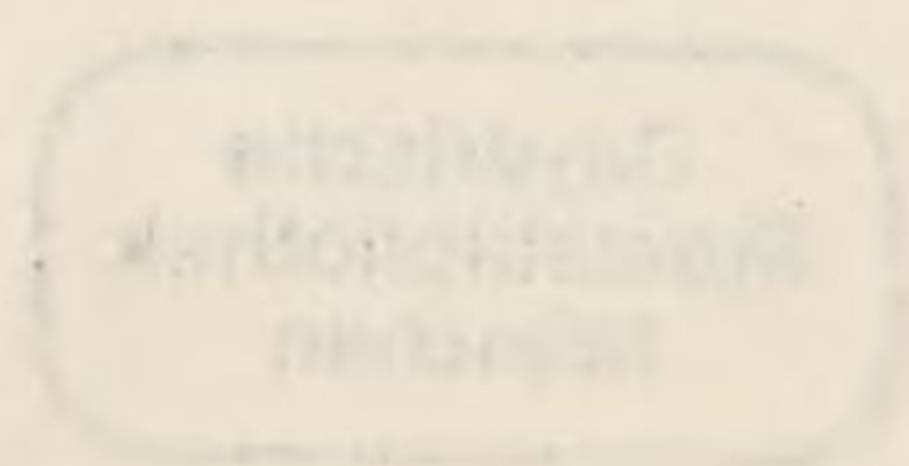
¹ [MS.—“Rise up, Sir John, of projects rife,
And wuss him health and length of life,
And win the thanks of an auld wife.”]

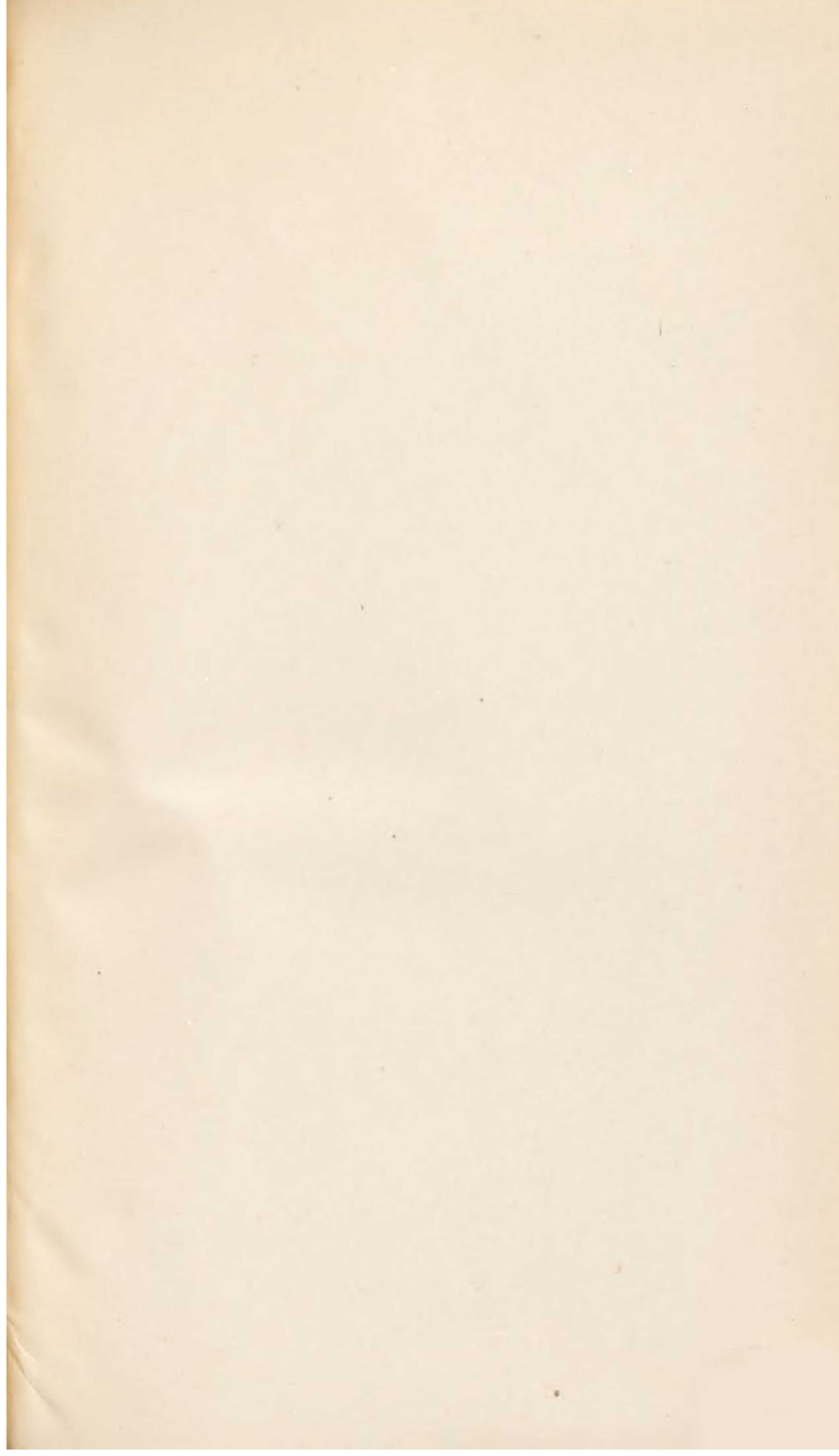
The Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, Bart.

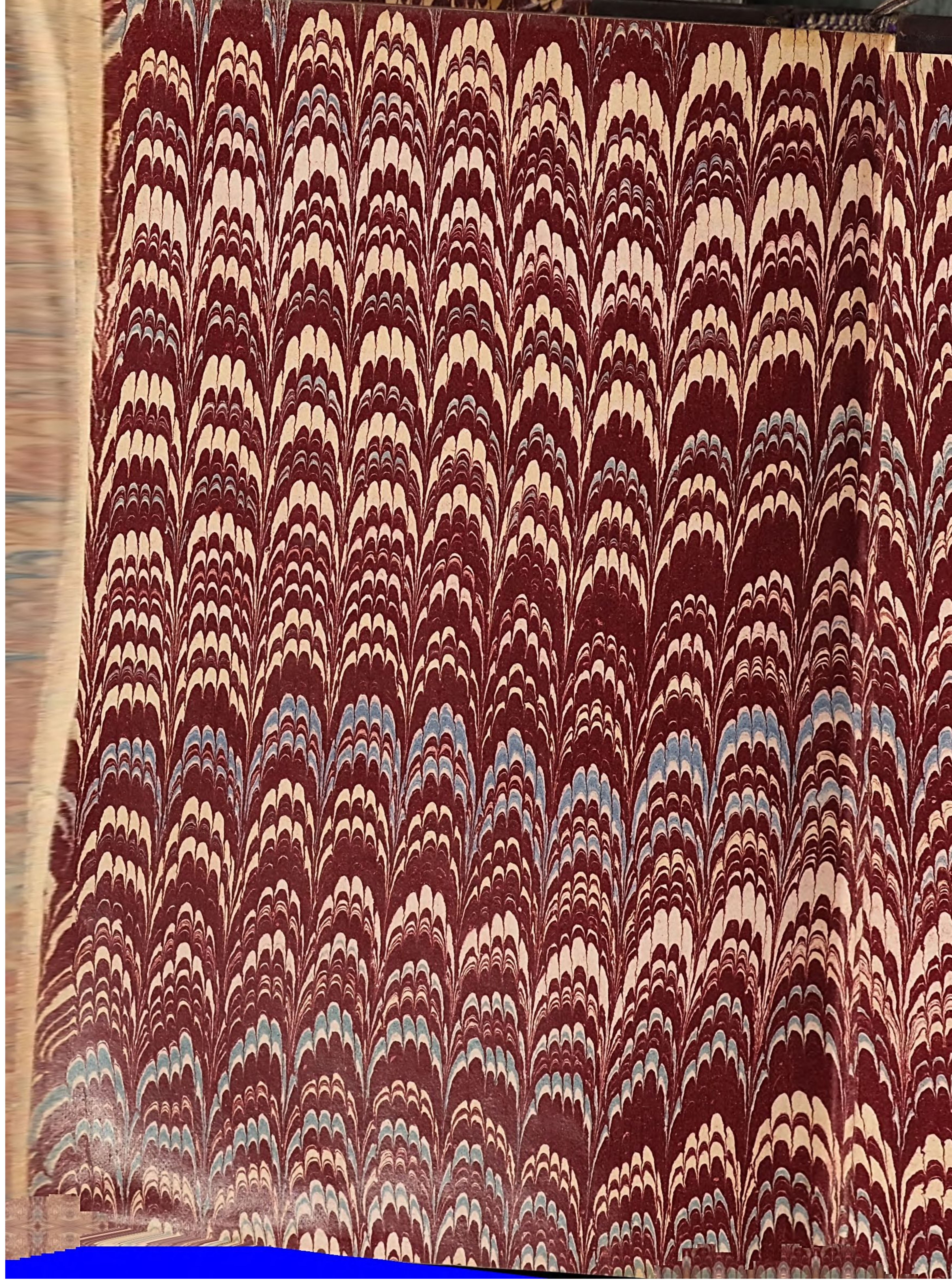
And bring him health and length of life—
Carle, now the King's come !

author of "The Code of Health and Longevity," &c. &c.,—
the well-known patron and projector of national and patriotic
plans and improvements innumerable during a lifetime of now
about fourscore years. 1833.]

END OF VOL. VI.











Scott, Walter,

The poetical works of Sir Walter Scott with a memoir : ten volumes in five

Bd.: Vol. 3

New York 1878

P.o.angl. 620 q-44

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11377021-3